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"Dont tease me Henry" said Lucy,
"dont you see I am reading." Page 47

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THE

HISTORY

OF THE

FAIRCHILD FAMILY;

OR, THE

Child's Manual:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF STORIES

CALCULATED TO SHEW

THE IMPORTANCE AND EFFECTS OF A RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BY

MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER," "STORIES ON THE CHURCH CATECHISM," &c. &c.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION	1
The Father and Mother's Prayer for their beloved Children	3
Hymn I.	4
Creation of all Things by the sacred Three in One	4
A Prayer of Thanksgiving to God for the Wonders of Creation	6
Hymn II.	7
Man before the Fall	8
A Prayer for the Restoration of the Image of God, in which Man was first made	13
Hymn III.	14
General Depravity of Mankind in all Countries after the Fall	14
A Prayer that God would give us a Knowledge of the Wickedness of our own Hearts	18
Hymn IV.	19
Story on the Commandments	20
A Prayer to be admitted into Christ's little Flock	27
Hymn V.	28
Mrs. Fairchild's Story	28
A Prayer for Assistance to keep God's Commandments	44
Hymn VI.	45
On Envy	46
A Prayer against Envy	52
Hymn VII.	53
Story on the Sixth Commandment	54
A Prayer for Love towards God and our Neighbours, which may be used by any Child who has been angry with his Companion	61
Hymn VIII.	62
On the Formation of Sin in the Heart; or, The Story of the Apples	63
A Prayer against Evil Thoughts	70
Hymn IX.	71
Story on the Constant Bent of Man's Heart towards Sin	71
A Prayer for a new Heart	82
Hymn X.	83

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

Page

Story on the secret Sins of the Heart 84
Lucy Fairchild's Journal 89
Confession of the exceeding Vileness of our Hearts 90
Hymn XI. 91

Story on Ambition, or the Wish to be Great 92
Prayer against the Wish to be Great 107
Hymn XII. 108

On the Fourth Commandment; or, A Sunday at Mr. Fairchild's 109
Prayer for Assistance in keeping the Sabbath Day holy 113
Hymn XIII. 114

The All-seeing God 115
Prayer for Mindfulness of the Omniscience of God 123
Hymn XIV. 124

Emily's Recovery; or, A Visit to Mrs. Goodriche 125
A Prayer in Praise of God 130
Hymn XV. 131

Second Day at Mrs. Goodriche's; with the Old Story of Mrs. Howard: the Subject, Good Manners a Christian Virtue 132
A Prayer for Christian Courtesy 143
Hymn XVI. 144

On Death 145
Prayer for a happy Death 151
Hymn XVII. 153

Fatal Effects of Disobedience to Parents 153
A Prayer against the Sin of Disobedience to Parents 160
Hymn XVIII. 161

The Three Books 161
The Story of the covetous Woman, in Henry Fairchild's Book 166
Prayer against Covetousness 176
Hymn XIX. 177

The Story in Emily's Book: On Faith to be exercised in the common Concerns of Life 177
The History of the Orphan Boy whose Mother had Faith in God's Promises 178
A Prayer for Faith 193
Hymn XX. 196

The Story in Lucy's Book 194
The Account of a little Boy, who, through God's Grace, turned his Parents to Righteousness 196
A Prayer to be used in Time of Temptation 211
Hymn XXI. 212

Second Part of the Story in Lucy's Book 212
A Prayer to be used by a Child for unbelieving and ungodly Friends and Relations 230
Hymn XXII. 231

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

Page

A Story on Besetting Sins 231
A Prayer against our Besetting Sins 244
Hymn XXIII. 245

Story on Love to our Parents; or, A Visit to Mary Bush 245
Mary Bush's Story 251
A Prayer for a Child, that God would give him Grace to behave well to his Parents 262
Hymn XXIV. 263

Story on the Absence of God 264
A Prayer for a humble Spirit under Correction, that we may be the better for Correction given us 272
Hymn XXV. 273

Second Story on the Misery of those who are under the Anger of God, exemplified by the Unhappiness of a Child under the Anger of his Father 274
A Prayer that God would remove his Anger 285
Hymn XXVI. ..... ib.

A Happy Death 286
A Prayer to be used by the Father or Master of a Family for his Children or Servants 300
Hymn XXVII. ..... ib.

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HISTORY

OF THE

FAIRCHILD FAMILY.

INTRODUCTION.

MR. and Mrs. FAIRCHILD lived very far from any town: their house stood in the midst of a garden, which in the summer time was full of fruit and sweet flowers. Mr. Fairchild kept only two servants, Betty and John: Betty's business was to clean the house, cook the dinner, and milk the cow; and John waited at table, worked in the garden, fed the pig, and took care of the meadow in which the cow grazed.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had three children; Lucy, who was about nine years old when these stories began; Emily, who was next in age; and Henry, who was between six and seven. These little children did not go to school: Mrs. Fairchild taught Lucy and Emily, and Mr. Fairchild taught little Henry. Lucy and Emily learned to read, and to do various kinds of needle-work. Lucy had begun to write, and took great pains with her writing: their mamma also taught them to sing psalms and hymns, and they could sing several very sweetly. Little Henry, too, had a great notion of singing.

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Besides working and reading, the little girls could do many useful things: they made their beds, rubbed the chairs and tables in their rooms, fed the fowls; and, when John was busy, they laid the cloth for dinner, and were ready to fetch any thing which their papa and mamma might want.

Mr. Fairchild taught Henry every thing that was proper for little boys in his station to learn: and when he had finished his lessons in a morning, his papa used to take him very often to work in the garden; for Mr. Fairchild had great pleasure in helping John to keep the garden clean. Henry had a little basket, and he used to carry the weeds and rubbish in this basket out of the garden, and do many such other little things as his papa set him to.

I must not forget to say, that Mr. Fairchild had a school for poor boys in the next village, and Mrs. Fairchild one for girls. I do not mean that they taught the children entirely themselves, but they paid a master and mistress to teach them; and they used to take a walk, two or three times a week to see the children, and to give rewards to those who had behaved well. When Lucy, and Emily, and Henry were obedient, their papa and mamma were so kind as to let them go with them to see the schools; and then they always contrived to have some little thing ready to carry with them, as presents to the good children.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had been brought to the knowledge of God in the early parts of their lives.

It is the greatest blessing which we can possibly receive, to be made to know our God, and to be made acquainted with all that he has done for our salvation. It is the work of the Spirit to bring us to this knowledge; and they who are thus enlightened have new hearts given them, and are entirely changed,—insomuch, that they may be

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called new creatures, and the way by which we may know those whose hearts are changed through the power of the Spirit, is, that they love God above all things, and seek the everlasting good of their friends on earth with a degree of earnestness which makes them despise all other things in the comparison.

So it was with Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild: they did not wish their dear little children to be handsome, or rich, or powerful in the world: all that they desired for them was, the blessing of God; without which, all that this world can give is nothing worth.

You would perhaps like to hear the prayer which these pious parents used to offer up in behalf of their children—a prayer which they not unseldom used as they knelt down in a morning in their own chamber, the three little ones kneeling by them.

The pious Father and Mother's Prayer for their beloved Children.

Oh, heavenly Father! who hast opened a way for us to approach thee, through the blood and righteousness of thy blessed Son, for his sake hearken to the prayers of us sinful parents, who presume to intercede with thee in behalf of our children. Thou, O God! in thine infinite love, hast provided a means of salvation for all men. O grant to our humble and earnest prayers the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, to enlighten and renew the minds of our children, to convince them of the unbelief in which they have hitherto lived, and to point out to them that glorious atonement which thou hast provided for their sins. We do not ask any worldly honour or possession for our children; but we pray that they may be enabled to prefer thee above all things, and be made sensible of that everlasting love with which thou hast loved thy people through all eternity.

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O glorious Saviour! we devote these our little ones to thee, wholly unto thee, either to take them now to thyself, or to give them longer life, as it seemeth thee good: but, oh! intercede for them, that they may be the children of the Holy One; and that of these little ones whom thou hast given us we may be able to say, at the last day, "Of them which thou gavest us, have we lost none." (John xviii. 9.)

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory, honour, and praise now and for evermore. *Amen.*

HYMN 1.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms!
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And bring them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our children be.

Ye little babes, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek His face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy Guardian Care we trust;
That Care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

CREATION OF ALL THINGS BY THE SACRED THREE IN ONE.

"It is a fine morning, my little ones," said Mr. Fairchild one day to his children: "we will take

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a walk to the top of the hill, and sit there under the shade of the trees; and there we will talk about God, and we will sing a hymn in praise of him." Then Lucy, and Emily, and Henry ran joyfully to put on their hats and tippets; and, when their mamma was ready, they set out.

Near Mr. Fairchild's house there was a little green hill, at the top of which were some beautiful chesnut trees; and, under the chesnut trees, was a wooden seat, which Mr. Fairchild, with John's help, had placed there. In the summer mornings Mr. Fairchild often used to retire to this place, in order to sit there and read his Bible undisturbed; for the singing of the little birds in the trees was no disturbance to him. From the top of this hill one might see Mr. Fairchild's house, standing in the pleasant garden, and also many beautiful cornfields and little coppices, and meadows, through which flowed a smooth river: the long green lane which led to the village, too, was visible from the hill; and John Trueman's neat cottage, just at the entrance of the village; and the spire of the church, just peeping over the trees.—You do not know who John Trueman is; but you shall know by and by.

So Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their children walked up the hill, and sat down upon the seat under the chesnut trees; and then Mr. Fairchild began to talk to his children about holy things.

"Look round you, my dear children," he said; "what a beautiful place is this! Behold that glorious sun, which just appears above those golden clouds: that sun is a million of times larger than this earth: it shines upon this world, and gives it light and warmth: it would be quite dark, and very cold, if there was no sun, and we should all die. The sun shines upon other worlds, many of which are vastly larger than this; of these we know but little, but that they were all made by God.

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The globe which we inhabit is very fair: look at the green fields, full of sweet flowers, in which the cows and the sheep are feeding—how beautiful they are! and how sweet is the smell of the flowers as the wind blows gently over them! The little birds make their nests in the branches of the trees, and God provides them with food. Men build themselves houses; but God creates the wood and the stone of which they are made: men sow seeds in the ground; but God sends rain and sunshine, to make the seeds grow. All the things that are in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, are made by the Lord Almighty.

God is called in Scripture the Lord Jehovah, by which we understand, three Persons in one God—namely, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost: these three holy Persons are one God, which is a great mystery, above our understanding; but which we are bound to believe, because it is a doctrine of Scripture. These holy Persons are continually engaged in the great work of man's salvation, and the bringing multitudes of those to glory and happiness who are lost through sin and disobedience.

Then Mr. Fairchild taught his children a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the wonders of creation; which prayer any little children may use upon the same occasion.

The Prayer.

O blessed Lord God! holy Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! we thank thee for having made the sun to shine upon us and warm us in the day-time, and the moon and stars to shine in the night. We thank thee for having made this world for us to live in: and for filling it with trees, and flowers, and corn, and useful animals. We thank thee, O Lord, for having made us and our dear papa and mamma; and for taking care of us every day, and

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giving us food, and drink, and clothes to wear. O Lord, thou art very good! we thank thee for all thy goodness, and all the care which thou hast taken of us, ever since we were little babies; but more especially we thank thee for sending thy Son to die for us. And now, O dear and holy Lord God, give us new hearts, that we may know thee, and love thee, and serve thee, all the days of our lives on earth: and, after death, that we may go up to heaven, and live there, in thy presence, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Our Father, which art in heaven, &c.

HYMN II.

I SING th' almighty Power of God,
That made the mountains rise:
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the Wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I stand and move,
And 'tis his air I breathe:

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His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye.
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

"It is Lucy's birth-day," said Mr. Fairchild, as he came into the parlour one fine morning in May: "we will go to see John Trueman, and take some cake to his little children: and afterwards we will go on to visit Nurse, and carry her some tea and sugar."

Nurse was a pious old woman, who had taken care of Lucy when she was a baby, and now lived with her son and his wife Joan in a little cottage not far distant, called Brookside Cottage, because a clear stream of water ran just before the door.

"And shall we stay at Nurse's all day, Papa?" said the children.

"Ask your mamma, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild.

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Fairchild; "and we will take Betty with us, to carry our dinner."

So when the children had breakfasted, and Betty was ready, they all set out. And first they went down the lane towards John Trueman's cottage. There is not a pleasanter lane near any village in England: the hedge on each side is of hawthorn, which was then in blossom; and the grass was soft under the feet as a velvet cushion: on the bank, under the hedge, were all manner of sweet flowers, violets, and primroses, and the blue vervain.

Lucy, and Emily, and Henry, ran gaily along before their papa and mamma, and Betty came after with the basket. Before they came up to the

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gate of John Trueman's cottage, the children stopped to take the cake out of Betty's basket, and to cut shares of it for John's little ones. Whilst they were doing this, their papa and mamma had reached the cottage, and were sitting down at the door when they came up.

I promised to make my reader acquainted with John Trueman. He was a poor working man, and had a wife and six children. But I should not call him poor: I should rather call him rich; for he had cause to hope that his wife and all his children (that is, all who were old enough to inspire such hopes) had been brought to the knowledge of God; and as for John himself, there was reason to think that he was one of the most faithful servants of God in all the country round.

John Trueman's cottage was a neat little place, standing in a garden, adorned with pinks, and rosemary, and southernwood. John himself was gone out to his daily work when Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild came to his house; but his wife Mary was at home, and was just giving a crust of bread and a bit of cheese to a very poor woman, who had stopped at the gate with a baby in her arms.

"Why, Mary," said Mr. Fairchild, "I hope it is a sign that you are getting rich, as you have bread and cheese to spare."

"Sir," she answered, "this poor woman is in want, and my children will never miss what I have given her."

"You are very right," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "'he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord,' and the Lord will pay it again;" and at the same time, she slipped a shilling into the poor woman's hand.

John and Mary Trueman had six children: the eldest, Thomas, was working in the garden; and little Billy, his youngest brother, who was but three

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years old, was carrying out the weeds as his brother plucked them up. Mary, the eldest daughter, was taking care of the baby; and Kitty, the second, sat sewing, whilst her brother Charles, a little boy of seven years of age, read the Bible aloud to her. They were all neat and clean, though dressed in very coarse clothes.

When Lucy and Emily and Henry divided the cake amongst the poor children, they looked very much pleased; but they said that they would not eat any of it till their father came in at night. "If that is the case," said Mrs. Fairchild, "you shall have a little tea and sugar, to give your father with your cake:" so she gave them some out of the basket. Mary Trueman first thanked God, and then Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, for these good things; and she, with all her children, followed Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild with courteseys and bows to the corner of the lane.

As Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their children passed through the village, they stopped at the schools, and found every thing as they could wish; —the children all clean, neat, cheerful, and busy; and the master and mistress very attentive. They were much pleased to see every thing in such good order in the schools; and having passed this part of the village, they turned aside into a large meadow, through which was the path to Nurse's cottage. Many sheep, with their lambs, were feeding in this meadow: and here, also, were abundance of primroses, cowslips, daisies, and buttercups; and the songs of the birds which were in the hedge-rows was exceedingly delightful.

As soon as the children came in sight of Nurse's little cottage, they ran on before, to kiss Nurse, and to tell her that they were come to spend the day with her. The poor woman was very glad, because she loved Mr. Fairchild's children very

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dearly; she therefore kissed them, and took them to see her little grandson Tommy, who was asleep in the cradle. By this time Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and Betty were come up; and whilst Betty prepared the dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild sat talking with her at the door of the cottage.

Their discourse ran upon the mercy and goodness of God to his people, and poor Nurse especially was full of gratitude for what had been lately done for her son; for this young man had for a short time past given evidence of a great change of heart, insomuch that he made his mother and wife extremely happy, whereas he had formerly given them great uneasiness. "These are blessings," said Mr. Fairchild to Nurse, "for which you cannot be too thankful."

Betty and Joan laid the cloth upon the fresh grass before the cottage door; and when Joan had boiled some potatoes, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild sat down to dinner, with the children; after which, the children went to play in the meadow, by the brook-side, till it was time for them to be going home. But before they parted from Nurse, I should tell you that Mr. Fairchild read a chapter in the Bible aloud; and afterwards they all prayed together, that God would bless them until they should meet again: and Mrs. Fairchild having given Nurse the tea and sugar, the good old woman kissed the dear children, and they returned home with their papa and mamma.

"What a happy day we have had!" said Lucy, as she walked home between her papa and mamma: "every thing has gone well with us since we set out; and every one we have seen has been kind and good to us; and the weather has been so fine, and every thing looks so pretty all around us!"

"It is very true," said Mr. Fairchild, "that we have had a happy day, my dear; for we have conversed with no persons to-day but those who live

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in the fear of God. If every body in this world feared God, the world would again become nearly such as it was before Adam sinned; but 'by reason of sin, all lands mourn.'"

"Was the world very pretty, Papa," said Emily, "before wickedness came into it?"

"It is written in the first chapter of Genesis," said Mr. Fairchild, "that, when God had made all things, he looked on them, and, behold, they were very good. Adam and Eve were made in the image of God: they were no doubt most lovely to look upon; and they had no angry, wicked passions to disturb them. They were placed in a garden watered by four streams, and in which was every kind of tree pleasant to the sight or good for food. There were no evil beasts then in the world; no sickness or sorrow, no pain, no death; but when Adam sinned, all these evils came into the world."

"If men were to leave off being wicked, Papa," said Lucy, "would pain and sorrow leave them?"

"Men can never leave off sinning, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild, "because sin is in our hearts, and will continue to trouble us to our dying day; but in proportion as the people of any town, or village, or house, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and love him, they will become more and more happy; and in proportion as people give way to sin, they become more miserable. In those heathen countries, where God is not known at all, the people are poor, miserable, cruel, and dirty: they do not know what it is to be happy: the fields look barren and desolate, and the very beasts share their misery. I remember a time when Nurse and her son did not love God; and then they were not happy, but were always quarrelling and miserable: their little cottage did not look clean, and orderly, and pleasant, as it now does, but was always in uproar and confusion: but, now that God has given them

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clean hearts, you see how happy they are. We must have clean hearts, before we could be happy even in heaven: 'without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.' (Heb. xii. 14.)"

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, with their children, were got home; and they were very much tired, for they had walked a long way that day. Before they went to bed, however, Mr. Fairchild taught his children a very pretty prayer, which I shall put down here for your use.

A Prayer for the Restoration of the Image of God, in which Man was first made.

O, Lord God Almighty, blessed Three in One! it is written in the first chapter of Genesis that thou didst make man in thine own image—that is, without sin in him—with a clean and innocent heart: but we are fallen from the innocence in which God first made our father Adam: our hearts are not good now; no, they are very wicked. When Adam and Eve had no sin, they lived in the Garden of Eden, and were never unhappy: then they loved thee, O Lord God, and loved each other with all their hearts: but, when sin came into them, they hid themselves from God, and were angry with each other. O Lord God, give us clean and holy hearts, that we may love thee and live in peace with each other: without new hearts we cannot be happy: we should not be happy even in heaven, without clean hearts. O Lord, we ask for clean hearts, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, thy beloved Son, who for our sakes was nailed upon the cross, and there gave up his life for us. O Lord, hear the prayers of us poor wicked children, and give us clean and holy hearts.

Our Father, &c. &c.

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HYMN III.

BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original:
Here is our nature dash'd and broke,
In our first father's fall.

To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill!
What dreadful darkness veils our mind:
How obstinate our will!

What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From a corrupted spring?

Yet, Mighty God, thy wondrous Love
Can make our nature clean;
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

The Second Adam shall restore,
The ruins of the first:
Hosanna to that Sovereign Power
Which new-creates our dust!

GENERAL DEPRAVITY OF MANKIND IN ALL COUNTRIES AFTER THE FALL.

MR. Fairchild had a little tame hare, which he kept in his study. He had had it many years. This hare had a little wooden house, with a small door, in the study; and, whenever any thing frightened it, it used to run into its house, where it remained in safety. Emily, and Lucy, and Henry, used to go every morning into the garden, to get parsley and other green things for the hare. One day, when they came in with the hare's food, they saw their papa sitting at his study table examining a large round ball, or globe, which was fixed upon a stand before him. The children had never seen this before, because it was just come from London, a present from Mr. Fairchild's uncle.

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"Oh! Papa! Papa! what pretty thing is that?" said the children: "pray let us see it."

"It is a globe, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild; "your kind uncle sent it from London, for your use."

"Oh, that was good, Papa!" said Lucy. "It is very pretty."

"Yes, it is very pretty indeed," said Henry; "but I do not understand its use."

"My little people, come here," said Mr. Fairchild, "and stand round the table, and I will try to make you understand what is the use of the Globe."

So the children gave the hare his parsley, and gathered round their papa.

"Of what shape is this thing, my dear?" said Mr. Fairchild.

"It is round, Papa," said Lucy: "round, like an apple."

"This thing, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild: "is called a Globe: it is the shape of the world in which we live; and upon it are drawn, as in a picture, all the countries of the world."

"Oh, Papa! how pretty," said Emily: "and is the world in which we live round, like this?"

Mr. Fairchild. "Yes, my dears; and it hangs in the heavens as the Moon does, kept there by the almighty power of God."

"Papa," said Henry, "will you teach us where all the countries are upon the Globe?"

Mr. Fairchild. "Yes, my dear; you shall come into my study, and I will teach you a little every day; and we will talk about the various nations and people who live on this Globe."

The next morning the children came again into Mr. Fairchild's study, and he gave them the instruction he had promised them. And first he taught them that the Globe was divided by general agreement into four unequal parts—namely, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. "Asia is that part of

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the world," said Mr. Fairchild, "in which the Garden of Eden, or Paradise, was supposed to have been placed, where the first man, Adam, lived."

"Oh, Papa!" said Emily, "shew us where the Garden of Eden was."

"Here it was," said Mr. Fairchild, "as is supposed, upon the borders of the river Euphrates, which was one of the four rivers of Paradise."

"Papa," said Henry, "I can repeat the verses in Genesis about Paradise. 'And the Lord God planted a garden eastward, in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium, and the onyx stone. And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is the Euphrates. And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it.' (Gen. ii. 8—15.)"

"Paradise, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild, "was a most lovely place, such as we never saw; for there is no place now in this world in which the ruin caused by sin does not appear. But when Adam and Eve were tempted by the devil to eat the forbidden fruit, they were cast out of Paradise; their bodies became subject to sickness and death; and their hearts became exceedingly corrupt, and all

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their children, who have since been born in their likeness, are utterly and entirely sinful: so that of ourselves we cannot do a good thing, or think a good thought."

"Papa," said Lucy, "may we say some verses, about mankind having bad hearts?"

"Yes, my dear," answered Mr. Fairchild.

Then each of the children repeated a verse from the Bible, to prove that the nature of man, after the Fall of Adam, is utterly and entirely sinful.

Lucy's Verse.—"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth—and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually: and it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart....The earth also was corrupt before God; and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." (Gen. vi. 5, 6, 11, 12.)

Emily's Verse.—"And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth: neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done." (Gen. viii. 20, 21.)

Henry's Verse.—"For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." (Rom. vii. 18.)

"You find by these verses, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild, "that the heart of every man is entirely and utterly corrupt; that there is no good in us whatever; so that we cannot, without God's help, think even one good thought. This is the dreadful state into which Adam brought himself and his children by his disobedience: he made us

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children of wrath and heirs of hell. But, at the very time that Adam fell and was turned out of Paradise, God, in his very great goodness, gave him a promise, to be his comfort: this promise was, that One born amongst his children should destroy his enemy the devil, and save his brethren."

"I know who that is," said Lucy, "who was to be born amongst the children of Adam to destroy the works of the devil: it is the Lord Jesus Christ; who, though he is God, took the body of a man, and was born like a baby, and died for us all."

"Oh!" said Henry, "I wish I could love the Lord Jesus Christ more than I do; but my wicked heart will not let me."

"Ah! my boy," said Mr. Fairchild, "we may all say the same: but there is one comfort, that we could not wish to love him if he did not put this wish into our hearts. And now, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild, "let us pray, that God will give us a knowledge of the exceeding wickedness of our hearts; that we may, knowing our wretched state, look up to the dear Saviour who only can save us from hell."

So saying, Mr. Fairchild taught his children a prayer: after which he kissed them, and sent them to play in the garden, telling them to come to him at the same hour the next day, when he promised to shew them more of the countries upon the Globe. As I think Mr. Fairchild's prayer may be useful to you, I will put it down in this place, together with a hymn, which he taught his children to sing.

A Prayer that God would give us a Knowledge of the Wickedness of our own Hearts.

O Lord God Almighty, hear the prayer of a

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child, who comes unto thee to lament the hardness of his heart. The holy Bible teaches us that our hearts are wicked; and we can see that all the people about us—our brothers, and sisters, and play-fellows, and even the grown people we live with—have much sin in them; but we do not rightly feel the vileness of our own hearts. Hear, therefore, my prayer, O Lord, and send thy Holy Spirit to shew unto me the wickedness of my own heart; that I may hate myself, and know, that, had I my deserts, I should now be dwelling with everlasting burnings.

Oh! how proud I am! and how highly do I sometimes think of myself! and how do I despise my neighbours! and yet I have a heart full of all manner of evil, and a body full of corruption! O my Saviour! thou, in whom is no spot or stain of sin; thou, who didst die to save little children such as I am, have mercy on me, have mercy on me? and send thy Holy Spirit to make me know all my sins. Set them all before me in order, that I may know that I am a poor miserable wretch by nature, and that I may feel more and more that I can never save myself by any good thing I can do; and that, without thee, my Saviour, I should be utterly lost for ever, and ever, and ever.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour for ever and ever. *Amen.*

HYMN IV.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

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I sometimes think myself inclin'd
  To love thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
  Averse from all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few;
  I fain would strive for more:
But when I say, "My strength renew,"
  Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
  And love thy house of prayer:
I therefore go where others go,
  But find no comfort there.

O, make this heart rejoice, or ache;
  Decide this doubt for me:
And, if it be not broken, break;
  And heal it, if it be.

STORY ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

THE next morning, at the time fixed by Mr. Fairchild, the children went into the study; and Mr. Fairchild shewed them more places on the Globe, and taught them many things which they did not know before. I shall put down what he taught them in this place, as you may perhaps like to read it.

"After Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise," said Mr. Fairchild, "on account of their disobedience to God, they had many children born; and these children had children, and children's children, till, at the end of two thousand years, they had multiplied exceedingly: but these people were very wicked; so very wicked, that it repented God that he had made them; and he sent a flood of water to destroy all the people that were upon the face of the earth, excepting only one person and his family."

Henry. "And that was Noah, who was saved in the ark."

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"The account of Noah's preservation is given us in Heb. xi. 7," said Mr. Fairchild: "By faith, Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark, to the saving of his house: by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." Mr. Fairchild then shewed to his children, upon the Globe, a mountain in Asia, which he said was Ararat, where Noah's ark rested after the flood. And he shewed them also a place not very far distant, to which Noah's children travelled after they began to multiply upon the face of the earth, called the Plain of Shinar.

"Oh!" said Emily, "and I know what the children of Noah did in the plain of Shinar."

"Let us hear, then," said Mr. Fairchild, "if you can repeat the account from the Bible."

Emily. "Yes, Papa. 'And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, 'Go to, let us make bricks, and burn them thoroughly: and they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. 'And they said, Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded; and the Lord said, Behold, the people are one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of the whole earth, and they

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left off to build the city: therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon all the earth.' (Gen. xi. 1—9.)"

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild. "From this place, which is called Babel, or Babylon, to this day, the families of the children of Noah spread themselves all over the face of the earth; some going one way, and some another, and settling themselves in different countries: some going towards the north, where it is extremely cold, and the fields covered with frost and snow; and others towards the south, where the sun has immense power, and the earth is in some seasons scorched with burning heat.

"But wherever the families of the children of Noah have settled themselves," added Mr. Fairchild, "they have, from the time of Noah, even till now, filled the earth with violence and wickedness. How many nations have, for ages past, forgotten the name of the true God, and have made to themselves vile gods of wood and of stone! 'changing the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.' (Rom. i. 23.)"

"Papa," said Emily, "is not this verse made about these people? 'The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands: they have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths: they that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.' (Psalm cxxxv. 15—18.)"

"But, Papa," said Lucy, "surely there are not many people in the world now who worship god

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of wood, and of silver and gold: I thought people in these days knew better than that."

"The people who worship these gods," said Mr. Fairchild, "are called idolaters; and it is a great mistake, my dear, to suppose that there are no idolaters left in the world: more than one-third of the inhabitants of the globe are supposed to be idolaters: there are numbers in Africa, in Asia, and in America: and the Roman Catholics in Europe, and other parts of the world, who address their prayers to images of saints, and of the Virgin Mary, the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, may also be called idolaters. Many people in England are very wicked; but the people in those countries which serve idols are more horribly wicked than you can imagine; their ways and manner of life are so bad, that they are not fit even to be spoken of. St. Paul speaks of the wickedness of the heathen in these words: 'And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.' (Rom, i. 23—32.)"

Mr. Fairchild then stated to his children this awful truth, which few understand, or duly consider: that vile and abominable as the heathen are, there is another order of people to be found too commonly in countries calling themselves

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Christian, whose condemnation in the world to come, it is to be feared, will be greater than even that of the heathen themselves: "And these," he said, "are those persons, who having the opportunity of reading their Bible and hearing the Gospel preached, yet live in utter neglect of the great salvation prepared for them; people who think of little or nothing but enjoying what they call pleasure, gathering together riches, or making themselves great in the world. Even England," added Mr. Fairchild, "this happy country, in which there are many who preach the pure Gospel, in which there are numbers of holy books daily within our reach, in which the Bible is found in almost every house, is full of those persons who neglect and despise religion; and though it would be thought very shameful in this country, for a man plainly to say, 'I do not love my Saviour—I do not believe in the Holy Spirit!' yet there are thousands who shew as much by their careless lives and vain conversation."

"Papa," said Lucy, "I fear, from what you say, that there are very few real Christians in the world, and that a very great part of the human race will be finally lost.'

"My dear child," replied Mr. Fairchild, "it is not the will of God that one should be lost; neither is it our business to decide upon this matter: this we know, that a way of salvation has been pointed out to us, and that it will be our own fault if we do not accept this great salvation: the great sins of mankind are pride and unbelief; this is the natural state of man's heart, and it is the work of the Holy Spirit of God to convince us of this unbelief, and to bring us to a knowledge of our unhappy state by nature, and of that which the blessed Saviour has done for us. From the beginning of the world, until this present day, there always have been some who have been thus con-

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vinced of sin and brought to the knowledge of God. These are those blessed persons who are called in Scripture the children of God; and these are those who are described in the Revelations, chap. xiv. verses 1—5. 'And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps. And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. These are they which were not defiled with women; for they are virgins. These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God.' The first of these, among the children of Adam," proceeded Mr. Fairchild, "was Abel: 'By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he, being dead, yet speaketh. By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him...And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephtha; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets; who through faith subdued

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kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in skeep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.' (Heb. xi. 4—6, 32—40)."

"Oh, Papa;" said Lucy, "what pretty verses!"

"From these verses we may learn, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild, "that all people who are not brought to believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the Blessed and Holy Trinity, as they are shewn to us in the Bible, remain in their sins, and are in a state of condemnation; but that those who have a right faith will receive a new nature from God, and will be saved through the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Oh! Papa, Papa!" said the children, "pray for us, that we may not be wicked and go to hell."

"I would have you remember, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild, "that there is no such thing as being saved, except by the Lord Jesus Christ, through his death: nothing you can do yourselves can save you. Even if you could, from

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this time forward, live without sin, yet you are condemned already for your past sins. Neither can you keep even one of God's commandments, without the help of the Holy Spirit."

"Papa," said Lucy, "we will pray to the Holy Spirit to help us, and then we shall get better."

"Ask your mamma, to-morrow," said Mr. Fairchild, "to tell you a story of something which happened to her when she was young, by which you will better understand what is meant when I say you cannot be good without the help of the Spirit. And now we will kneel down, and I will teach you to pray that God will make you of the number of his holy ones; and then you shall go and play in the garden."

A Prayer to be admitted into Christ's little Flock.

O Lord God! we little children come unto thee in the name of Him who died for all men. We do not ask thee to make us clever, or to make us rich, or to make us handsome, or to give us any worldly good; but we ask thee to make us thine own little children. Take us, O holy Father, and wash us from our sins in the blood of the Lamb without spot; and set upon us thy seal, that we may be numbered amongst thy sheep, and dwell for ever in thy fold, under the good Shepherd, who laid down his life for his sheep. And, oh! increase through all the world the number of thy sheep! Have mercy on all men: turn them from their sins, and bring them into thy fold; that the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion, may find none to devour.

O Lord, hear our prayers, for thy dear Son's sake; to whom, with Thee, O Father, and Thee, O Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, now and for ever. *Amen.*

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HYMN V.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head,

When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.

Bold shall I stand in that Great Day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While through thy Blood absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of Sinners Thee proclaim;
Sinners of whom the chief I am!

This spotless Robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

MRS. FAIRCHILD'S STORY.

THE next morning, when Lucy and Emily were sitting at work with their mamma, Henry came in from his papa's study:

"I have finished all my lessons, Mamma," he said: "I have made all the haste I could, because papa said that you would tell us a story to-day; and now I am come to hear it."

So Henry placed himself by his mamma, and

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Lucy and Emily hearkened, whilst Mrs. Fairchild told her story.

"My mother died," said Mrs. Fairchild, "many years ago, when I was a very little child; so little that I remember nothing more of her than being taken to kiss her when she lay sick in bed. Soon afterwards, I can recollect seeing her funeral procession go out of the garden-gate, as I stood in the nursery window; and I also remember, some days afterwards, being taken to strew flowers upon her grave, in the village church-yard.

"After my mother's death, my father sent me to live with my aunts, Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Penelope; two old ladies, who, having never been married, had no families to take up their attention, and were so kind as to undertake to bring me up. These old ladies lived near the pleasant town of Reading. I can fancy I see the house now, although it is many years since I left it. It was a handsome old mansion; for my aunts were people of good fortune. In the front of it was a shrubbery, neatly laid out with gravel walks; and behind it was a little rising ground, where was an arbour, in which my aunts used to drink tea in a fine afternoon, and where I often went to play with my doll. My aunts' house and garden were very neat: there was not a weed to be seen in the gravel walks, or among the shrubs, nor any thing out of its place in the house. My aunts themselves were nice and orderly, and went on from day to day in the same manner: and, as far as they knew, they were good women: but they knew very little about religion; and what people do not understand they cannot practise."

"Could not they read the Bible, Mamma?" said Henry.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild; "they

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could read it, and did read it every day: but, unless the Spirit of God make us understand the Bible, we may read it all our lives and know nothing of it—at least, be none the better for reading it."

"You have often told me, Mamma," said Lucy, "that, when we read our Bible, we ought to pray that God would send us his Holy Spirit to make us understand it."

"Very true, my dear: reading the Bible without prayer is of very little use," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"What did our aunts know of religion, Mamma?" asked Emily.

"Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "as far as I can judge, they believed that there is but one God, who made all things; and that this God hates sin, and loves goodness."

"That was right, Mamma," said Henry.

"So far it was, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild; "but people cannot be called Christians who know no more than this."

"Did not our aunts know any thing about our Lord Jesus Christ?" said Henry.

"They knew that there is such a Person, and that he is called the Son of God," answered Mrs. Fairchild; "and that he taught men to be good; and died upon the cross: but they did not seem to have much notion that he is God, and that he has power to save all those who come to him in faith—at least, they never taught me any thing of the kind: neither did they explain to me that my heart was so bad as it is, or that I needed the help of the Spirit of God to change my vile nature."

"Then what did they teach you, Mamma?" said Henry.

"Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "almost the first things they taught me were the Ten Commandments; and they told me that they

were the words of God; and that, if I did not keep these words, I should go to hell, and be burnt in everlasting fire, with the devil and his angels; but that, if I did keep these Commandments, I should go to heaven, and live with God and the holy angels for ever."

"Why, my aunts could not keep the Commandments themselves," said Lucy; "because nobody can without the help of the Holy Spirit; and how could they expect you to do it, Mamma, when you were a little girl?"

"My aunts," said Mrs. Fairchild, "could not keep the Commandments any more than I did, my dear: that is true enough: but people who have not true religion often live for years, and even die, without knowing that they are sinners. The beginning of true religion, my dear, is to know that we are sinners."

"Are my aunts dead?" said Henry.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"Then I am afraid that they are not gone to heaven," said Henry.

"You must hear my story to the end," said Mrs. Faischild. "Some people receive the Holy Spirit of God when they are young, and some when they are older, and some even when they are dying: therefore we cannot judge any person. I only tell you what my aunts were when I lived with them.—But now to go back to my story—

"I was but a very little girl when I came to live with my aunts, and they kept me under their care till I was married. As far as they knew what was right, they took great pains with me. Mrs. Grace taught me to sew, and Mrs. Penelope taught me to read: I had a writing and a music master, who came from Reading to teach me twice a-week: and I was taught all kinds of household work by my aunts' maid. We spent one day ex-

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actly like another. I was made to rise early, and to dress myself very neatly, to breakfast with my aunts. At breakfast I was not allowed to speak one word. After breakfast, I worked two hours with my Aunt Grace, and read an hour with my Aunt Penelope: we then, if it was fine weather, took a walk; or, if not, an airing in the coach—I and my aunts, and little Shock the lap-dog, together. At dinner, I was not allowed to speak; and, after dinner, I attended my masters, or learnt my tasks. The only time I had to play was while my aunts were dressing to go out; for they went out every evening to play at cards. When they went out my supper was given to me, and I was put to bed in a closet in my aunts' room."

"But why did they not stay at home and take care of you, Mamma?" said Lucy. "Is it right to be going out every day, and dressing fine, and playing at cards?"

"When people really love God," said Mrs. Fairchild, "they no longer take pleasure in these kind of things: but I told you before, my dear children, that, when I lived with my aunts, they were not truly religious: it is therefore of no use to be reasoning about their actions.

"Now, although my aunts took so much pains with me in their way," continued Mrs. Fairchild, "I was a very naughty girl: I had no good principles."—

"Mamma, what do you mean by good principles?" said Lucy.

"A person of good principles, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "is one who does not do well from fear of the people he lives with, but from the fear of God. A child who has good principles will behave just the same when his mamma is out of the room, as when she is looking at him—at least he will wish to do so: and if he is, by his own

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wicked heart, at any time tempted to sin, he will be grieved, although no person knows his sin. But when I lived with my aunts, if I could but escape punishment I did not care what naughty things I did.

"My Aunt Grace was very fond of Shock: she used to give me skim-milk at breakfast, but she gave Shock cream; and she often made me carry him when I went out a-walking. For this reason I hated him; and, when we were out of my aunts' hearing, I used to prick him, and pull his tail and his ears, and make the poor little thing howl sadly. My Aunt Penelope had a large tabby cat, which I also hated and used ill. I remember once being sent out of the dining-room to carry Shock his dinner; Shock being ill, and laid on a cushion in my aunts' bed-room. As I was going up stairs I was so unfortunate as to break the plate, which was fine blue china: I gathered up the pieces, and, running up into the room, set them before Shock; after which I fetched the cat, and shut her up in the room with Shock. When my aunts came up after dinner and found the broken plate, they were much surprised; and Mrs. Bridget, the favourite maid, was called to beat the cat for breaking the plate. I was in my closet, and heard all that was said; and, instead of being sorry, I was glad that puss was beaten instead of me.

"Besides those things which I have told you, I did many other naughty things. Whenever I was sent into the store-room, where the sugar and sweetmeats were kept, I always stole some. I used very often, at night, when my aunts were gone out, and Mrs. Bridget also (for Mrs. Bridget generally went out when her mistresses did, to see some of her acquaintances in the town), to get up, and go down into the kitchen, where I used to sit upon the housemaid's knee, and eat toasted

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cheese and bread sopped in beer. Whenever my aunts found out any of my naughty tricks, they used to talk to me of my wickedness, and to tell me that if I went on in this manner, I certainly should make God very angry, and should go to hell when I died. When I heard them talk of God's anger, and of death and the grave, and of hell, I used to be frightened, and resolved to do better; but I seldom kept any of my good resolutions. From day to day I went on in the same wicked way; getting worse, I think, instead of better; until I was twelve years of age.

"About this time, it happened that a lady came to visit my aunts, who had a little daughter younger than myself. This child was in a very bad state of health. Whilst the lady remained with my aunts, the little girl died. I was with this poor child when the breath left her body; and I saw her corpse laid in the coffin, and carried to the grave. I had never seen death so near before; and I must say that I really was frightened, and began from that time to wish that I could be good: and I made promises to my aunts that I would be a better girl; but I neither kept my promises nor my good resolutions.

"One Saturday morning, in the middle of summer, my aunts called me to them, and said—'My dear, we are going from home, and shall not return till Monday morning. We cannot take you with us, as we could wish, because you have not been invited. Bridget will go with us: therefore there will be no person to keep you in order: but we hope, as you are not now a little child, that you may be trusted a few days by yourself.'

"My Aunt Grace then bade me remember, that, 'although she and her sister would not be present to watch me, yet that there was a great

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and powerful God, whose eye would be always upon me, and who would certainly take an account of every thing I did, and would bring me, sooner or later, to judgment for every evil action.'

"My Aunt Penelope then reminded me of the poor little girl who had died in the house; and told me that, 'though I was in good health, yet that I might, if God pleased, die, like that little girl, in my youth, and never live to be a woman.'

"They then talked to me of the Commandments of God, and explained them to me, and spoke of the very great sin and danger of breaking them; and they talked to me till I really felt frightened, and determined that I would be good all the while they were from home.

"When the coach was ready, my aunts set out; and I took my books, and went to sit in the arbour with Shock, who was left under my care. I staid in the arbour till evening, when one of the maid-servants brought me my supper: I gave part of it to Shock, and, when I had eaten the rest, went to bed. As I lay in my bed, I felt very glad that I had got through that evening without doing any thing I thought naughty, and was sure I should do as well the next day.

"The next morning I was awakened by the bells ringing for church: I got up, ate my breakfast, and, when I was dressed, went with the maid to church. When we came home, my dinner was given me. All this while I had kept my aunts' words pretty well in my memory; but they now began to wear a little from my mind. When I had done my dinner, I went to play in the garden.

"Behind the garden, on the hill, was a little field, full of cherry-trees: cherries were now quite ripe. My aunts had given me leave every day to pick up a few cherries, if there were any fallen from the trees; but I was not allowed to gather

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any. Accordingly, I went to look if there were any cherries fallen: I found a few, and was eating them, when I heard somebody call me, 'Miss, Miss!' and, looking up, saw a little girl who was employed about the house in weeding the garden and running errands. My aunts had often forbidden me to play, or hold any discourse with this little girl, which was certainly very proper, as the education of this child was very different to that which had been given me. I was heedless of this command, and answered her by saying, 'What are you doing here, Nanny?'

"'There is a ladder, Miss,' she replied 'against a tree at the upper end of the orchard: if you please, I will get up into it and throw you down some cherries.' At first I said 'No,' and then I said 'Yes.' So Nanny and I repaired to the tree in question, and Nanny mounted into the tree.

"'Oh, Miss, Miss!' said she, as soon as she had reached the top of the ladder, 'I can see, from where I am, all the town, and both the churches—and here is such plenty of cherries!—do come up—only just step on the ladder; and then you can sit on this bough, and eat as many cherries as you please.'"

"And did you get into the tree, Mamma?" said Lucy.

"Yes, my dear, I did," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and sat down on one of the branches, to eat cherries, and look about me."

"Oh, Mamma!" said Emily, "suppose your aunts had come home then!"

"You shall hear, my dear," continued Mrs. Fairchild. "My aunts, as I thought, and as they expected, were not to have come home till the Monday morning; but something happened whilst they were out (I forget what) which obliged them to return sooner than they had expected: and they got

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home: just at the time when I was in the cherry orchard. They called for me; but not finding me immediately, they sent the servants different ways to look for me. The person who happened to come to look for me in the cherry orchard, was Mrs. Bridget, who was the only one of the servants who would have told of me. She soon spied me with Nanny in the cherry tree. She made us both come down, and dragged us by the arms into the presence of my aunts, who were exceeding angry: I think I never saw them so angry. Nanny was given up to her mother to be flogged; and I was shut up in a dark room, where I was kept several days upon bread and water. At the end of three days, my aunt sent for me, and talked to me for a long time.

"'Is it not very strange at your age, Niece,' said Mrs. Penelope, 'that you cannot be trusted for one day, after all the pains we have taken with you; after all we have taught you. Do you not know the punishments that are threatened to those who break the Commandments of God?'—'And how many Commandments,' said my Aunt Grace, 'did you break last Sunday?"

"'You broke the Fourth Commandment,' said my Aunt Penelope, 'which is, *Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;* and you broke the Fifth, which is, *Honour your parents.* We stand in the place of parents to you. You broke the Eighth too, which is, *Thou shalt not steal.*' 'Besides,' said my Aunt Grace, 'the shame and disgrace of climbing trees in such low company, after all the care and pains we have taken with you, and the delicate manner in which we have reared you.'

"In this way they talked to me, whilst I cried very much. 'Indeed, indeed, Aunt Grace, and Aunt Penelope,' I said, 'I did mean to behave well when you went out: I made many resolutions, but I broke

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them all: I wished to be good, but I could not be good.'

"'You perhaps think it a proper excuse,' said my Aunt Grace, 'to say that you wished to be good, but could not be good: every body can be good, if they please.'"

"There our aunts were quite out," said Henry; "for without God's help nobody can be good."

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild: "but at that time they did not know this.

"When my aunts had talked to me a long time, they forgave me, and I was allowed to go about as usual; but I was not happy: I felt that I was wicked, and did not know how to make myself good. One afternoon, soon after all this had happened, whilst my aunts and I were drinking tea in the parlour, with the window open towards the garden, an old gentleman came in at the front gate whom I had never seen before: he was dressed in plain black clothes, exceedingly clean: his grey hair curled about his neck: and in his hand he had a strong walking-stick. I was the first who saw him, as I was nearest the window, and I called to my aunts to look at him.

"'Why, it is my Cousin Thomas,' cried my Aunt Penelope: 'who could have expected to have seen him here?' With that, both my aunts ran out to meet him, and bring him in.

"The old gentleman was a clergyman, and a near relation of our family, and had lived many years, upon his living in the North, without seeing any of his relations.

"'I have often promised to come and see you, Cousins,' he said as soon as he was seated, 'but never have been able to bring the matter about till now.'

"My aunts told him how glad they were to see him, and presented me to him. He received me

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very kindly, and told me that he remembered my mother. The more I saw of this gentleman, the more pleased I was with him. He had many entertaining old stories to tell; and he spoke to every body in the kindest way possible. He often used to take me out with him a-walking, and shew me the flowers, and teach me their names. One day he went out into the town, and bought a beautiful little Bible for me; and when he gave it me, he said, 'Read this, dear child, and pray to God to send his Holy Spirit to help you to understand it; and it shall be a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path.'" (Psalm cxix. 105.)

"I know that verse, Mamma," said Lucy: "it is in the Psalms."

"When he had been some days with us," continued Mrs. Fairchild, "my aunts took occasion one evening, when I was gone to bed, to tell him the history of my being found in the cherry-tree, and all that had passed on the occasion between us.

"The next morning he came to me, as I was sitting in the arbour reading my new Bible, 'So, my dear,' he said, 'you are up very early—and reading your Bible!—that is well. Your mother was a pious woman; I knew her very well: God grant you may be like her!'

"'Did you know my mother, Sir?' said I: 'I wish I was more like her. I should then, perhaps, be able to please my aunts better than I now do: I make no doubt but that my aunts have long since told you what they think of me.'

"'Your aunts, last night, my dear, were telling me all about you,' he answered; 'and I promised to talk to you this morning. Come,' said he, 'let us take a walk in the fields, whilst breakfast is getting ready, and I will hear what you have to say.' So the good man led the way, and I followed into the fields.

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"'Your aunts tell me, my dear,' said he, 'that you often say you wish to be good, but cannot.'

"'It is very true, Sir,' answered I: 'I often determine to keep God's Commandments, and think I will be so good; and perhaps at the very moment when I want to be good, I do something naughty.'

"'You have your Bible in your hand, my dear,' said the old gentleman: 'turn to the seventh chapter of the Romans, and read the 15th, 18th, and 19th verses: I think you will there find something like what you say of yourself.'

"I turned to the place, and found these words: 'For that which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that do I... For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not: for the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.'

"'St. Paul, my dear,' said my cousin, 'was the writer of this—an exceeding holy man, and one as near heaven as man could be; yet he felt, that when he wished to do well he could not; and for this reason, because there was no good in him.—If St. Paul, then, was so unable to do well, how can you expect (a little silly girl as you are) to be able to do well?'

"I looked very hard at the old gentleman, and could not think what he meant; for my aunts had always told me that I might do well, if I would.

"The old gentleman then explained to me what I never understood before—that is, the dreadful change which passed upon Adam when he ate the forbidden fruit; and how his heart became utterly and entirely evil and corrupt; and how all his children, being born in his likeness, were also utterly corrupt, and unable to do well. He then

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explained to me the wonderful scheme of man's salvation; of which I have so often spoken to you before, my beloved children, but which I shall endeavour to state to you again, as nearly as I can, in the words of my pious old friend.

"And first he pointed out to me that doctrine of Scripture which I had never understood before—namely, that there are three equal Persons in one God. And he made me acquainted with the names of these three holy Persons: to wit; God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. He also endeavoured to make me understand how each of these Persons is engaged in the great work of man's salvation: he pointed out to me the exceeding love of God the Father, who sent his Son to die for the sins of the world; and the tender mercies of God the Son, who came down from heaven, took upon him the body of man, and in that body endured the punishment due to the sins of all mankind; and finally, he shewed me that of which I had not before the most distant idea—namely, the work and offices of God the Holy Spirit, who has undertaken to convince those who are to be saved, of the unbelief and hardness of their hearts, to bring them to a knowledge of their Saviour, and to enable them to keep God's holy Will and Commandments.

"These doctrines were all so new to me, that I felt quite puzzled, and knew not what to think, or what to answer; whereupon, the old gentleman advised me to retire to my room, and pray for light from on high, that I might be enabled to understand these things; and he promised to have a little more talk with me the next day.

"I did as I was requested: I went to my little closet, and prayed; after which, I was enabled to recollect much which he had said to me; and, the next morning, we took another walk in the fields;

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and he asked me several questions, to prove if I understood any thing of what he had taught me the day before. I shall repeat to you the questions he put to me.

"The old gentleman first asked me,—'By what I said to you yesterday, concerning your own heart, what did you learn?'

"I answered, 'That my heart is wicked, and that I cannot do well.'

"*The old Gentleman:* 'How came you to have a wicked heart?'

"I answered: 'When Adam ate the forbidden fruit, his heart became wicked; and his children, being born like him, have bad hearts too.'

"The old gentleman then said, 'You have heard of heaven and hell; and that one is the place where good people go when they die, and the other place is where bad people go: to which of these places do mankind deserve to go?'

"I answered, 'To a place of eternal punishment.'

"When men had by their sins deserved eternal punishment,' said the old gentleman, 'what method did God take to save them?'

"I answered, 'He sent his Son to die for them.'

"'Very true, my dear,' said he. 'If you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, your sins will be forgiven you; and more than this, power will be given you, by God the Spirit, to keep his Commandments. Whoever attempts to keep the Commandments without the help of God the Spirit, is labouring in vain: he is striving to do what he has no power to do. And here, my dear child, is the mistake into which you have fallen: you have been trying some years past to do well without God's help, and have never been able to do it: now try another way: go again into your own room, and there kneel down, and confess to God that you are

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a miserable sinner, fit only to go to hell; and entreat that you may be made to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and have a heart to love him; that, through the merits of his death, your sins may be forgiven you, and you may receive the Holy Spirit of God in your heart.'

"He then explained to me, that the work of the Holy Spirit is to cleanse our vile hearts; and that he will give us power to keep the Commandments of God; which, without his help, it is in vain to attempt. The old gentleman then shewed me several pretty verses, in the fourteenth chapter of St. John, which he made me learn: 'Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me...He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him...Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' (ver. 6, 21, 23.)

"The old gentleman staid with my aunts two months; and every day he used to take me with him, to walk in the fields, and woods, and in the pleasant meadows on the banks of the Thames. His sweet discourse to me at those times I shall never forget: he, with God's blessing, brought me to the knowledge of my dear Saviour, and shewed me the wickedness of my own heart, and made me sensible that I never could do any good but through the help of God. He used also to talk to my aunts about these things. At the time, they did not seem much to attend to him; but before they died, when they were in their last sickness, they told me that all his words returned

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to their minds; and they sought earnestly after God."

"I am glad of that," said Henry.

"When the good old gentleman was gone, did you behave better than you did before he came, Mamma?" said Lucy.

"After he left us, my dear, I was very different to what I was before," said Mrs. Fairchild. "I had learnt to know the wickedness of my heart, and to ask God to help me to be good; and when I had done wrong, I knew whose forgiveness to ask. I took great delight in my Bible, and used to read, and pray, and sing psalms, in my little closet: and I do not think that I ever fell into those great sins which I had been guilty of before —such as lying, stealing, and deceiving my aunts; —but still I found my heart full of sin: and till I die, the sins of my heart, and the wicked inclinations of this vile body, will make me unhappy: but, blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ, who will in the end give us the victory."

Mrs. Fairchild then gave her children a prayer, which this good old gentleman had made for her, with a hymn; and I shall put the prayer down here, for the use of any children who may hereafter read this book. When you wish to keep God's or your parents' commandments, and find that you are not able, then you will find this prayer useful to you.

A Prayer for Assistance to keep God's Commandments.

O Almighty Father, who seest the hearts of all men, and their great corruption; thou knowest we are not able of ourselves to keep thy commandments; no, nor even so much as to wish to keep them, unless thou, O Lord, puttest that

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wish into our hearts. Hear the cry of a sinful child. We cannot count the number of times which we have broken thy commandments: not a day passes in which we do not offend thee again and again, and are worthy to go to hell by reason of our sins. But, O Thou who sent thy dear Son to save poor sinners from hell! have mercy upon me, a poor wicked child; forgive my past wicked life, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, who for my sake took upon him the body of a man, and became my brother in the flesh, that he might keep all thy commandments, which no man but himself was ever able to do. Oh, then, for this my dear Brother's sake, pardon my sins, Almighty Father; and for his dear sake send thy Holy Spirit into my heart, to cleanse my wicked heart, and to write thy laws upon it, that I may henceforth keep thy commandments and lead a holy life. Hear the prayers of a poor sinful child, for thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN VI.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death?
Thy Law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in every part.

Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.

Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy Grace:
No outward forms can make me clean:
The leprosy lies deep within.

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No bleeding bird, or bleeding beast,
  Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
  Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
  Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow:
  No Jewish types can cleanse me so.

ON ENVY.

"WHO can go with me to the village this morning," said Mr. Fairchild one winter's day, "to carry this basket of little books to the school?"

"Lucy cannot go," said Mrs. Fairchild, "because her feet are very sore with chilblains, and Henry has a bad cold; but Emily can go."

"Make haste, Emily," said Mr. Fairchild, "and put on your thick shoes and warm coat; for it is very cold."

As soon as Emily was ready, she set off with her papa. It was a very cold day, and the ground was quite hard with the frost. Mr. Fairchild walked first, and Emily came after him with the little basket. They gave the basket to the schoolmaster, and returned. As they were coming back, Emily saw something bright upon the ground; and when she stooped to pick it up, she saw that it was a ring set round with little white shining stones.

"Oh! Papa! Papa!" she said, "see what I have found! What a beautiful ring!"

When Mr. Fairchild looked at it, he was quite surprised. "Why, my dear," said he, "I think that this is Lady Noble's diamond ring: how came it to be lying in this place?" Whilst they were looking at the ring, they heard the sound of a carriage:—

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it was Sir Charles Noble's, and Lady Noble was in it. "Oh! Mr. Fairchild," she called out of the window of the carriage, "I am in great trouble: I have lost my diamond ring; and it is of very great value. I went to the village this morning in the carriage: and as I came back, I pulled off my glove, to get sixpence out of my purse to give to a poor man, somewhere in this lane, and I suppose that my ring dropped off at the time. I don't know what I shall do: Sir Charles will be sadly vexed."

"Make yourself quite happy, Madam," said Mr. Fairchild: "here is your ring: Emily just this moment picked it up."

Lady Noble was exceedingly glad when she received back her ring: she thanked Emily twenty times, and said, "I think I have something in the carriage which you will like very much, Miss Emily: it is just come from London, and was intended for my daughter Augusta; but I will send for another for her." So saying, she presented Emily with a new doll packed up in paper, and with it a little trunk, with a lock and key, full of clothes for the doll. Emily was so delighted that she almost forgot to thank Lady Noble; but Mr. Fairchild, who was not quite so much overjoyed as his daughter, remembered to return thanks for this pretty present.

So Lady Noble put the ring on her finger, and ordered the coachman to drive home.

"Oh! Papa! Papa!" said Emily, "how beautiful this doll is! I have just torn the paper a bit, and I can see its face: it has blue eyes, and red lips, and hair like Henry's. O how beautiful! Please, Papa, to carry the box for me: I cannot carry both the box and the doll. O this beautiful doll! this lovely doll!" So she went on talking till they reached home: then she ran before her papa to her mamma and sister and brother, and, taking the paper off

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the doll, cried out, "How beautiful! O what pretty hands! what nice feet! what blue eyes! How lovely! how beautiful!" Her mamma asked her several times where she had got this pretty doll, but Emily was too busy to answer her. When Mr. Fairchild came in with the trunk of clothes, he told all the story, how that Lady Noble had given Emily the doll for finding her diamond ring.

When Emily had unpacked the doll, she opened the box, which was full of as pretty doll's things as ever you saw.

Whilst Emily was examining all these things, Henry stood by, admiring them and turning them about; but Lucy, after having once looked at the doll without touching it, went to a corner of the room, and sat down in her little chair without speaking a word.

"Come Lucy," said Emily, "help me to dress my doll."

"Can't you dress it yourself?" answered Lucy, taking up a little book and pretending to read.

"Come, Lucy," said Henry: "you never saw so beautiful a doll before."

"Don't tease me, Henry," said Lucy: "don't you see I am reading."

"Put up your book now, Lucy," said Emily, "and come and help me to dress this sweet little doll: I will be its mamma, and you shall be its nurse, and it shall sleep between us in our bed."

"I don't want dolls in my bed," said Lucy: "don't tease me, Emily."

"Then Henry shall be its nurse," said Emily. "Come, Henry; we will go into our play-room, and put this pretty doll to sleep. Will not you come, Lucy? Pray do come: we want you very much."

"Do let me alone," answered Lucy: "I want to read."

So Henry and Emily went to play, and Lucy sat still in the corner of the parlour. After a few minutes,

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her mamma, who was at work by the fire, looked at her, and saw that she was crying: the tears ran down her cheeks and fell upon her book. Then Mrs. Fairchild called Lucy to her, and said, "My dear child, you are crying: can you tell me what makes you unhappy?"

"Nothing, Mamma," answered Lucy: "I am not unhappy."

"People do not cry when they are pleased and happy, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild.

Lucy stood silent.

"I am your mamma, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and I love you very much: if any thing vexes you, who should you tell it to but to your own mamma?" Then Mrs. Fairchild kissed her, and put her arms round her.

Lucy began to cry more: "Oh! Mamma, Mamma, dear Mamma!" she said, "I don't know what vexes me, or why I have been crying."

"Are you speaking the truth?" said Mrs. Fairchild: "do not hide any thing from me. I love you, my child: notwithstanding which, I know that you have a wicked heart, and that your wicked heart will often make you unhappy when there is nothing else to make you so. Whilst you are a little child, you must tell your sins to me; and I will shew you the way by which only you may hope to overcome them: when you are bigger, and I and your papa are removed from you, then you must tell all your sins to God. Is there any thing in your wicked heart, my dear child, do you think, which makes you unhappy now?"

"Indeed, Mamma," said Lucy, "I think there is. I am sorry that Emily has got that pretty doll. Pray do not hate me for it, Mamma: I know it is wicked in me to be sorry that Emily is happy; but I feel that I cannot help it."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Fairchild, "I am glad

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you have confessed the truth to me. Now I will tell you why you feel this wicked sorrow; and I will tell you where to seek a cure for it. You know, my dear child, that God made man's heart pure and holy; and that, when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, their hearts became corrupt, and those of all their children also became corrupt. The difference between a holy heart and a corrupt heart is this: a holy heart is full of "love, joy, and peace;" but corrupt hearts are full of "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like." To those who are without sin—such as the holy angels in heaven, and the spirits of just men made perfect—there is no difficulty in doing well, for they have no wicked passions driving them on to sin; but we, who are in the world, are constantly tempted to do wickedly by our own bad hearts. Even when we wish to do well, we cannot. The wicked passion you now feel, my dear, is what is called Envy. Envy makes persons unhappy when they see others happier or better than themselves. Envy is in every man's heart by nature. Some people can hide it more than others, and others have been enabled by God's grace to overcome it in a great degree; but, as I said before, it is in the natural heart of all mankind; and it is also felt by devils. Little children feel envious about dolls and playthings, and men and women feel envious about greater things."

"Do you ever feel envious, Mamma?" said Lucy. "I never saw you unhappy because other people had better things than you had."

"My heart, my dear child," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "is no better than yours. It is written in the Bible, 'As the face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.' There was a time when

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I was very envious. When I was first married, I had no children for seven or eight years: I wished very much to have a baby, as you wished just now for Emily's doll; and whenever I saw a woman with a pretty baby in her arms, I was ready to cry for vexation."

"That was just like me, Mamma," said Lucy; "for I was very much grieved indeed when I saw Emily's doll. But how were you cured of this wicked passion, Mamma?"

Mrs. Fairchild. "Why, my dear, I was led to confess my sin to my God; and that not once or twice, but again and again and again. I was made to know that the Lord Jesus Christ had died, not only to procure forgiveness for my sins, but to set me free from the power of sin, and to enable me, through the help of the Spirit of God, to overcome my wicked passions of all kinds."

"And did the Lord Jesus Christ hear your prayers, Mamma?" said Lucy.

"Yes, my child, in his good time he did hear me," answered Mrs. Fairchild.

"Do you never feel any envy now, Mamma?" said Lucy.

"I cannot say that I never feel it, my dear; but I bless God that this wicked passion has not the power over me which it used to have: I am delivered from the slavery and bondage of it, in so much so that it does not overcome me, and make me miserable, as it used to do; and I know, that, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall when I die be quite set free from this, as well as every other wicked passion."

"Oh! Mamma, Mamma!" said Lucy, "how unhappy wickedness makes us! I have been very miserable this morning; and what for? only because of the sin of my heart; for I have had nothing else to make me miserable."

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"Alas! my child," said Mrs. Fairchild, "what would you have more to make you wretched! Sin itself, when it has full power over us, would make a hell without the help of fire or brimstone."

Then Mrs. Fairchild took Lucy by the hand, and went into her closet; where they prayed that the Lord the Spirit would take the wicked passion of envy out of Lucy's heart: and as they prayed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross to deliver us from the power of sin, they did not doubt but that God would hear their prayer: and indeed he did, for from that day Lucy never felt envious of Emily's doll, but helped Emily to take care of it and make its clothes, and was happy to have it laid on her bed, betwixt herself and sister.

I shall put down the prayer which Mrs. Fairchild used, as it may perhaps be useful to you at any time when you may feel envious of any thing your play-fellow may have.

Prayer against Envy.

O Lord God, holy Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, blessed and glorious Trinity, I confess unto Thee my great wickedness. My heart is full of envy. I cannot see any body whom I think handsomer, or cleverer, or in any way better than myself, or having any thing which I should like to possess, but I am immediately troubled with envy, and my heart is filled with hatred and sorrow; as Satan was troubled when he saw Adam and Eve happy in the garden of Eden.

O Holy Spirit, I thank thee for having made me to know this my great sin. By thy help I was brought to this knowledge. I might have been envious and spiteful all my life, if thou hadst not shewn me this my great sin. O thou that searchest the heart, finish the great work which thou hast

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begun, and take envy out of my heart, that I may be like the angels of heaven, who rejoice in each other's happiness, and delight in each other's glory. Give me a heart to rejoice in the happiness of my brothers and sisters, and of my school-fellows and my play-fellows; and if they are prettier than I am, or cleverer than I am, teach me not to be envious; or if they have better clothes or nicer playthings, still help me not to be envious.

O Holy Spirit, come into my heart, and make it clean from every wicked passion; that I may live in peace in this world, and at the last day enter into glory. I have no right to ask the blessing in my own name; but I ask it in the name of my dear Saviour, who his own self bare my sins in his own body on the tree, that I, being dead in sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes I am healed. (1 Peter ii. 24.)

And now, O holy Father, blessed Lord Jesus, and thou Holy Spirit, pardon the imperfect prayers, of a wicked child.

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN VII.

YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
  In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
  A Saviour's voice to hear.

The Lord of all the worlds on high
  Stoops to converse with you
And lays his radiant glories by
  Your friendship to pursue:—

"The soul that longs to see my face
  "Is sure my love to gain;
"And those that early seek my grace
  "Shall never seek in vain."

What object, Lord, my soul shall move,
  If once compar'd with thee!
What beauty should command my love
  Like what in Christ I see?

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Away, ye false delusive joys!
Vain tempters of the mind
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true joy I find.

STORY ON THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

One morning, as Mr. Fairchild was coming down stairs, he heard the little ones quarrelling in the parlour; and he stood still to hearken to what they said.

"You are very cruel, Lucy," said Henry: "why won't you let me play with the doll?"

"What have boys to do with dolls?" said Lucy: "you shan't have it."

"But he shall," said Emily; and, the door being half open, Mr. Fairchild saw her snatch the doll from her sister, and give it Henry, who ran with it behind the sopha. Lucy tried to get the doll away from her brother, but Emily ran in between them, and accidentally hurt Lucy's foot, which increased Lucy's anger so much, that she pinched her sister's arm; whereupon, Emily struck her sister: and I do not know what might have next happened, if Mr. Fairchild had not run in and seized hold of them.

Mr. Fairchild, however, heard Emily say to her sister, "I do not love you, you naughty girl;" and he heard the other reply, "And I don't love you: I am sure I do not."

At the same time they looked as if what they said was true, for the moment; for their faces were red, and their eyes full of anger. Mr. Fairchild took the doll away from Henry; and, taking a rod out of the cupboard, he whipped the hands of all the three children till they smarted again, saying:

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"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too:

But children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise:
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

After which, he made them stand in a corner of the room, without their breakfasts: neither did they get any thing to eat all the morning; and what was worse, their papa and mamma looked very gravely at them. When John came in to lay the cloth for dinner, Mr. Fairchild called the three children to him, and asked them if they were sorry for the wicked things which they had done.

"Oh! yes, Papa! yes, Papa! we are sorry," they said.

"Do you remember, Lucy—do you remember, Emily," said Mr. Fairchild—"what words you used to each other?"

"Yes, Papa," they answered: "we said that we did not love each other; but we did not mean what we said."

"Yes," answered Mr. Fairchild; "you did mean what you said at the time; or else why did you pinch and strike?"

"Oh, Papa!" answered Lucy, "because we were angry then."

"And suppose," said Mr. Fairchild, "that you had had a knife in your hand, Lucy: in your anger you might have struck your sister with it, and perhaps have killed her."

"Oh! no, Papa! no, Papa!" said Lucy: "I would not kill my poor sister for all the world."

Mr. Fairchild. "You would not kill her now, I am sure, for all the world, because you are not now angry with her; nor would you pinch her now,

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I am sure: but when hatred and anger seize upon persons, they do many shocking things which they would not think of at another time. Have you not read how wicked Cain, in his anger, killed his brother Abel? And do you not remember the verse in 1 John iii. 15: 'Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him?'"

"Oh! Papa, Papa!" said Emily; "we will never be angry again."

"My dear Emily," said Mr. Fairchild, "you must not say that you never will be angry again; but that you will pray to God, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, your dear Redeemer, to send his Holy Spirit into your heart, to take away these wicked passions."

"Papa," said Lucy, "when the Spirit of God is in me, shall I never hate any more, or be in wicked passions any more?"

"My dear child," answered Mr. Fairchild, "the Lord Jesus Christ says, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another.' (John xiii. 31.) Therefore, if you are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Spirit of God is in you, you will love every body, even those who hate you and use you ill."

Then Mr. Fairchild kissed his children, and forgave them; and they kissed each other; and Mr. Fairchild gave them leave to dine with him as usual. After dinner, Mr. Fairchild said to his wife:

"I will take the children this evening to Blackwood, and shew them something there which, I think, they will remember as long as they live: and I hope they will take warning from it, and pray more earnestly for new hearts, that they may love each other with perfect and heavenly love."

"If you are going to Blackwood," said Mrs.

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Fairchild, "I cannot go with you, my dear, though I approve of your taking the children. Let John go with you, to carry Henry part of the way; for it is too far for him to walk."

"What is there at Blackwood, Papa?" cried the children.

"Something very shocking," said Mr. Fairchild.

"There is one there," said Mr. Fairchild, looking very grave, "who hated his brother."

"Will he hurt us, Papa?" said Henry.

"No," said Mr. Fairchild: "he cannot hurt you now."

When the children and John were ready, Mr. Fairchild set out. They went down the lane nearly as far as the village; and then, crossing over a long field, they came in front of a very thick wood.

"This is Blackwood," said Mr. Fairchild, getting over the style: "the pathway is almost grown up; nobody likes to come here now."

"What is here, Papa?" added the children: "is it very shocking? We are afraid to go on."

"There is nothing here that will hurt you, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild. "Am not I with you; and do you think I would lead my children into danger?"

"No, Papa," said the children; "but Mamma said there was something very dreadful in this wood."

Then Lucy and Emily drew behind Mr. Fairchild, and walked close together; and little Henry asked John to carry him. The wood was very thick and dark; and they walked on for half a mile, going down hill all the way. At last they saw, by the light through the trees, that they were come near to the end of the wood; and, as they went further on, they saw an old garden wall; some parts of which being broken down, they

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could see, beyond, a large brick house, which, from the fashion of it, seemed as if it might have stood there some hundred years, and now was fallen to ruin. The garden was overgrown with grass and weeds, the fruit trees wanted pruning, and it could now hardly be discovered where the walks had been. One of the old chimneys had fallen down, breaking through the roof of the house in one or two places; and the glass windows were broken near the place where the garden wall had fallen. Just between that and the wood stood a gibbet, on which the body of a man hung in chains: the body had not yet fallen to pieces, although it had hung there some years. It had on a blue coat, a silk handkerchief round the neck, with shoes and stockings, and every other part of the dress still entire; but the face of the corpse was so shocking, that the children could not look upon it.

"Oh! Papa, Papa! what is that?" cried the children.

"That is a gibbet," said Mr. Fairchild; "and the man who hangs upon it is a murderer—one who first hated, and afterwards killed his brother! When people are found guilty of stealing, or murder, they are hanged upon a gallows, and taken down as soon as they are dead; but in some particular cases, when a man has committed a murder, he is hanged in iron chains upon a gibbet, till his body falls to pieces, that all who pass by may take warning by the example."

Whilst Mr. Fairchild was speaking, the wind blew strong and shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung.

"Oh! let us go, Papa!" said the children, pulling Mr. Fairchild's coat.

"Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild: "I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place."

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So saying, he sat down on the stump of an old tree, and the children gathered close round him.

"When I first came into this country, before any of you, my children, were born," said Mr. Fairchild, "there lived, in that old house which you see before you, a widow lady, who had two sons. The place then, though old-fashioned, was neat and flourishing; the garden being full of fine old fruit-trees, and the flower-beds in beautiful order. The old lady kept an excellent table, and was glad to see any of her neighbours who called in upon her. Your mamma and I used often to go to see her; and should have gone oftener, only we could not bear to see the manner in which she brought up her sons. She never sent them to school, lest the master should correct them, but hired a person to teach them reading and writing at home: this man, however, was forbidden to punish them. They were allowed to be with the servants in the stable and kitchen, but the servants were ordered not to deny them any thing: so they used to call them names, swear at them, and even strike them; and the servants did not dare to answer them, lest they should lose their places: the consequence of which was, that no good servant would stay, to be abused by wicked children.

"From quarrelling with the servants, these angry boys proceeded to quarrel with each other. James, the eldest, despised his brother Roger, because he, as eldest, was to have the house and land; and Roger, in his turn, despised his brother James. As they grew bigger, they became more and more wicked, proud and stubborn, sullen and undutiful. Their poor mother still loved them so foolishly, that she could not see their faults, and would not suffer them to be checked. At length, when they became young men, their hatred of each other rose to such a height that they often would not speak.

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to each other for days together; and sometimes they would quarrel, and almost come to blows, before their mother's face.

"One evening in autumn, after one of these quarrels, James met his brother Roger returning from shooting, just in the place where the gibbet now stands: they were alone, and it was nearly dark. Nobody knows what words passed between them; but the wicked Roger stabbed his brother with a case-knife, and hid the body in a ditch under the garden, well covering it with dry leaves. A year or more passed before it was discovered by whom this dreadful murder was committed. Roger was condemned, and hung upon that gibbet; and the poor old lady, being thus deprived of both her sons, became deranged, and is shut up in a place where such people are confined. Since that time no one has lived in the house, and, indeed, nobody likes to come this way."

"O what a shocking story!" said the children: "and that miserable man who hangs there is Roger, who murdered his brother? Pray let us go, Papa."

"We will go immediately," said Mr. Fairchild; "but I wish first to point out to you, my dear children, that these brothers, when they first began to quarrel in their play, as you did this morning, did not think that death, and perhaps hell, would be the end of their quarrels. Our hearts by nature, my dear children," continued Mr. Fairchild, "are full of hatred. People who have not received new hearts do not really love any body but themselves; and they hate those who have offended them, or those whom they think any way better than themselves. By nature, I should hate Sir Charles Noble, because he is a greater man than myself; and you might hate his children, because they are higher than you. By nature, too, I should hate Farmer Greenfield, because he is ten times richer than I

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am; and even poor John Trueman, because of all the men in this country, high or low, he is the most esteemed. And take me with my natural heart to heaven, and I should hate every angel and every archangel above myself; and even the glory of the Almighty God would be hateful to me. But when, through faith in my dying Redeemer, I receive a new heart, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God, my hatred of God and of my fellow-creatures will be turned into love: then I shall 'love my enemies, bless them that curse me, do good to them that hate me, and pray for them that despitefully use me and persecute me;' (Matt. v. 44); like my beloved Redeemer who prayed upon the cross for his enemies, saying, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' (Luke xxiii. 34.)"

"Papa," said Lucy, "let us kneel down in this place, and pray for new hearts."

"Willingly, my child," said Mr. Fairchild. So he knelt upon the grass, and his children round him; and afterwards they all went home.

A Prayer for Love towards God and our Neighbours, which may be used by any Child who has been angry with his Companion.

O Lord God, who sent thy dear Son to die upon the cross for us, who by nature hate thee; hear our prayers, for our dear Redeemer's sake. Thou hast commanded us to love every body; but we have such wicked hearts, that we do not love any person but ourselves. O Lord, send thy Holy Spirit to cleanse our wicked hearts; and make us to love thee, O Lord God, and to love each other. Let us not despise poor people, but love them and help them; and let us not envy people who are greater or better than ourselves, but love them also,

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and bless them, and do good to them. If any body is kind to us, give us hearts to be thankful to them, and to love them; and if any body is unkind to us, give us hearts to forgive them, and love them too: for the Lord Jesus Christ prayed for the wicked people who nailed him upon the cross. And, above all, make us to love our dear father and mother, and every body who teaches us any good thing; and our dear brothers and sisters, and all the little children we play with: and may we never quarrel, as wicked men and devils do; but live in love, like the angels of God in heaven.

O Lord God, if thy Holy Spirit is in our hearts, we shall do well; but if it is not in our hearts, we shall do evil. Come, then, O Holy Spirit, come into our young hearts, and fill them with holy love.

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN VIII.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home:
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another:
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before the night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

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Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage:
Our little brawls remove:
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

ON THE FORMATION OF SIN IN THE HEART;
OR, THE
STORY OF THE APPLES.

JUST opposite Mr. Fairchild's parlour-window was a young apple-tree, which had never yet brought forth any fruit: at length it produced two blossoms, from which came two apples. As these apples grew, they became very beautiful, and promised to be very fine fruit.

"I desire," said Mr. Fairchild one morning to the children, "that none of you touch the apples on that young tree; for I wish to see what kind of fruit they will be when they are quite ripe."

That same evening, as Henry and his sisters were playing in the parlour window, Henry said, "Those are beautiful apples indeed, that are upon that tree."

"Do not look upon them, Henry," said Lucy.

"Why not, Lucy?" asked Henry.

"Because Papa has forbidden us to meddle with them."

Henry. "Well, I am not going to meddle with them: I am only looking at them."

Lucy. "Oh! but if you look much at them, you will begin to wish for them, and may be tempted to take them at last."

Henry. "How can you think of any such thing, Lucy? Do you take me for a thief?"

The next evening, the children were playing again in the parlour window. Henry said to his

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sister, "I dare say that those beautiful apples will taste very good when papa gathers them."

"There now, Henry," said Lucy; "I told you that the next thing would be wishing for those apples. Why do you look at them?"

"Well, and if I do wish for them, is there any harm in that," answered Henry, "if I do not touch them?"

Lucy. "Oh! but, now you have set your heart upon them, the devil may tempt you to take one of them, as he tempted Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. You should not have looked at them, Henry."

Henry. "Oh! I sha'n't touch the apples: don't be afraid."

Now Henry did not mean to steal the apples, it is true; but, when people give way to sinful desires, the devil and their own passions get so much power over them, that they cannot say, I will sin so far, and no farther. That night, whenever Henry awoke, he thought of the beautiful apples. He got up before his papa and mamma, or his sisters, and went down into the garden. There was nobody up but John, who was in the stable. Henry went and stood under the apple-tree. He looked at the apples: there was one which he could just reach as he stood on his tip-toe; he stretched out his hand and plucked it from the tree, and ran with it, as he thought, out of sight, behind the stable; and, having eaten it in haste, he returned to the house.

When Mr. Fairchild got up, he went into the garden and looked at the apple-tree, and saw that one of the apples was missing: he looked under the tree, to see if it had fallen down, and he perceived the mark of a child's foot under the tree: he came into the house in great haste; and, looking angrily, "Which of you young ones," said he, "has gathered the apple from the young apple-

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tree? Last night there were two upon the tree, and now there is only one."

The children made no answer.

"If you have, any of you, taken the apple, and will tell the truth, I will forgive you," said Mr. Fairchild.

"I did not take it, indeed, Papa," said Lucy.

"And I did not take it," said Emily.

"I did not; indeed I did not," said Henry: but Henry looked very red when he spoke.

"Well," said Mr. Fairchild, "I must call in John, and ask him if he can tell who took the apple. But before John is called in, I tell you once more, my dear children, that if any of you took the apple, and will confess it, even now, I will freely forgive you."

Henry now wished to tell his papa the truth; but he was ashamed to own his wickedness; and he hoped that it never would be found out that he was the thief.

When John came in, Mr. Fairchild said, "John, there is one of the apples taken from the young apple-tree opposite the parlour window."

"Sir," said John, "I did not take it; but I think I can guess which way it went." Then John looked very hard at Henry, and Henry trembled and shook all over. "I saw Master Henry, this morning, run behind the stable with a large apple in his hand; and he staid there till he had eaten it, and then he came out."

"Henry," said Mr. Fairchild, "is this true? Are you a thief? and a liar too?" And Mr. Fairchild's voice was very terrible when he spoke.

Then Henry fell down upon his knees before his papa, and confessed his wickedness.

"Go from my sight, bad boy," said Mr. Fairchild: "if you had told the truth at first, I should have forgiven you; but now I will not forgive

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you." Then Mr. Fairchild ordered John to take Henry, and lock him up in a little room at the top of the house, where he could not speak to any person. Poor Henry cried sadly; and Lucy and Emily cried too; but Mr. Fairchild would not excuse Henry. "It is better," he said, "that he should be punished in this world, whilst he is a little boy, than grow up to be a liar and a thief, and go to hell when he dies; for it is written, 'Every liar shall have his portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone;' and in another place, 'Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, nor lie one to another.'"

So poor Henry was locked up by himself in a little room at the very top of the house. He sat down on a small box, and cried sadly. He hoped that his mamma and papa would have sent him some breakfast; but they did not. At twelve o'clock he looked out of the window, and saw his mamma and sisters walking in the meadow, at a little distance; and he saw his papa come, and fetch them in to dinner, as he supposed; and then he hoped that he should have some dinner sent him; but no dinner came. Some time after, he saw Betty go down into the meadow to milk the cow: then he knew that it was five o'clock, and that it would soon be night: then he began to cry again. "Oh! I am afraid," he said, "that papa will make me stay here all night! and I shall be alone, for God will not take care of me because of my wickedness."

Soon afterwards, Henry saw the sun go down behind the hills; and he heard the rooks, as they were going to rest in their nests at the top of some tall trees near the house. Soon afterwards it became dusk, and then quite dark. "O dear! dear!" said Henry, when he found himself sitting alone in the dark, "What a wicked boy I have

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been to-day! I stole an apple, and told two or three lies about it! I have made my papa and mamma unhappy, and my poor sisters too! How could I do such things? And now I must spend all this night in this dismal place; and God will not take care of me, because I am wicked! If the Lord Jesus Christ loved me, I should not mind being in the dark, and alone; but he does not love me, and he will not take care of me! Oh! if I should die, and go to hell, then I should be in everlasting darkness; I should never see light again; and I should be parted for ever and ever from my dear Saviour, who died for me!" Then Henry cried very sadly indeed. After which, he knelt down, and prayed that God would forgive him, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ: and this he did several times, till he found himself getting more happy in his mind.

When he got up from his prayers the last time, he heard the step of some one coming up stairs: he thought it was his mamma, and his little heart was very glad indeed. Henry was right: it was indeed his mamma come to see her poor little boy. He soon heard her unlock the door; and in a minute he ran into her arms. "Is Henry sorry for his wickedness?" said Mrs. Fairchild, as she sat down, and took him upon her lap. "Are you sorry, my dear child, for your very great wickedness?"

"Oh! Mamma, Mamma! indeed I am," said Henry, sobbing and crying: "I am very sorry; pray forgive me. I have asked God to forgive me, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake; and I think that he has heard my prayer; for I feel happier than I did."

"But have you thought, Henry, of the very great wickedness which you have committed?"

"Yes, Mamma, I have been thinking of it a

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great deal; I know that what I did this morning was a very great sin."

"Why do you say this morning?" said Mrs. Fairchild: "the sin that you committed was the work of several days."

"How, Mamma?" said Henry; "I was not two minutes stealing the apple, and papa found it out before breakfast."

"Still, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "this sin was the work of many days." Henry hearkened to his mamma, and she went on speaking: "Do you remember those little chickens which came out of the eggs in the hen's nest last Monday morning?"

"Yes, Mamma," said Henry.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Fairchild, "that they were made the moment before they came out?"

"No, Mamma," said Henry. "Papa said that they were growing in the egg-shell a long time before they came out alive."

Mrs. Fairchild. "In the same manner the great sin you committed this morning was growing in your evil heart some days before it came out."

"How, Mamma?" said Henry. "I do not understand."

Mrs. F. "All wicked things which we commit are first formed in our hearts; and sometimes our sins are very long before they come to their full growth. The great sin you committed this morning began to be formed in your heart three days ago. Do you remember, that that very day in which your papa forbade you to touch the apples, you stood in the parlour window, and looked at them; and you admired their beautiful appearance? This was the beginning of your sin. Your

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sister Lucy told you at the time not to look at them: and she did well; for by looking at forbidden things we are led to desire them; and when we desire them very much, we proceed to take them. In this manner the sin which you committed this morning began to be formed in your heart, my child, three days ago; and from that time it grew and gained strength till this morning, when it broke forth, as the chickens broke forth out of the eggs, alive, strong, and fully formed."

Henry did not interrupt his mamma, and she went on speaking:—

"As all sin, my dear child, is thus formed in our hearts, sometimes long, long before it breaks out, it becomes us, therefore, carefully to watch our thoughts; and whenever we find a bad thought, we ought to call upon the Lord Jesus Christ to cleanse our hearts from it. Your papa forbade you to touch these apples: therefore, my dear child, you ought not to have allowed yourself to think of them for one moment. When you first thought about them, you did not suppose that this thought would end in so very great a sin as you have now been guilty of."

"Oh! Mamma," said Henry, "I will try to remember what you have said to me all my life; and whenever I find an evil thought in my heart, I will pray to God, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, to cleanse my heart from it."

Mrs. Fairchild kissed little Henry then, and said, "God bless you, my child, and give you a holy heart, which may never think or design any evil!" Mrs. Fairchild then led Henry down into the parlour, where Mr. Fairchild and Lucy and Emily were, waiting for them to go to tea. Mr. Fairchild kissed his little boy, and Lucy and Emily smiled to see him.

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"Henry," said Mr. Fairchild, "you have had a sad day of it; but I did not punish you, my child, because I do not love you, but because I wished to save your soul from hell." Then Mr. Fairchild cut a large piece of bread and butter for Henry, which he was very glad of, for he was very hungry.

After tea, Mr. Fairchild knelt down with his family and prayed. I shall put down Mr. Fairchild's prayer in this place, as it may perhaps be useful to you at any time when you may be troubled with evil thoughts and desires.

A Prayer against Evil Thoughts.

O Lord God Almighty, hear the prayer of poor sinful creatures. Our hearts, O Lord, are such by nature that sin of itself springs up and grows into life and strength in them: we first begin with an evil thought, which becomes stronger and stronger, until at length it breaks out into open and grievous sins. And these our vile hearts we have no power of ourselves to change; but they will still continue to imagine and bring forth all manner of sin, and every kind of wickedness, unless thou, O Lord, wilt have mercy upon us, and renew us by thy Holy Spirit. Though we have deserved thine eternal anger by our wickedness, yet thy dear Son, our Saviour, has by his death made the atonement for our sins. O give us faith to receive our dying Saviour! and send thy Holy Spirit to make clean and sanctify our wicked hearts; that our hearts, being made new, may no longer imagine wickedness, and bring forth sin; but that they may be filled with the Spirit, and bring forth the fruits of the Spirit,—even love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance.

And now to God the Father, God the Son, and

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God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN IX.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thy interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with man.

Till God in human flesh I see
My thoughts no comfort find,
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins:
His Name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

STORY ON THE CONSTANT BENT OF MAN'S HEART TOWARDS SIN.

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had had nothing for a long time to interrupt them in the care and management of their children; so that they had had it in their power to teach them, and watch them from evil, continually. I will tell you exactly how they lived and spent their time.—Emily and Lucy slept together in a little closet on one side of their mamma's and papa's room; and Henry had a little room on the other side, where he slept. As soon as the children got up, they used to go into their papa's and mamma's room to prayers; after which Henry went with his papa,

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into the garden, whilst Lucy and Emily made their beds and rubbed the furniture: afterwards they all met at breakfast, dressed neatly, but very plain. At breakfast the children eat what their mamma gave them, and seldom spake till they were spoken to. After breakfast, Betty and John were called in, and all went to prayers. Then Henry went into his papa's study, to his lessons; and Lucy and Emily staid with their mamma, working and reading, till twelve o'clock, when they used to go out to take a walk all together: sometimes they went to the schools, and sometimes they went to see a poor person. When they came in, dinner was ready. After dinner, the little girls and their mamma worked, whilst Henry read to them, till tea-time: and after tea Lucy and Emily played with their doll, and worked for it; and Henry busied himself in making some little things of wood, which his papa shewed him how to do: and so they spent their time, till Betty and John came in to evening prayers: then the children had each of them a baked apple, and went to bed.

Now all this time the little ones were in the presence of their papa and mamma, and kept carefully from breaking out into open sin by the watchful eyes of their dear parents. One day it happened, when they had been living a long time in this happy way, that Lucy said to her mamma, "Mamma, I think that Emily and Henry and I are much better children than we used to be: we have not been punished for a very long time."

"My dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "do not boast or think well of yourself: it is always a bad sign when people boast of themselves: 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.' (James iv. 6). If you have not done any very naughty thing lately, it is not because there is any goodness or wisdom in you, but because your papa and I

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have been always with you, carefully watching and guiding you from morning till night."

That same evening a letter came for Mr. Fairchild, from an old lady who lived about four miles off, begging that he and Mrs. Fairchild would come over, if it was convenient, to see her, the next day, to settle some business of consequence. This old lady's name was Mrs. Goodriche, and she lived in a very neat little house just under a hill, with Sukey her maid. It was the very house in which Mrs. Howard lived about fifty years ago, as my grandmother knew very well, having been often there when she was a little girl.

When Mr. Fairchild got the letter, he ordered John to get the horse ready by day-break next morning; and to put the pillion on it, for Mrs. Fairchild: so Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild got up very early; and, when they had kissed their children, who were still asleep, they set off.

Now it happened, very unluckily, that Mrs. Fairchild at this time had given Betty leave to go for two or three days to see her father, and she was not yet returned; so there was nobody left in the house, to take care of the children, but John. And now I will tell you how these children spent the day, whilst their papa and mamma were out.

When Lucy and Emily awoke, they began playing in their beds. Emily made babies of the pillows; and Lucy pulled off the sheets and tied them round her, in imitation of Lady Noble's long-trained gown: and thus they spent their time till Henry came to the door to tell them that breakfast was ready. "And I have persuaded John," said Henry, "to make us toast and butter; and it looks so nice! Make haste and come down: do, sisters, do!" And he continued to drum upon the door with a stick until his sisters were dressed. Emily and Lucy put on their clothes as quickly as they could,

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and went down stairs with their brother, without praying, washing themselves, combing their hair, making their bed, or doing any one thing they ought to have done.

John had indeed made a large quantity of toast-and-butter: but the children were not satisfied with what John had made; for when they had ate all which he had provided, yet they would toast more themselves, and put butter on it before the fire, as they had seen Betty do: so the hearth was covered with crumbs and grease, and they wasted almost as much as they ate.

After breakfast, they took out their books to learn their lessons; but they had eaten so much that they could not learn with any pleasure: and Lucy, who thought she would be very clever, began to scold Henry and Emily for their idleness; and Henry and Emily, in their turn, found fault with her: so that they began to dispute, and would soon, I fear, have proceeded to something worse, if Henry had not spied a little pig in the garden. "Oh! Sisters," said he, "there is a pig in the garden, in the flower-bed! Look! look! and what mischief it will do! Papa will be very angry. Come, Sisters, let us hunt it out."

So saying, down went Henry's book, and away he ran into the garden, followed by Emily and Lucy running as fast as they could. They soon drove the pig out of the garden: and it would have been well if they had stopped there; but, instead of that, they followed it down into the lane. Now there was a place where a spring ran across the lane; over which was a narrow bridge, for the use of people walking that way. Now the pig did not stand to look for the bridge, but went, splash splash, through the midst of the water: and after him went Henry, Lucy, and Emily, though they were up to their knees in mud and dirt.

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In this dirty condition they ran on till they came close to a house where a farmer and his wife lived, whose names were Freeman. These people were not such as lived in the fear of God; neither did they bring up their children well: on which account, Mr. Fairchild had often forbidden Lucy, and Emily, and Henry, to go to their house. However, when the children were opposite this house, Mrs. Freeman saw them through the kitchen window; and seeing they were covered with mud, she came out and brought them in, and dried their clothes by the fire: which was, so far, very kind of her; only the children should not have gone into the house, as they had been so often forbidden by their parents.

Mrs. Freeman would have had them stay all day, and play with their children; and Henry and his sisters would have been very glad to have accepted her invitation, but they were afraid: so Mrs. Freeman let them go; but, before they went, she gave them each a large piece of cake, and something sweet to drink, which, she said, would do them good. Now this sweet stuff was cider; and as they were never used to drink any thing but water, it made them quite tipsey for a little while: so that, when they got back into the lane, first one tumbled down and then another; and their faces became flushed, and their heads began to ache: so that they were forced to sit down for a time under a tree, on the side of the lane: and there they were when John came to find them; for John, who was in the stable when they ran out of the garden, was much frightened when he returned to the house and could not find them there.

"Ah! you naughty children!" said he, when he found them, "you have almost frightened me out of my life! Where have you been?"

"We have been in the lane," said Lucy, blushing.

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This was not all the truth; but one fault always leads to another.

So John brought them home, and locked them up in their play-room, whilst he got their dinner ready.

When the children found themselves shut up in their play-room, and could not get out, they sat themselves down, and began to think how naughty they had been. They were silent for a few minutes: at last Lucy spoke:—

"Oh, Henry! oh, Emily! how naughty we have been! And yet I thought I would be so good when papa and mamma when out; so very good! What shall we say when papa and mamma come home?"

Then all the children began to cry. At length Henry said,

"I'll tell you what we will do, Lucy: we will be good all the evening; we will not do one naughty thing."

"So we will, Henry," said Emily. "When John lets us out, how good we will be! and then we can tell the truth, that we were naughty in the morning, but we were good all the evening."

John made some nice apple-dumplings for the children; and when they were ready, and he had put some butter and sugar upon them, (for John was a good-natured man), he fetched the children down; and after they had each ate as much apple-dumpling as he thought proper, he told them they might play in the barn, bidding them not to stir out of it till supper-time.

Henry and Lucy and Emily were delighted with this permission; and as Lucy ran along to the barn with her brother and sister, she said, "Now let us be very good. We are not to do any thing naughty all this evening."

"We will be very good, indeed," answered Emily.

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"Better than we ever were in all our lives," added Henry.

So they all went into the barn; and when John fastened them in, he said to himself, "Sure they will be safe now, till I have looked to the pigs and milked the cow; for there is nothing in the barn but straw and hay, and they cannot hurt themselves with that, sure." But John was mistaken. As soon as he was gone, Henry spied a swing, which Mr. Fairchild had made in the barn for the children, but which he never allowed them to use when he was not with them, because swings are very dangerous things unless there are very careful persons to use them. The seat of the swing was tied up to the side of the barn, above the children's reach, as Mr. Fairchild thought.

"Oh! Lucy," said Henry, "there is the swing. There can be no harm in our swinging a little. If papa were here, I am sure he would let us swing. If you and Emily will help to lift me up, I will untie it and let it down; and then we will swing so nicely!"

So Emily and Lucy lifted Henry up; and he untied the swing, and let it down into its right place: but as he was getting down, his coat caught upon a bit of wood on the side of the barn, and was much torn. However, the children did not trouble themselves very much about this accident: they got one by one into the swing, and amused themselves for some time without any mischance. First Emily got into the swing; then Henry, then Lucy; and then Emily would get in again. "Now, Lucy," she said, "swing me high, and I will shut my eyes: you can't think how pleasant it is to swing with one's eyes shut. Swing me higher! swing me higher!"

So she went on calling to Lucy, and Lucy trying to swing her higher and higher; till at last the

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swing turned, and down came Emily on the floor! There happened, providentially, to be some straw on the floor, or she would have been killed. As it was, however, she was sadly hurt: she lay for some minutes without speaking, and her mouth and nose poured out blood.

Henry and Lucy thought she was dead; and, oh! how frightened they were! They screamed so violently, that John came running to see what was the matter: and, poor man! he was sadly frightened when he saw Emily lying on the floor covered with blood. He lifted her up, and brought her into the house: he saw she was not dead, but he did not know how much she might be hurt. When he had washed her face from the blood, and given her a little water to drink, she recovered a little; but her nose, and one eye, and her lip, were terribly swelled, and two of her teeth were out. It was well they were her first teeth, and that she had others to come, or else she would have been without her front tooth all her life.

When Emily was a little recovered, John placed her in a little chair by the kitchen fire; and he took his blue pocket-handkerchief, and tied Lucy and Henry to the kitchen table, saying, "You unlucky rogues! you have given me trouble enough to-day—that you have. I will not let you go out of my sight again, till master and mistress come home. Thank God, you have not killed your sister! Who would have thought of your loosing the swing?"

In this manner Henry and Lucy and Emily remained till it was nearly dark; and then they heard the sound of the horse's feet coming up to the kitchen door, for Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were come. John hastened to untie the children, who trembled from head to foot.

"Oh! John, John! what shall we do? What shall we say?" said Lucy.

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"The truth, the truth, and all the truth," said John. "It is the best thing you can do now."

When Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild came in, they thought their children would have run to meet them; but they were so conscious of their naughtiness, that they all crept behind John, and Emily hid her face.

"Emily, Lucy, Henry!" said Mrs. Fairchild, "you keep back: what is the matter?"

"Oh! Mamma, Mamma! Papa, Papa!" said Lucy, coming forward and falling on her knees before them; "we have been very wicked children to-day; we are not fit to come near you."

"What have you done, Lucy?" said Mrs. Fairchild. "Tell the whole truth, and pray to God to forgive you, for his dear Son's sake. These are the only things which children can do, when they have been naughty, to make their peace with God and their parents."

Then Lucy told her papa and mamma every thing which she and her brother and sister had done: she did not hide any thing from them. You may be sure that Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were very much shocked. When they heard all that Lucy had to tell them, and saw Emily's face, they looked very grave indeed.

"I am glad that you have told the truth, my children," said Mr. Fairchild: "but the sins that you have committed are very dreadful ones. You have disobeyed your parents; and, in consequence of your disobedience, Emily might have lost her life, if God had not been very merciful to you. And now go all of you to your beds; and there think upon your sins, and entreat your Heavenly Father to pardon you, for that blessed Saviour's sake who bore your sins upon the cross."

The children did as their papa bade them, and went silently up to their beds, where they cried

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sadly, thinking upon their wickedness. The next morning they all three came into their mamma's room, and begged her to kiss them and forgive them.

"Oh! Mamma, Mamma!" said Lucy, "we have been very wicked: but we have prayed to God, and we hope that he has forgiven us, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. Therefore we hope that you will pardon us."

"I have committed many sins myself," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and hope to be forgiven, through my dear Saviour: therefore I cannot refuse to pardon you, my children. But indeed you made me and your papa very unhappy last night."

Then the children looked at their mamma's eyes, and they were full of tears; and they felt more and more sorry to think how greatly they had grieved their kind mother: and when their mamma kissed them, and put her arms round their necks, they cried more than ever.

"Oh, Mamma!" said Lucy, "I cannot think how I could behave so ill as I did yesterday; for I had resolved in my own mind to be very good—indeed I had. And when I did wrong, I knew it was wrong all the time, and hated myself for doing it; and still I did it."

"And do you wonder, my dear child," said Mrs. Fairchild, "what it was that made you behave so ill? It was sin, my dear; the sin of your heart; the sin which is ever present with us, and which, when we would do well, is always preventing us. People talk often of their sinful hearts; but very few people know how very wicked their hearts are. There is something within us that is always pressing us forward to sin; and that so strongly, that we have not power to stand against it. The fear of pain or shame in this world, or even of everlasting fire in the world to come, is not enough to frighten us

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from sin; and for this reason, that it is our nature to sin. Therefore, my child, our natures must be made regenerate by the power of God the Spirit, before we can in any wise cease from sin. When we wish to do well, we must not say we will be good: but we should go into some private place, if possible; and there, falling upon our knees, we should confess to God our weakness and sinfulness, and ask, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the help of the Holy Spirit, to enable us to do well."

Then said Lucy, "If we ask for the Spirit of God, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, will it be given to us, Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child," answered Mrs. Fairchild: "for the Lord Jesus Christ says, 'If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.' (John xiv. 14.) But this does not mean that God will at once give us power to overcome our wicked nature. No, my dear: this will not be. Our wicked hearts will contrive to torment us till we die. Then, if in this world we have loved the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be entirely set free from sin, and that for ever and ever."

"Oh, Mamma!" said Lucy, "how very happy we shall be, when we have no more sin in our hearts! for the sin of my heart often makes me very unhappy when I have nothing else to vex me. Sometimes, when you give me leave to play, Mamma, and I have every thing to make me enjoy my play—my brother's and sister's company, Emily's pretty doll, and all my playthings—yet I cannot be happy, but feel cross and ill-natured."

Mrs. Fairchild. "This, my child, I have no doubt, is very true: and hence it follows, that, if you were to be placed in heaven itself with your sinful heart, you would not be happy there: and this shews that our hearts must be changed before we can go to heaven."

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Then Mrs. Fairchild knelt down with her children, and prayed that they might be delivered from the power of sin; and this prayer, with the change of a few words only, I will put down here, for the use of any little child who may hereafter feel and be sorry for the sinfulness of their hearts.

A Prayer for a New Heart.

O Almighty Father! how apt I am to boast, and to say, "I have been good to-day, and I was good yesterday; I have done this thing well, and that thing well; and, I am a good child!" when it would be more proper for me to cry out, "O Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner! O Lord, I humbly confess that I am altogether evil: there is no good in me: I can do nothing well; I cannot even think one good thought without the help of thy Holy Spirit, O Lord!" The fear of my father and mother, and of being punished, often keeps me from breaking out into open sins; but, if my parents and teachers were to be taken from me, and I was no longer under fear of punishment, then, O Lord, I should break out into open and shameless wickedness; and be no better in appearance (as I am no better in heart) than the poor little boys and girls in the street, who are left entirely to themselves.

O Almighty Father! let me not be puffed up with pride, or think well of myself, because I am kept from very great sins by the care of my friends; for my heart is altogether filthy and evil, and if I were to be left to myself I certainly should come to open shame.

O dear Father! O beloved Saviour! O Holy and Glorious Spirit! thou blessed Three in One! have mercy on a poor, weak, and wicked child! Leave

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me not to myself; leave me not to my own wicked heart: but be thou my Teacher and my Ruler. O Lord Jehovah! give me a new heart, that I may obey thy commandments, and walk in thy fear all the days of my life.

O grant this, the prayer of a wicked child, for the sake of Him who bled and died upon the cross; for Him, even the blessed Lord Jesus: to whom with God the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN X.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee;
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow thee.

There, if the Spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine!
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! thou art mine.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above
Till time shall be no more.

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STORY ON THE SECRET SINS OF THE HEART.

SOME days after these things had happened, of which I told you in my last chapter, Mrs. Fairchild called Lucy to her, and said:

"My dear child, it is now a week since your papa and I went out, on that day when you were so naughty. Do you think that you have been good since that time?"

Lucy considered a moment——"Why, Mamma," she said, "I am almost afraid to say that I have been good at any time. To be sure I have not done any very bad things this week—such as I did the day that you went out; but, then, you have been with me always, Mamma, and have watched me, and have kept me in order. Perhaps, if you had not been with me, I might have been as naughty as I was that day; for I think that my heart is the same: I don't think that it is any better."

Mrs. Fairchild. "What you say, my child, is very true: your heart is the same; and it is only because I am with you, watching you and taking care of you, that you seem to be better than you were that day. Those poor children who have not good fathers and mothers to take care of them, do many very wicked things, because they have no one to restrain them. You do not do so many openly bad things as they do: but it is not because you are by nature better than they are, but because you are restrained by your friends. People who have had good friends all their lives, and have always been kept in good order, are apt to fancy that they have better hearts than other persons,

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and they become self-conceited and proud; whilst, if they would but look close into their hearts, they would find nothing to be proud of in them—nothing but sin and evil passions."

Then Mrs. Fairchild went to a drawer, and took out a book neatly bound in red leather: there was nothing written in the book; the leaves were all blank. This book she gave to Lucy; and she said, "Here, my dear; take this book, and write in it every day the naughty things which pass in your heart. You will then find, my dear, that many days, when you may appear to be very good in the eyes of your papa and mamma, and of other people, you are in reality in the sight of God very naughty. This custom, my dear child, will teach you to know your own heart, and will keep you from being proud, and thinking better of yourself than of other people."

Lucy took the book, and said, "Mamma, must I shew what I write to any body? I shall be ashamed to shew it."

Mrs. Fairchild. "No, my dear; I would not have you shew what you write in this book to any one, unless it might be to me; and I shall never ask to see it: if you choose to shew me what you write of your own accord, that will be quite a different thing."

"When must I begin to write in this book, Mamma?" said Lucy.

Mrs. Fairchild. "To-morrow morning, my dear: and I will give you a pen and a little inkstand to keep in your own room; that you may always have every thing ready when you wish to write."

"Mamma," said Lucy, "am I only to write the naughty things that are in my heart? Then I will try and have nothing naughty in my heart to-morrow."

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"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild.

When Lucy went to bed that night, she thought how good she would be next day, and that she would not think one naughty thought. However, she determined not to deceive herself, but to put down every thing as it passed in her heart as nearly as she could. And now I will tell you how Lucy spent the next day, and will put down what she wrote in her book.

When Lucy awoke in the morning, the first thing she thought of was, what she should have to write in her book; and she began to think how very good she would be all day. Whilst she was lying in bed, thinking of those things, her mamma called to her, and bade her make haste and get up, and make her bed, and rub the chairs and tables. Now Lucy happened to be lying very comfortably, and had no mind to get up: she, however, obeyed her mamma without speaking; but she felt vexed, and began to think how disagreeable it was to have these things to do; and she said to herself, "I wish I was like Miss Augusta Noble, who has two or three servants to wait upon her? She never makes her own bed, or cleans the chairs or tables, or even puts on her own shoes and stockings. Then what beautiful frocks; and blue, and pink, and green, and all-coloured sashes; and shoes, and necklaces, and bonnets, she has; and a coach to ride in! But how coarse my frocks are! and I have not one sash or necklace, or a coloured shoe! And my mamma is so strict! Miss Augusta Noble's governess lets her do what she chooses, and never scolds her, or tells her that she is naughty!"

Whilst Lucy was thinking of these things, Emily went into her mamma's room; and Mrs. Fairchild, who was looking over some drawers, gave Emily a little bit of muslin, and about a quarter of a yard

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of narrow pink ribbon, to make her doll a cap of. Emily ran to shew Lucy what she had got: Lucy said nothing; but she felt vexed that her mamma had not given them to her, instead of Emily.—By this time the breakfast was ready, and Lucy went down, not in the best of tempers: but still she did not say any thing by which any one could find out that she was out of humour; for people who are brought up well are taught to keep many of their ill tempers to themselves.

When the rest of the family were all seated at the breakfast table, Mr. Fairchild came in from the garden with a very large strawberry on a leaf.

"Look here, my dear!" said he to Mrs. Fairchild; "what a very large strawberry!"

"It is, indeed," said Mrs. Fairchild.

As Mr. Fairchild passed by to his chair, he popped the strawberry into Henry's bowl of milk, saying, "There, my boy; see if you can manage to eat that great strawberry."

This vexed Lucy again; and she said to herself, "Emily gets muslin and ribbon, and Henry a strawberry; but what do I get?" Then she began to think of a lady who lived not a great way off, who had two little girls, of which she loved one very much, and hated the other; and it came into her mind that her papa and mamma loved Henry and Emily more than they did herself.

After breakfast, John and Betty were called into the parlour, and the family sang a hymn, and prayed together. Mr. Fairchild also read a chapter in the Bible. Whilst her papa was reading, Lucy looked out of the window, and saw a bird picking seeds and worms on the gravel walk, just under the window. "Oh!" thought Lucy, "how I should like to be playing with that bird, instead of listening to this reading: I have heard that

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chapter so often!" Then she peeped over her papa several times to see if he had nearly done.

Soon after Mr. Fairchild had done reading, Mrs. Fairchild called Lucy and Emily to work. Whilst they were working, a lady came in, of the name of Barker, who was a very good-natured and kind person; but it had pleased Providence that she should have a very ordinary set of features, such as you seldom see: she had a wide mouth, and flat nose, and one eye was less than the other. Whilst Mrs. Barker was talking with Mrs. Fairchild, Lucy looked at her, and in her heart despised her for her want of beauty, and thought how much prettier her own face was than Mrs. Barker's."

The lady sat with Mrs. Fairchild till twelve o'clock, at which time permission was given to the children to play. Emily and Henry went into the garden, and Lucy went up to her room, to write in her new book some of the things she had been thinking of that morning. When Lucy took out her book, and began to consider what to write, she was surprised to find, that although she had appeared to conduct herself well in the eyes of her parents all day, having read well, and worked well, and been quiet and civil, yet all this time her heart had been full of evil thoughts and wicked passions: and now she began to feel that which she had often heard without attending to it, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" (Jer. xvii. 9). "Oh, I am a wicked child!" she said to herself: "I am a wicked girl! Who can save me from my own wicked heart? But I will write down all I have thought this morning, and shew it to my mamma."

You will, perhaps, like to know what Lucy wrote: I therefore will copy it here: and perhaps, when you are able to write, you will get your

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riends to give you a blank book, and a pen and ink, that you also may keep an account of the sins of your heart, in order, with the Divine blessing, to keep you from being proud; "for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." (1 Pet. v. 5, 6).

LUCY FAIRCHILD'S JOURNAL.

Written when she was Nine Years and a Half old.

'When I awoke this morning, mamma called 'me to make my bed: and I felt cross, and wished 'I was like Miss Augusta Noble, and had servants 'to wait upon me; and that Lady Noble was my 'mamma, and not my own dear mamma.

'Mamma gave Emily a bit of muslin, and some 'pink ribbon; and I was envious, and hated Emily 'a little while, though I knew it was wicked.

'When papa gave Henry the strawberry, I was 'angry again: and then I thought of Mrs. Giles, 'who loves one of her little girls and hates the 'other. I thought that my papa and mamma were 'like Mrs. Giles, and that they loved Henry and 'Emily more than me.

'When papa was reading and praying, I wanted 'to be at play; and was tired of the Bible, and 'did not wish to hear it.

'And then I thought a very bad thought indeed! 'When Mrs. Barker came, I despised her for not 'being pretty, though I knew that God had made 'her such as she is, and that he could make me like 'her in one moment.'

As soon as Lucy had finished writing these last words, she heard her mamma come up stairs and go into her room: she immediately ran to her; and,

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shewing her the book, "Oh, Mamma! Mamma!" she said, "you cannot think what a wicked heart I have got! Here is my journal; I am ashamed to shew it to you: pray do not hate me for what is written in that book."

Mrs. Fairchild took the book; and when she had read what was written, "My dear child," she said, "I thank God, who has by his Holy Spirit helped you to know a little of the wickedness of your heart. Your heart, my dear, is no worse, and no better, than the hearts of all human creatures; for 'there is none good, no not one.' 'As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.' (Prov. xxvii. 19.) And yet, as I told you before, there are many people who live to a very old age without knowing that their hearts are wicked: they think themselves very good, and they think that they shall go to heaven as a reward for their goodness. They do not see the need of a Saviour, and therefore never apply to him for help: thus they live and die in unbelief. But happy are those, my dear Lucy, who are brought to the knowledge of their own sinful nature before their death."

Then Mrs. Fairchild gave the book back to Lucy, and told her to continue every day to keep an account of what passed in her heart, that she might learn more and more to know and hate her own sinful nature After this, Mrs. Fairchild and Lucy knelt down, and confessed before God the exceeding vileness of their hearts, as follows.

Confession of the exceeding Vileness of our Hearts.

O Almighty Father! my heart is so exceedingly wicked, so vile, and full of sin, that even when I appear to people about me to be tolerably good, even then I am sinning. So great is the

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power of sin over me, that even when I am praying, or reading the Bible, or hearing other people read the Bible, even then I sin. When I speak, I sin; when I am silent, I sin, I find, O Lord, that I cannot cease from sin, not even for one moment. Even my dreams upon my bed often shew the vileness of my heart. O Lord, what shall I do? where shall I fly? how can I be saved from my sins? In me there is no help! I can do nothing for myself! I must depend entirely on Thee for mercy, O heavenly Father! Oh, pardon me for my Saviour's sake; and for his sake may God the Spirit renew and sanctify my vile heart, and prepare me for that glory which has been procured for the saints by the death and merits of my blessed Redeemer. For that dear Redeemer's sake, O Lord, hear my prayer; and grant that I may be washed from my sins by the blood of Christ, and clothed in garments made white with the same.

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XI.

THERE is a Fountain fill'd with blood
  Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
  Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
  That Fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
  Wash all my sins away.

Bless'd dying Lamb! thy precious blood
  Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
  Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
  Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
  And shall be till I die.

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Then in a sweeter, nobler song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me:

'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by Pow'r Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other Name but Thine.

STORY ON AMBITION, OR THE WISH TO BE GREAT.

TWICE every year Sir Charles and Lady Noble used to invite Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and their children, to spend a day with them at their house. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild did not much like to go, because Sir Charles and his Lady were very proud, and their children were not brought up in the fear of God; yet, as the visit happened only twice in a year, Mr. Fairchild thought it better to go than to have a quarrel with his neighbour. Mrs. Fairchild always had two plain muslin frocks, with white mittens, and neat black shoes, for Lucy and Emily to wear when they went to see Lady Noble. As Mr. Fairchild's house was as much as two miles' distance from Sir Charles Noble's, Sir Charles always used to send his carriage for them, and to bring them back again at night.

One morning, just at breakfast time, Mr. Fairchild came into the parlour, saying to Mrs. Fairchild, "Here, my dear, is a note from Sir Charles Noble, inviting us to spend the day to-morrow, and the children."

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"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "as Sir Charles Noble has been so kind as to ask us, we must not offend him by refusing to go."

The next morning Mr. Fairchild desired his wife and children to be ready at twelve o'clock, which was the time fixed for the coach to be at Mr. Fairchild's door. Accordingly soon after eleven Mrs. Fairchild dressed Lucy and Emily, and made them sit quietly down till the carriage came. As Lucy and Emily sat in the corner of the room, Lucy looked at Emily, and said, "Sister, how pretty you look!" "And how neat you look, Lucy!" said Emily: "these frocks are very pretty, and make us look very well."

"My dear little girls," said Mrs. Fairchild, who overheard what they said to each other, "do not be conceited because you have got your best frocks on. You now think well of yourselves, because you fancy you are well dressed: by and bye, when you get to Lady Noble's, you will find Miss Augusta much finer dressed than yourselves: then you will be out of humour with yourselves for as little reason as you now are pleased. Do you remember the verses I made you learn, Lucy, concerning one who cometh into the assembly of the Christians in fine clothes?"

Lucy. "Mamma, I remember; they are these: 'My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons; for if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel; and there come in also a poor man, in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here, in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?' (James ii. 1—4)."

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By the time Lucy had repeated these verses, Henry came, in his Sunday coat, to tell his mamma, that Sir Charles Noble's carriage was come. Mrs. Fairchild was quite ready; and Lucy and Emily were in such a hurry, that Emily had nearly tumbled down stairs over her sister, and Lucy was upon the point of slipping down on the step of the hall door: however, they all got into the coach without any accident, and the coachman drove away; and that so rapidly, that they soon came in sight of Sir Charles Noble's house.

As it is not likely that you ever saw Sir Charles Noble's house, I will give you some account of it. It is a very large house, built of smooth white stone: it stands in a fine park, or green lawn, scattered over with tall trees and shrubs; but there were no leaves on the trees at the time I am speaking of, because it was winter.

When the carriage drove up to the hall door, a smart footman came out, opened the carriage door, and shewed Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild through a great many rooms, into a grand parlour, where Lady Noble was sitting upon a sopha, by a large fire, with several other ladies, all of whom were handsomely dressed. Now, as I told you before, Lady Noble was a proud woman: so she did not take much notice of Mrs. Fairchild when she came in, although she ordered the servant to set a chair for her. Miss Augusta Noble was seated on the sopha by her mamma, playing with a very beautiful wax doll; and her two brothers, William and Edward, were standing by her; but they never came forward to Mrs. Fairchild's children, to say that they were glad to see them, or to shew them any kind of civility. If children knew how disagreeable they make themselves when they are rude and ill-behaved, surely they would never be so, but would strive to be civil and courteous to every one, according to

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the words of the Bible, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another." (Rom. xii. 10.)

Soon after Mrs. Fairchild was seated, a servant came to say that Miss Noble's and Master William's and Master Edward's dinners were ready. "Go, Augusta," said Lady Noble, "to your dinner, and take Master and Miss Fairchilds with you; and after you have dined, shew them your playthings, and your baby-house."

Miss Augusta got up; and as she passed by Emily and Lucy, she said, in a very haughty way, "Mamma says you must come with me." So Emily and Lucy followed Miss Augusta, and the little boys came after them. She went up a pair of grand stairs, and along a very long gallery full of pictures, till they came to a large room, where Miss Augusta's governess was sitting at work, and the children's dinner set out in great order. In one corner of the room was a baby-house.——Do you know what a baby-house is? If you have not seen such a thing, I will endeavour to describe it to you. It is a small house, fit for dolls, with door and windows, and chimney outside; and inside there is generally a parlour and a kitchen, and a bed-room, with chairs, tables, couches, beds, carpets, and every thing small, just as there is in a real house for people to live in.——Besides the baby-house, were a number of other toys; a large rocking-horse; a cradle, with a big wooden doll lying in it; and tops, and carts, and coaches, and whips, and trumpets in abundance.

"Here are Mrs. Fairchild's children come to dine with me, Ma'am," said Miss Augusta, as she opened the door: "this is Lucy, and this is Emily, and that is Henry."

The governess did not take much notice of Mrs.

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Fairchild's children, but said, "Miss Augusta, I wish you would shut the door after you, for it is very cold."

I do not know whether Miss Augusta heard her governess, but she never offered to go back to shut the door.

The governess, whose name was Beaumont, then called to Master Edward, who was just coming in, to shut the door after him.

"You may shut it yourself, if you want it shut," answered the rude boy.

When Lucy heard this, she immediately ran and shut the door: upon which Miss Beaumont looked more civilly at her than she had done before, and thanked her for her attention.

Whilst Lucy was shutting the door, Miss Augusta began to stir the fire. "Miss Augusta," said the lady, "has not your mamma often forbidden you to touch the fire? Some day you will set your frock on fire."

Miss Augusta did not heed what her governess said this time any more than the last, but went on raking the fire, till at length Miss Beaumont, fearing some mischief, forced the poker out of her hand. Miss Augusta looked very much displeased, and was going to make a pert answer, when her mamma, and the other ladies, came into the room to see the children dine. The young ones immediately seated themselves quietly at the table, to eat their dinner.

"Are my children well behaved?" said Lady Noble, speaking to the governess: "I thought I heard you finding fault with Augusta when I came in."

"Oh, no! Ma'am," said the governess: "Miss Augusta is a good young Lady: I seldom have reason to find fault with her."

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Lucy and Emily looked at Miss Beaumont, and wondered to hear her say that Miss Augusta was good; but they were silent.

"I am happy to say," said Lady Noble, speaking to Mrs. Fairchild, "that mine are very promising children: Augusta has a good heart."

"Ah, Lady Noble!" said Mrs. Fairchild, "I am afraid none of us can say so much of our children: there is no child that can be said to have a good heart."

Lady Noble looked with surprise at Mrs. Fairchild, but made her no answer. Just at that moment a servant came in, and set a plate of apples on the table.

"Miss Beaumont," said Lady Noble, "take care that Augusta does not eat above one apple: you know that she was unwell yesterday from eating too many."

Miss Beaumont assured Lady Noble that she would attend to her wishes, and the ladies left the room. When they were gone, the governess gave two apples to each of the children, excepting Augusta, to whom she gave only one. The rest of the apples she took out of the plate, and put in her work-bag for her own eating.

When every one had done dinner, and the table-cloth was taken away, Lady Noble's children got up and left the table, and Henry and Emily were following, but Lucy whispered to them to say grace; accordingly they stood still by the table, and, putting their hands together, they said the grace which they had been used to say after dinner at home.

"What are you doing?" said Augusta.

"We are saying grace," answered Lucy.

"Oh! I forgot," said Augusta: "your mamma is religious, and makes you do all these things. Don't you say your prayers four times every day?"

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"Sometimes oftener," said Emily.

"Dear! how tiresome it must be to be so religious!" said Miss Augusta: "and where's the use of it?"

"Why don't you know," said Lucy, "that if we do not serve God, we shall go to hell when we die; and if we do serve him, we shall go to heaven?"

"But you are not going to die now," said Miss Augusta: "you are as young as I am; and young people don't die. It will be time enough to be religious, you know, when we get old, and expect to die."

"Oh! but," said little Henry, "perhaps we may never live to be old: many children die younger than we are."

Whilst Henry was speaking, William and Edward stood listening to him, with their mouths wide open; and when he had finished his speech, they broke out into a loud fit of laughter.

"When our parson dies, you shall be parson, Henry," said Edward; "but I'll never go to church when you preach."

"No, he sha'n't be parson; he shall be clerk," said William: "then he will have all the graves to dig."

"I'll tell you what," said Henry; "your mamma was never worse out in her life than when she said her's were good children."

"Take that for your sauciness, you little beggar," said Master William, giving Henry a blow on the side of the head: and he would have given him several more had not Lucy and Emily ran in between.

"If you fight in this room, boys, I shall tell my mamma," said Miss Augusta. "Come, go down stairs: we don't want you here: go and feed your dogs."

William and Edward accordingly went off, and

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left the little girls and Henry to play quietly. Lucy and Emily were very much pleased with the baby-house and the dolls; and Henry got upon the rocking horse: and so they amused themselves for a while. At length, Miss Beaumont, who had been sitting at work, went to fetch a book from an adjoining room. As soon as she was out of sight, Miss Augusta, going softly up to the table, took two apples out of her work-bag.

"Oh! Miss Augusta, what are you doing?" said Emily.

"She is stealing," said Henry.

"Stealing!" said Miss Augusta, coming back into the corner of the room where the baby-house was: "what a vulgar boy you are! what words you use!"

"You don't like to be called a thief," said Henry, "though you are not ashamed to steal, I see."

"Do, Miss Augusta, put the apples back," said Emily: "your mamma said you must have but one, you know, to-day, and you have had one already."

"Hush, hush!" said Miss Augusta: "here's my governess coming back: don't say a word." So saying, she slipped the apples into the bosom of her frock, and ran out of the room.

"Where are you going, Miss Augusta?" exclaimed Miss Beaumont.

"Mamma has sent for me," answered Augusta: "I shall be back immediately."

When Miss Augusta had eaten the apples, she came back quietly, and sat down to play with Lucy and Emily, as if nothing had happened. Soon after, the governess looked into her work-bag, and found that two of the apples were gone. "Miss Augusta," she said, "you have taken two apples: there are two gone."

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"I have not touched them," said Miss Augusta.

"Some of you have," said Miss Beaumont, looking at the other children.

"I can't tell who has," said Miss Augusta, "but I know it was not me."

Lucy and Emily felt very angry, but they did not speak; but Henry would have spoken, if his sister Lucy had not put her hand upon his mouth.

"I see," said Miss Beaumont, "that some of you have taken the apples; and I desire that you Miss Emily, and you Miss Lucy, and you Master Henry, will come and sit down quietly by me, for I don't know what mischief you may do next."

Now the governess did not really suppose that Mrs. Fairchild's children had taken the apples; but she chose to scold them, because she was not afraid of offending their papa and mamma, but she was very much afraid of offending Miss Augusta and her mamma. So she made Lucy and Emily and Henry sit quietly down by her side, before the fire. It was now getting dark, and a maid-servant came in with a candle, and, setting it upon the table, said, "Miss Augusta, it is time for you to be dressed to go down to tea with the ladies."

"Well," said Miss Augusta, "bring me my clothes, and I will be dressed here by the fire-side."

The servant then went into the closet I before spoke of, and soon returned with a beautiful muslin frock, wrought with flowers, a rose-coloured sash and shoes, and a pearl necklace. Emily and Lucy had never seen such fine clothes before; and when they saw Miss Augusta dressed in them, they could not help looking at their own plain frocks, and black shoes, and feeling quite ashamed of them; though there was no more reason to be ashamed of their clothes at that time, than there was of their being proud of them when they were first put on.

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When Miss Augusta was dressed, she said to the maid-servant, "Take the candle, and light me down to the hall." Then, turning to Emily and Lucy, she added, "Will you come with me? I suppose you have not brought any clean frocks to put on? Well, never mind: when you get into the drawing-room you must keep behind your mamma's chair, and nobody will take any notice of you."

So Miss Augusta walked first, with the maid-servant, and Henry and Lucy and Emily followed. They went along the great gallery, and down the stairs, and through several fine rooms all lighted up with many lamps and candles, till they came to the door where Sir Charles, and Lady Noble, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and a great many ladies and gentlemen, were sitting in a circle round a fire. Lucy and Emily and Henry went and stood behind their mamma's chair, and nobody took any notice of them; but Miss Augusta went in among the company, courtseying to one, giving her hand to another, and nodding and smiling to another.—"What a charming girl Miss Augusta has grown!" said one of the ladies.—"Your daughter, Lady Noble, will be quite a beauty," said another.—"What an elegant frock, Miss Augusta has on," said a third lady.—"That rose-coloured sash makes her sweet complexion more lovely than ever," said one of the gentlemen;—and so they went on flattering her, till she grew more conceited and full of herself than ever; and during all the rest of the evening she took no more notice of Mrs. Fairchild's children than if they had not been in the room.

After the company had all drunk tea, several tables were set out, and the ladies and gentlemen began to make parties for playing at cards. As Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild never played at cards, they

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asked for the coach; and, when it was ready, wished Sir Charles and Lady Noble good night, and came away.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild, when he was got into the coach with his wife and children, "I am very glad this day is over, and that we are going back to our own comfortable home, where we can serve God in peace."

"Alas!" said Mrs. Fairchild, "I am sorry for Lady Noble: she loves the world too well, and all its fine things! though it is written in the Bible, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world: if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him: for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world; and the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.' (1 John ii. 15—17.)"

"Well," said little Henry, "Sir Charles Noble's may be a very fine house, and every thing may be very fine in it; but I like my own little home and garden, and John, and the meadow, and the apple-trees, and the round hill, and the lane, better than all the fine things at Sir Charles's."

Now all this while Emily and Lucy did not speak a word; and what do you think was the reason? It was this; that the sight of Miss Augusta's fine clothes, and play-things, and beautiful rooms in which she lived, with the number of people she had to attend her, had made them both out of humour with their own humble way of living, and small house and plain clothes. Their hearts were full of the desire of being great, like Miss Augusta, and having things like her; but they did not dare to tell their thoughts to their mamma.

When they got home, Mrs. Fairchild gave a baked apple to each of the children, and some

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warm milk-and-water to drink: and after they had prayed she sent them to bed. When Emily and Lucy got into bed, and Betty had taken away the candle, Lucy said, "Oh, Emily! I wish our papa and mamma were like Sir Charles and Lady Noble. What a beautiful frock that was that Miss Augusta had on! and I dare say that she has a great many more like it—And that sash!—I never saw so fine a colour."

Emily. "And then the ladies and gentlemen said she was so pretty! and even her governess did not dare to find fault with her!"

Lucy. "But Betty finds fault with us, and John too; and papa and mamma make us work so hard! and we have such coarse clothes! Even our best frocks are not so good as those Miss Augusta wears every morning."

In this manner they went on talking, till their mamma came up stairs, and into their room. As they had thick curtains round their bed, it being very cold weather, they did not see their mamma come into the room; and so she heard a great deal of what they were talking about, without their knowing it. She came up to the side of their bed, and sat down in a chair which stood near it, and, putting the curtains aside a little, she said; "My dear little girls, as I came into the room I heard some part of what you were saying, without intending it; and I am glad I heard it, because I can put you in a way of getting rid of these foolish thoughts and desires which you were speaking of to each other. Do not be ashamed, my dears: I am your own mamma, and love you dearly, although I know that you are sinful creatures—and how can my children, who are born in my likeness, be otherwise? Do you remember, Lucy, when Emily got that beautiful doll from Lady Noble, that you said

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you felt something in your heart which made you very miserable?"

Lucy. "Yes, Mamma, I remember it very well: you told me it was envy; and I have often prayed to God from that time to take envy out of my heart. But I do not feel envy now: I do not wish to take Miss Augusta's things from her, or to hurt her: Emily and I only wish to be like her, and to have the same things she has."

"What you now feel, my dears," said Mrs. Fairchild, "is not exactly envy, though it is very like it: it is what is called Ambition. Ambition is the desire to be greater than we are. Ambition makes people unhappy, and discontented with what they are and what they have. Ambition is in the heart of every man by nature; but, before we can go to heaven, it must be taken out of our hearts, because it is a temper that God hates—though it is spoken of, by people who do not fear God, as a very good thing."

"I do not exactly understand, Mamma," said Emily, "what ambition makes people do."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "suppose that Betty was ambitious, she would be discontented at being a servant, and would want to be as high as her mistress: and if I were ambitious, I should strive to be equal to Lady Noble; and Lady Noble would want to be as great as the Duchess, who lives at that beautiful house which we passed by when we went to see your grandmamma: the Duchess, if she were ambitious, would wish to be like the Queen."

Emily. "But the Queen could be no higher: so she could not be ambitious."

Mrs. Fairchild. "My dear, you are much mistaken. When you are old enough to read history, you will find, that when kings and queens are

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ambitious it does more harm even than when little people are so. When kings are ambitious they desire to be greater than other kings, and then they fight with them, and take their kingdoms from them, and cause many cruel wars and dreadful miseries: and, more than this, it has often happened, that when kings have got all they could get in this world, they have been desirous to be thought more than men, and have caused themselves to be worshipped as God. So, my dear children, you see that there is no end of the mischief which ambition does.—When Satan lived in heaven, and in all the glory of it, he was not content, but he wanted to be equal with God, and rebelled against God; in consequence of which, he was cast down into hell, with his angels.—When Adam and Eve lived in the beautiful garden of Eden, and never knew sorrow, or pain, or sickness, this wicked desire of being great was the cause of their fall: Satan came to them, and told them, that, if they would eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which was in the midst of the garden, they should be as gods, knowing good from evil: and they were ambitious, and wished to be like gods; and so they took the forbidden fruit, and brought sin and death upon themselves and their children. And so you see, my dear children, that wherever this desire to be great comes, it makes us unhappy, and in the end ruins us."

"Indeed, Mamma," said Lucy, "I think it is very true; for I have felt very unhappy ever since the thought came into my head about being as great as Miss Augusta."

Emily. "But you say, Mamma, that this wish is in every body's heart naturally: then how can we get rid of it?"

Mrs. Fairchild. "In the same manner, my dear, that we master every other sinful inclination;

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through the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to destroy all sin and all the works of the devil: for 'he that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning: for this purpose, the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.' (1 John iii. 8.) When you feel in your hearts, my dear children, that wicked desire arise, —O that I was as great as such an one! or as clever as such an one! or as pretty as such an one!—then go into some retired place, if you can, and fall on your knees, and call upon the Lord Jesus Christ, that dear Saviour, who died for you upon the cross, to take this great and dreadful sin of ambition out of your hearts, and to make you humble, and contented with whatever things it may please God to give you in this world. 'Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' (Heb. xiii. 5.)"

Then Mrs. Fairchild shewed to her children, how much God loves people who do not wish to be great; and how he blesses people who are lowly and humble; and that he will take such people to heaven, as he hath promised—"For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," (Luke xiv. 11)—where they will live in the house of God, and in the sight of that dear Saviour who humbled himself for them, "and, being found in fashion as a man, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." (Phil. ii. 8.) Then Mrs. Fairchild kissed her children; for they were beginning to cry, to think of their wicked ambition, and how they had been discontented with their dear parents and happy home. And Mrs. Fairchild knelt by the bed-side, and prayed that God,

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for his dear Son's sake, would take the wicked desire to be great out of her dear little girls' hearts. I shall put down Mrs. Fairchild's prayer in this place, with the hymn which they sung afterwards: they may both be of use to you when you feel any of the same kind of ambitious desires and thoughts; for, as Mrs. Fairchild said, "the wish to be great is natural to every man; neither can we conquer our ambition, excepting through Jesus Christ, who died that we might no longer be the slaves of sin."

The Prayer.

O Lord God, Almighty Father! hear the prayer of a poor, wicked, proud child! I know that my heart is full of sin, and that my body is corrupt and filthy, and that I must soon die and go down into the dust; and yet I am so foolish and so wicked as to wish to be great in this world. I wish to have a fine house to live in, and a great many servants to wait on me, and to be of great consequence, and to be made a great deal of; and yet I know, that, if I had what I deserved, I should now at this moment be in hell fire. O Thou that resistest the proud, and givest grace to the humble! give me the grace of humility; make me humble and lowly in heart, content and thankful for what I have. O set my sins in order before my eyes, that I may see I have nothing to be proud of, and know that I am not worthy to be set up and made great in the world. I know that thou, O Lord! lovest humble and lowly people; and that thy blessed Son, when in this world, appeared, in the form of a servant, amongst the lowest and poorest of men, and was meek and lowly in his behaviour. O Lord! send thy Holy Spirit to cleanse my heart from all proud thoughts. Teach me to know my sins and hate myself, and to

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humble myself before men and in thy sight. O give me a clean and a new heart, that I may rather desire to be numbered amongst the saints, and martyrs, and children of God—those holy people, of whom the world was not worthy—than amongst the great and mighty men of the earth.

O holy Father, I am not worthy of myself to make this prayer; but there is One in heaven, even the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb who bled and died for me, who has promised to intercede for us before the Throne. For the sake, therefore, of thy beloved Son, O Lord Almighty! be favourable unto my prayer, and send thy Holy Spirit to take all pride from my heart. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XII.

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
  Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
  And vile ingratitude.

Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
  So false, as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
  So prone to every sin!

My reason tells me thy commands
  Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
  Is his most righteous due.

Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
  And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t'obey,
  And harder yet to love.

How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
  These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
  And give my conscience rest?

Break, Sov'reign Grace! O break the charm,
  And set the captive free!
Reveal, O mighty God, thine arm,
  And haste to rescue me.

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ON THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT;

OR, A

SUNDAY AT MR. FAIRCHILD'S.

THE Fourth Commandment is this, 'Remember 'that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day: Six days 'shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to 'do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the 'Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner 'of work; thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, 'thy man-servant and thy maid-servant, thy cattle 'and the stranger that is within thy gate: For in 'six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the 'sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh 'day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, 'and hallowed it.'

Though we are bidden to remember the Sabbath-day, yet how few are there, among people who call themselves Christians, who rightly observe this command of God, to keep the Sabbath holy! You will, perhaps, like to hear how Sunday was kept in Mr. Fairchild's family.

On Saturday, Betty always made a fruit-pie and baked it, and roasted a fowl or a joint of meat, to be cold the next day; so that she might have nothing to do, when she came from church on the Sunday, but to boil a few potatoes. On the Saturday evening also she cleaned the house. And Emily and Lucy used to rub the chairs and tables, and do such other little things as they could, to help Betty. They next looked out their own clothes and Henry's for the next day, and laid them on chairs near their beds. Their mamma then gave them a complete washing and combing: after which they packed up in their little baskets their Bibles and Prayer-books, and such

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little presents as they might have been able to prepare during the week for the children of the school. Lucy and Emily sometimes would have a little cap, or a tippet, to take to some good little girl; or a pair of mittens, or a pin-cushion, or a little needle-book: for whenever their mamma threw away any little bits of silk or cloth, or an old card, or any thing else which could be turned to use, Emily and Lucy used to pick it up and contrive something or other of it; and if it was but a shabby thing which they were able to make, yet it pleased the poor children. Henry, too, was also always contriving something for the little boys in the school; so that their baskets on a Sunday were never empty.

On the Sunday morning, the family generally rose a little earlier than usual, in order that every thing which was necessary might be finished before breakfast—such things, I mean, as feeding the pigs, milking the cow, getting parsley for the hare, and giving corn to the fowls and pigeons. The children were always allowed bread-and-butter and tea for breakfast on a Sunday. And after breakfast all the family made haste to dress themselves; and, having made up the fire and locked the doors, they used to set off to the village; for the schools and the church were in the village.—Many pleasant walks had Mr. Fairchild and his family, on a summer's morning, to the village church; Henry, Lucy, and Emily walking quietly first (for they were not allowed to run on a Sunday), Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild coming up next, and Betty and John behind.—Mrs. Barker's neat little house was just at the entrance of the village; the very first house after John Trueman's; and, unless something very particular happened, Mrs. Barker was always ready to come out, and go with Mrs. Fairchild to the school.

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When they came to the schools, Mr. Fairchild and Henry went to the boys' school, and Mrs. Fairchild and her little girls, with Mrs. Barker, went into the girls' school: there they heard the children the Catechism, and heard them read, and gave them religious instruction. Lucy and Emily had each six little girls less than themselves, and Henry as many little boys to hear. They generally contrived to be two hours at school, before it was time to go to church. When they knew by the church bell that it was time to leave the schools, the children were all placed two and two, and taken to church: Henry walked by his little boys, and sat with them at church, to find their places in their Psalters, and to see that they behaved well; and Emily and Lucy kept by their little girls for the same purpose.

After the Divine Service was over, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their family came home; and the children, if they pleased, had a bit of bread as soon as they came in. But there was one thing which Mr. Fairchild would not allow his family to do—a thing which many people are very much in the practice of—that is, when they have been at church, hearing the good word of God, to come home and chatter together about foolish things, till they have quite forgotten all the holy words they have heard in the church. "You might just as well," Mr. Fairchild would say, "sow good seeds in your fields, and then turn in a flock of birds to pick them all up, as go to church, and afterwards meet and talk and chatter till you have forgotten every thing you have heard." So Mrs. Fairchild ordered her children, when they came in from church, whilst they were waiting for their dinner, to go each one into a place apart by themselves, where they might think of what they had been hearing. Sometimes they would walk alone

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in the garden, or in a path which was in the coppice just by, if it was a fine day; or go into their own little rooms, to pray, and sing a hymn, and think of God. Henry, in particular, had a little favourite shady path in the coppice, where scarcely any person ever came, excepting two old women whose cottages were on that side of the coppice; and there you might see him walking up and down, praying, or singing his hymns, till he was called to dinner by the dinner-bell, which John always rung out of the house door.

At dinner Mr. Fairchild would not allow his family to speak of the business of the week-days, or even to talk of their neighbours: they found enough pleasant discourse in speaking of what they had heard in the church, or of what had happened in the school; which of the children were improved, and who said the Catechism best, and who got rewards, and such things.

After dinner, in the long days, they all went again to church; but in the winter they could not go in the evening, because there was no service. So when they could not go to church, Mr. Fairchild was the clergyman, and Henry the clerk; and Mrs. Fairchild, and Lucy and Emily, and John and Betty, and the two old women who lived in the coppice, who generally drank tea with Betty on a Sunday evening, made up the congregation. After evening service came tea; and, when tea was over, the children were allowed to read any pretty Sunday book they had; and amongst them they had a great many. Before they went to bed, Mr. Fairchild heard them read a few chapters in the Bible, and repeat the Church Catechism. Then they all sang some hymns together, and prayed; and when they had had their baked apples (or, if it was summer time, perhaps some strawberries and cream, or raspberries and cream), the children went to bed.

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Now, of all the days in the week, Sunday was the day the children loved best; for on this day there was no worldly business—no care about money, or clothes, or cooking dinner; no work to be done, but God's work, the sweetest of all works, the work which angels delight to do. And God blessed Mr. Fairchild's family in all things, because he kept the Sunday holy, making out the words of the Prophet Isaiah: "If thou turn away thy feet from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." (Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.)

I shall finish this chapter by adding a prayer for Sunday, which Mr. Fairchild's children used, with the very hymn which Henry so often sung in his favourite wood-walk. You may use this prayer any time in the day, and in any place: if you have a retired walk in your papa's garden, or in any field near your house, you cannot do better than withdraw to it to pray and sing on a fine summer's day, after you have been at church; or before it, if it should suit you better. Many good people have liked to pray in the open air, where they can look up to the heavens, and around them upon the fairest of God's works—trees and shrubs and brooks, green hills, and meadows, and flowery fields.

Prayer for Assistance in keeping the Sabbath-Day holy.

O holy Father, who hast ordered us to keep the seventh day holy, I pray thee to give me grace to

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keep this Sunday holy; that I may do no manner of worldly work in it, nor talk about business in it, nor spend the day in visiting, or foolish play, or idleness; but that I may spend this holy day in reading my Bible and other holy books, and singing hymns, and praying, both at church and by myself at home. And, O my Father, send thy Holy Spirit into my heart, that when I pray and read I may mind what I am about, and not think of foolish things whilst I am repeating the words of God. And O fill my heart this day with love for that dear Saviour who died for me; that I may serve him with joy and delight, and not be tired when I am hearing his blessed words, or thinking of vain or foolish things when I am in his holy house. And when I have fulfilled my number of Sundays in this world, remove me, O dear Lord God, for my dear Saviour's sake, to that happy place where we shall enjoy an eternal Sabbath at thy right hand for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XIII.

Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul; enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antetaste of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from Heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

This heav'nly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

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In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away!
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

I MUST now tell you of a sad temptation into which Emily fell about this time. It is a sad story, but you shall hear it.

There was a room in Mrs. Fairchild's house which was not often used: in this room was a closet full of shelves, where Mrs. Fairchild used to keep her sugar and tea, and sweetmeats, and pickles, and many other things. Now as Betty was very honest, and John too, Mrs. Fairchild would often leave this closet unlocked for weeks together, and never missed any thing out of it. One day, at the time that damascenes were ripe, Mrs. Fairchild and Betty boiled up a great many damascenes in sugar, to use in the winter; and when they had put them in jars, and tied them down, they put them in the closet I before spoke of. Emily and Lucy saw their mamma boil the damascenes, and helped Betty to cover them and carry them to the closet. As Emily was carrying one of the jars, she perceived that it was tied down so loosely that she could put in her finger and get at the fruit. Accordingly she took out one of the damascenes, and ate it: it was so nice that she was tempted to take another; and was going even to take a third, when she heard Betty coming up: she covered the jar in haste, and came away. Some months after this, one evening, just about the time that it was getting dark, she was passing by the room where these sweetmeats were kept, and she observed that the door was open;

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she looked round to see if any body was near, but there was no one: her mamma and papa, and her brother and sister, were in the parlour, and Betty was in the kitchen, and John was in the garden: no eye was looking at her, but the eye of God, who sees every thing we do, and knows even the secret thoughts of the heart; but at that moment the fear of God was not in the heart of Emily. Accordingly she passed through the open door, and went up to the closet: there she stood still again, and looked round, but saw no one. She then opened the closet door, and took two or three damascenes, which she ate in great haste. She then went to her own room, and washed her hands and mouth, and went down into the parlour, where her papa and mamma were just going to tea.

Although her mamma and papa never suspected what naughty thing Emily had been doing, and behaved just as usual to her, yet Emily felt frightened and uneasy before them; and every time they spoke to her, though it was only to ask the commonest question, she stared and looked frightened, making out the words of King Solomon; "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." (Prov. xxviii. 1.)

I am sorry to say, that the next day, when it was beginning to get dark, Emily went again to the closet, and took some more damascenes; and so she did for several days, though she knew she was doing wrong.

On the Sunday following, it happened to be so rainy that nobody could go to church: in consequence of which, Mr. Fairchild called all the family into the parlour, and read the Morning Service, and a sermon. Some sermons are hard, and difficult for children to understand: but this was a very plain, easy sermon; even Henry could tell his mamma a great deal about it. The text was from

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Psalm cxxxix. 7th to 12th verses: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there: if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me: if I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me; yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

The meaning of these verses was explained in the sermon at full length: it was first shewn, that the Lord Jehovah is a Spirit, without body, parts, or passions; and, secondly, that there is no place where he is not: that if a person could go up into heaven, he would find God there; if he were to go down to hell, there also he would find God; that God is in every part of the earth, and of the sea, and of the sky; and that, being always present in every place, he knows every thing we do, and every thing we say, and even every thought of our heart, however secret we may think it. Then the sermon went on to shew how foolish and mad it is for people to do wicked things in secret and dark places, trusting that God will not know it. "If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me:" for no night is dark unto God: "He will surely bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart." (1 Cor. iv. 5.) Therefore "woe unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their works are in the dark, and they say, Who seeth us? and who knoweth us?" (Isa. xxix. 15.)

Whilst Mr. Fairchild was reading, Emily felt frightened and unhappy, thinking of the wickedness

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she was guilty of every day; and she even thought that she never would be guilty again of the same sin: but when the evening came, all her good resolutions left her; for she confided in her own strength, and therefore the Divine assistance was for a while withheld; and she went again to the room, where the damascenes were kept. However, when she came to the door of the closet, she thought of the sermon which her papa had read in the morning, and she stood still a few moments, to consider what she should do. "There is nobody in this room," she said; "and nobody sees me, it is true; but God is in this room: he sees me; his eye is now upon me: I cannot hide what I am going to do from him: he knows every thing, and he has power to cast me into hell. I will not take any more damascenes; I will go back, I think. But yet, as I am come so far, and am just got to the closet, I will just take one damascene—it shall be the last; I will never come here again, without mamma's leave." So she opened the closet door, and took one damascene, and then another, and then two more. Whilst she was taking the last, she heard the cat mew: she did not know that the cat had followed her into the room, and she was so frightened, that she spilt some of the red juice upon her frock, but she did not perceive it at the time; as it is said, "The way of the wicked is darkness: they know not at what they stumble." (Prov. iv. 19.) She then left the closet, and went, as usual, to wash her hands and mouth, and went down into the parlour.

When Emily got into the parlour, she immediately saw the red stain on her frock. She did not stay till it was observed, but ran out again instantly, and went up stairs, and washed her frock. As the stain had not dried in, it came out with very little trouble; but not till Emily had wet all the bosom of her frock, and sleeves; and that so much, that

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all her inner clothes were thoroughly wet, even to the skin: to hide this, she put her pinafore on, to go down to tea. When she came down, "Where have you been Emily?" said her mamma: "we have almost done tea."

"I have been playing with the cat, up stairs, Mamma," said Emily. But when she told this sad untruth, she felt very unhappy, and her complexion changed once or twice from red to pale.

It was a cold evening, and Emily kept as much from the fire and candle as she could, lest any spots should be left in her frock, and her mamma should see them. She had no opportunity, therefore, of drying or warming herself, and she soon began to feel quite chilled and trembling: soon after a burning heat came in the palms of her hands, and a soreness about her throat: however, she did not dare to complain, but sat till bed-time, getting every minute more and more uncomfortable.

It was some time after she was in bed, and even after her mamma and papa came to bed, before she could sleep: at last she fell asleep; but her sleep was disturbed by dreadful dreams, such as she had never experienced before. She fancied she had been doing something wrong, though her head was so confused that she did not know what, and that a dreadful Eye was looking upon her from above. Wherever she went, she thought this Eye followed her with angry looks, and she could not hide herself from it. It was her troubled conscience, together with an uneasy body, which gave her these dreadful dreams; and so horrible were they, that at length she awoke, screaming violently. Her mamma and papa heard her cry, and came running in to her, bringing a light; but she was in such a terror, that at first she did not know them, but kept looking up as if she saw something very terrifying.

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"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Fairchild, "this child is in a burning fever: only feel her hands."

It was true, indeed: and when Mr. Fairchild felt her, he was so much frightened that he resolved to watch by her all night, and in the morning, as soon as it was light, to send John for the doctor. But what do you suppose Emily felt all this time; knowing, as she did, how she had brought on this illness, and how she had deceived, for many days, this dear papa and mamma, who now gave up their own rest to attend her; knowing also, as she did, how she had offended God, by continuing so many days in sin; and particularly in committing the sin again, after having been warned of the greatness of it in the sermon which her papa had read in the morning?

Emily continued to get worse during the night; neither was the doctor able, when he came, to stop the fever, though he did his utmost. It would have grieved you to have seen poor Lucy and Henry. They could neither read nor play, they missed their dear sister so much. They continually said to each other, "Oh, Emily! dear Emily! there is no pleasure without our dear Emily!"

When the doctor came on the third morning, he found Emily so much worse, that, although he tried to hide his fears from Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, he could not. He ordered her to be removed from her brother and sister, lest they should catch the fever. Accordingly she was taken into the very room where the sweetmeats were kept: the doctor chose that room, because it was very airy, and separate from the rest of the house.

For some hours Emily had not seemed to notice any thing that passed; neither did she seem to know that they were moving her: but when she came into the room, and saw the closet door (for the bed on which they laid her was just opposite

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the closet door), she looked this way, and that way, and tried to speak; but was so ill, and her head so confused, that she could not make any body understand what she wished to say.

The next day, when the doctor came, Emily was so very ill, that he thought it right that Lucy and Henry should be sent out of the house. Accordingly, John got the horse ready, and took them to Mrs. Goodriche's. Poor Lucy and Henry! how bitterly they cried when they went out of the gate, thinking that perhaps they might never see their dear Emily any more! It was a terrible trial for poor Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild: they had no comfort, but in praying and watching by poor Emily's bed. And all this grief Emily brought upon her friends by her own naughtiness! "Woe unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their works are in the dark; and they say, Who seeth us? and who knoweth us?" (Isa. xxix. 15.)

Emily had been exceedingly ill for nine days; and every one feared that if her fever continued a few days longer she must die; when, by the mercy of God, it suddenly left her, and she fell asleep, and continued sleeping for many hours. O how did her dear papa and mamma rejoice, when they found her sleeping so sweetly! They went into another room, and fell on their knees, and blessed and praised God. And Mr. Fairchild pointed out these words to his wife: "For the Lord will not cast off for ever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies: for he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." (Lament. iii. 31—33.)

When Emily awoke, she was very weak; but her fever was gone: she kissed her papa and mamma, and wanted to tell them of the naughty things she

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had done, which had been the cause of her fever; but they would not allow her to speak. How kindly did Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild watch over their dear little girl, and provide her with every thing that was thought good for her!

From that day she got better; and at the end of a week, from the time her fever left her, she was so well, that she was able to sit up, and tell her mamma all the history of her stealing the damascenes, and of the sad way in which she had got the fever. "Oh! Mamma!" said Emily, "what a wicked girl have I been! what trouble have I given to you, and to Papa, and to the Doctor, and to Betty!—I thought that God would take no notice of my sin. I thought he did not see me when I was stealing in the dark: but I was much mistaken; his eye was upon me all the time, and he made me feel his anger. And yet how good, how very good it was of Him not to send me to hell for my wickedness! When I was ill, I might have died; and, oh! Mamma, Mamma! what would have become of me then?"

Mrs. Fairchild was very much affected, when she heard her little girl talk in this way: she kissed her, and held her in her arms. "My beloved child," said Mrs. Fairchild, "God has been very good indeed to you: he has brought you through a dreadful illness; and what is better than this, he has brought you to a knowledge of your wickedness betimes. You might have gone on in your wickedness for many years, till you became a hardened sinner; but God, like a tender Father, has chastised you, my child."—Then Mrs. Faitchild shewed Emily these verses: "And ye have forgotten the exhortation, which speaketh unto you as unto children: My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when

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thou art robbed of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh, which corrected us; and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." (Heb. xii. 5—11.)

"Oh, Mamma!" said Emily, "these are pretty verses; and when I am able, I will learn them, and I hope I shall never forget them."

Mrs. Fairchild then knelt down by Emily's bed, and prayed; after which she sung a hymn. This prayer and hymn I shall put down in this place, that you may make use of it at any time when you may have been tempted to do any thing wrong, trusting that God could not see it.

The Prayer.

O Lord, the great and dreadful God! who seest every thing, and knowest every thing; from whom I cannot hide even one thought of my heart; whose eye can go down into the deepest and darkest place! how wicked have I been! O how wicked have I been! I thought that God would not know the evil thing that I did; I thought that it was hid from him: but his eye was upon me, (his eye, so dreadful to the wicked!) his eye followed me wherever I

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went: he knew all I did, and he marked it in his book. O God, I thank thee for having brought me to the knowledge of my sin! O Holy Spirit, this is thy glorious work. And now, O Holy Spirit, fill me with the fear of God; that I may know and feel that he is with me, and his eye upon me, wherever I go; and, though my parents may not be with me, yet one more to be feared, even God, is looking upon me.

O God! thou hast the power of death, and the power to cast me into hell, into the place which burns for ever with fire and brimstone: O save me, save me from hell! save me, save me from eternal death! Fill my heart with holy fear, that I may have thee, my God, always in my thoughts.

Oh, Thou that art all fair, in whom is no spot or stain of sin! Thou, O bleeding Lamb! offer up unto God the prayer of a sinful child; and obtain for me, in thy holy name and for thy dear sake, that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom!

And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory, and honour, and power, now and for ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XIV.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
  Shines through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
  All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
  Nor wicked word we say,
But in the dreadful Book is writ,
  Against the Judgment Day.

And must the crimes that I have done
  Be read and publish'd there;
Be all expos'd before the sun,
  While men and angels hear?

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Lord, at thy feet asham'd I lie;
  Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my sins before I die,
  And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
  That my Redeemer felt;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
  And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
  T' indulge a sinful thought!
Since the great God can see and hear,
  And write down ev'ry thought.

EMILY'S RECOVERY;

OR,

A VISIT TO MRS. GOODRICHE.

After Emily's fever was gone, she got rapidly better every day. Her kind mamma never left her; but sat by her bed and talked to her, and provided every thing for her which was likely to do her good.

"Oh, Mamma!" said Emily one day, "how good you are to me! and how good God has been to me! I wish I could live without making God angry any more; but I know that my wicked heart will not let me. I am so happy, now that I feel that God has forgiven me for my wickedness! Pray, Mamma, read the Bible often to me, because it is God's word, and I find in it what I must do to please God."

"Ah, my dear!" said Mrs. Fairchild, "may God preserve in your heart this love of the Bible!"

"When I have done any thing to make you angry, Mamma, and you have forgiven me, and I have kissed you, I always feel so happy! and then I am

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so much afraid of making you angry again—so very much afraid!" said Emily. "And this is now what I feel towards God. I made God very angry when I stole those damascenes, and thought he did not see me: but I now feel that he has forgiven me, and that he loves me again; and I love him very much indeed, and wish that I could always serve him and live with him."

"He has forgiven you, my dear child, I have no doubt," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and filled your heart with love to himself: but I wish to know if you thoroughly understand wherefore God has forgiven you. Did he forgive you because you were sorry for your sins?"

"No, Mamma," said Emily; "my being sorry was no goodness of mine: I should never have been sorry if God had not broken my proud heart and made me sorry."

"For whose sake, then, my dear, has God forgiven you?" asked Mrs. Fairchild.

"I know, Mamma," answered Emily: "for the sake of his dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who had no fault in him. He never did any thing wrong, and he died for me: he bore my punishment. I understand this now, though I did not understand it before; and I love him very much."

Mrs. Fairchild. "Then, my dear child, you can understand the meaning of those pretty verses: 'Thou art fairer than the children of men'—'He is altogether lovely.'"

"Yes," said Emily; "the Lord Jesus Christ is altogether lovely: there is no fault in him, no black spots upon his heart. You do not know, Mamma, how much I love him, and how very much afraid I am of making him angry again: I am even more afraid of making him angry than I am of making you and papa angry; and I am so pleased when I feel that he loves me!"

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Mrs. Fairchild. "My dear Emily, God has in his mercy brought you into a very holy and happy state of mind. Our Saviour says that we must become like little children, humble, and loving God as children do their fathers and mothers, before we can enter the kingdom of God: 'Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein.' (Luke xviii. 17.) May God preserve you in this happy frame!"

When Emily was well enough, Mr. Fairchild borrowed Farmer Jones's covered cart for two days; and he set out, with Mrs. Fairchild and Emily, to fetch Henry and Lucy from Mrs. Goodriche's. It was a lovely morning, at the finest season of the year: the little birds were singing in the hedges, and the grass and leaves of the trees shone with the dew. When John drove the cart out of the garden gate, and down the lane, "Oh," said Emily, "how sweet the honeysuckles and the wild roses smell in the hedges! There, Mamma, are some young lambs playing in the fields by their mothers: and there is one quite white, not a spot about it! It turns its pretty face towards us! How mild and gentle it looks!"

"Who is that," said Mr. Fairchild, "who is compared in the Bible to a lamb without blemish and without spot?"

"Ah, Papa! one would think that you had heard what Mamma and I were talking of the other day," said Emily. "Our Lord Jesus Christ is the Lamb without spot, who was slain for the sins of the world."

Mr. Fairchild smiled, and patted Emily on the shoulders: after which he took out a little Bible which he had in his pocket, and read these verses:—"The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto

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him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" (John i. 29).—"The place of the Scripture which he read was this: He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before the shearer, so opened he not his mouth." (Acts viii. 32.)—"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation, received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot; who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you." (1 Pet. i. 18—20.)

Whilst Mr. Fairchild was reading these verses, the cart was come alongside a wood, which was exceedingly shady and beautiful. Many tufts of primroses, violets, and wood-anemonies, grew on the banks by the way-side; and as the wind blew gently over these flowers, it brought a most delightful smell. "What sound is that which I hear among the trees?" said Emily: "it is very sweet and soft."

"That is the cooing of wood-pigeons, or doves," said Mr. Fairchild: "and look, Emily, there they are! they are sitting upon the branch of a tree: there are two of them."

"Oh! I see them," said Emily: "O how soft and pretty they look! But, now the noise of the cart has frightened them: they are flown away."

"The Holy Spirit," said Mr. Fairchild, "appeared at our Saviour's baptism in the shape of a dove; to signify, that those to whom the Holy Spirit comes are made holy and harmless, and innocent as doves. The Holy Spirit finds us hard and cruel, and fierce as bears and lions; but it makes us gentle and lovely as doves. Christ says to the

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soul which is converted, 'Behold, thou art fair, my love: behold, thou art fair: thou hast doves' eyes.' (Cant. i. 15)."

By this time the cart had passed through the wood, and they were come in sight of Mrs. Goodriche's white house, standing in a little garden under a hill. This was the house (as I before said) where Mrs. Howard lived, as much as fifty years ago.

"Oh! Mamma, Mamma!" said Emily, "there is Mrs. Goodriche's house! and I shall see my dear Lucy and Henry in a very little time."

Just as Emily spoke, they saw Lucy and Henry step out of the house-door, and come running towards the cart. It would have pleased you to the heart had you seen how rejoiced these dear children were to meet each other. Mr. Fairchild lifted Henry and Lucy into the cart; and they cried for joy when they put their arms round their dear Emily's neck.

"Oh, Emily, Emily!" said Henry, "if you had died, I never would have played again."

"God be praised," said Mr. Fairchild: "our dear Emily has been spared to us."

When the cart came up to Mrs. Goodriche's garden-gate, the good old lady came to receive Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and to kiss Emily; and Sukey peeped out of the kitchen window, not less pleased than her mistress to see Emily in good health.

Whilst Sukey was getting the dinner, Emily and her brother and sister went to play in the garden. Henry shewed Emily some rabbits which Mrs. Goodriche had, and some young ducks, which had been hatched a few days before, with many other pretty things. When dinner was ready, Mrs. Fairchild called the children in; and they all sat down, full of joy, to eat a roast fowl and some boiled bacon, with a nice cold currant-and-rasp-

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berry pie. When Mr. Fairchild was saying grace, he said, "Indeed, indeed, I must thank God with all my heart and soul for his goodness to us. What blessings have we about us even in this world!" "And what blessings we may enjoy in the world to come, through our dear Saviour!" added Mrs. Goodriche.

After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Goodriche, with the children, walked as far as the wood where Emily had seen the doves, to gather strawberries, which they mixed with some cream and sugar at night for their supper. Before bed-time, Mr. Fairchild prayed, and sung a hymn: the subject of his prayer was thanksgiving to God for all his goodness; and the hymn was in praise of the "Lamb without blemish and without spot." I shall copy both in this book for your use, altering only a few words.

A Prayer in Praise of God.

O Almighty and Glorious Father, who made me and all the world; and Thou, dear Redeemer, who died for me; and Thou, O Holy Spirit, who art always willing to come into our wicked hearts, to cleanse them and make them white; accept the praises of a poor child. Where shall I begin to praise or to speak my thanks for all thy goodness! It was Thou, O Father, that madest me a little tender baby; and it is Thou who hast taken care of me to this hour. It is from Thee that I receive meat, and drink, and clothes; and that I have a house to live in, and a comfortable bed to lie down in. It is Thou, O Lord, that sendest thy angels to guard me from danger in the night season, and who makest the bright sun to rise upon me every day. But, above all, I thank thee for having sent thy beloved Son to die for me upon the cross,

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What man is there who would give his son to die for any friend? yet Thou, O Lord, gavest thy only Son to die for me, a sinful and miserable wretch, and one who by nature is the child of the devil, and at enmity with thee! O thou bleeding Lamb! how can I utter thy praises with these my sinful lips! Oh, Thou that art all fair! Thou, in whom there is no spot! Thou, who art most lovely! I cannot praise thee now; but I desire to praise thee in heaven, where I shall be free from sin, and where I shall stand in thy presence, clothed in the garment of salvation, and clad with the robe of righteousness. There, in that blessed place, are millions and tens of millions of holy spirits, who have been washed from their sins by thy blood: there they behold thy beauty, and rejoice in thy presence. O blessed Lamb! make me one of the redeemed! draw my heart unto thee by the power of thy Holy Spirit, and fill my mouth with thy praises! Glory, glory, glory be unto God, and to the Lamb without spot; and to Thee, O Holy Spirit. Praised be the holy Three in One, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XV.

JESUS my All to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not:
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

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The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! I am the Way."

Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then shall I tell to sinners round
What a blest Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God!"

SECOND DAY AT MRS. GOODRICHE'S;

WITH

THE OLD STORY OF MRS. HOWARD.

The Subject, Good Manners a Christian Virtue.

THE next morning, after breakfast, when Mr. Fairchild had prayed and read a chapter with the family, he went out to take a walk. Then Mrs. Goodriche called the three children to her, and said, "Now, my dear children, I will tell you a story: come, sit round me upon these little stools, and hearken."

The children were very much pleased when they heard Mrs. Goodriche say she would tell them a story; for Mrs. Goodriche could tell a great many pretty stories.

THE STORY.

"About fifty years ago," said Mrs. Goodriche, "a little old lady, named Mrs. Howard, lived in this house with her maid Betty. She had an old horse, called Crop, who grazed in that meadow, and carried Betty to market once a week. Mrs. Howard

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was one of the kindest and most good-natured old ladies in England: three or four times every year Betty had orders, when she went to market, to bring all manner of play-things and little books from the toy-shop. These play-things and pretty little books Mrs. Howard used to keep by her, till she saw any children whom she thought worthy of them: but she never gave any play-things to children who did not obey their parents, or who were rude and ill-mannered; for she used to say, that God has commanded us to be 'kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.' (Rom. xii. 10): 'on which account,' she would say, 'it is a great sin in the eyes of God for children to be rude and unmannerly.' All the children in the neighbourhood used from time to time to visit Mrs. Howard; and those who wished to be obliging never came away without some pretty play-thing or book.

"At that time there were in this country two families of the names of Cartwright and Bennet: the former much beloved by the neighbours, on account of their good qualities; the latter as much disliked for their bad ones.

"Mr. Bennet was a rich farmer, and lived in a good old house, with every thing handsome and plentiful about him; but nobody cared to go near him, or to visit his wife, because their manners were so rough and disobliging; and their two children, Master Jackey and Miss Polly, were brought up only to please themselves, and to care for nobody else. But, on the contrary, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright made their house so agreeable by their civil and courteous manners, that high and low, rich and poor, loved to go there: and Master Billy and Miss Patty Cartwright were spoken well of throughout the whole neighbourhood, for their pretty and mo-

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dest behaviour. I need not tell you, for you will have found that out already," said Mrs. Goodriche, "that Mr. and Mrs. Bennet were people who had no fear of God about them; whilst Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright had, through the Divine mercy, been brought to the blessed knowledge and fear of their Creator.

"It happened once upon a time, that Betty went to town, at the time of the Midsummer Fair, and brought some of the prettiest toys and books which had been seen in this country for a long time: amongst these, were a jointed doll with flaxen hair, and a History of the Bible, full of coloured pictures, exceedingly pretty. Soon after Betty brought these things home, Mrs. Howard said to her; 'Betty, you must make a cake and put some plums in it, and a large apple-pie, and some custards, and cheese-cakes: and we will invite Master and Miss Cartwright, and Master Bennet and his sister Miss Polly, and some other children, to spend a day with us; and, before they go home, we will give those who have behaved well during the day some of these pretty toys which you brought from the Midsummer Fair.'

"Accordingly Betty made the cake, and the cheese-cakes and custards, and the large apple-pie; and Mrs. Howard sent to invite Master and Miss Cartwright, and Master Bennet and his sister, to spend the next day with her.

"In those days little misses did not wear muslin or linen frocks, which, when they are dirtied, may easily be washed, and made clean again; but they wore stuff, silk, and satin slips, with lace or gauze ruffles, and bibs and aprons, and little round caps with artificial flowers. Children were then taught to be very careful never to dirty their best clothes, and to fold them up very smooth when they pulled them off.

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"When Mrs. Bennet received Mrs. Howard's invitation for her children, she called them to her, and said, 'My dears, you are to go to-morrow to see Mrs. Howard: and I have been told that she has by her some very pretty toys, which she means to give away to those children who please her best. You have seen the gilt coach and four which she gave last year to Miss Cartwright, and the little watch which Master Cartwright received from her last Christmas; and why should not you also have some of these fine toys! Only try to please the old lady to-morrow, and I dare say she will give you some; for I am sure you are quite as good as Master and Miss Cartwright, though you are not quite so sly.'

"'Oh!' said Master Bennet, 'I should like to get the toys, if it was only to triumph over Master Cartwright. But what must we do to please Mrs. Howard?'

"'Why,' said Mrs. Bennet, 'when your best things are put on to-morrow, you must take care not to rumple or soil them before you appear in Mrs. Howard's presence: and when you come into her parlour, you must stop at the door, and bow low, and courtesy: and when you are desired to sit down, you must sit still, till dinner is brought in: and when dinner is ready, you must stand up and say grace before you eat; and you must take whatever is offered you, without saying, I will have this, and I will have that, as you do at home.'

"Mrs. Bennet gave her children a great many other rules for their behaviour in Mrs. Howard's presence, which I have not time to repeat now," said Mrs. Goodriche; "all of which Master Jacky and Miss Polly promised to remember; for they were very desirous to get the play-things.

"And now I will tell you what Mrs. Cartwright said to her children, when she got Mrs. Howard's

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invitation. She called them to her, and said, 'Here, Billy—here, Patty—is a note from Mrs. Howard, to invite you to spend the day with her to-morrow: and I am glad of it, because I know you love to go to Mrs. Howard's, she is so good to all children, and has been particularly kind to you. I hear she has some pretty play-things by her now, to give away; but don't you be greedy of them, my dears: you have a variety of play-things, you know; more than most children have; and it does not become any one to be covetous: man's life does not consist in the abundance of things which he possesses. And remember, my dear children, to behave civilly and politely to every body: for although your papa and I will not be there to watch you, as we do when you are at home, yet the eye of God will be upon you, to remark whether you do well or ill; and if you find yourselves at any time tempted to be rude and ill-mannered, if you secretly call for help for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, it will surely be granted you.'

"In this manner Mrs. Cartwright talked to her children: and they answered, that they hoped they should be assisted to behave well the next day, for they knew very well that they could not do any good without the Divine help.

"And now I will tell you how these children behaved.—About eleven o'clock Mrs. Cartwright had her two children dressed in their best, and sent them, with the servant maid, to Mrs. Howard's. As they were walking quietly over a corn-field, through which they must needs pass, they saw Master and Miss Bennett with their servant, sitting on a stile at the further end of the field. 'Oh!' said Miss Patty, 'there are Master and Miss Bennet, on the way, I suppose, to Mrs. Howard's. I am sorry we have met with them: I am sfraid they will get us into some mischief.'—'Why should

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you say so?' said Master Cartwright: 'let us speak of things as we may find them.'

"When Master and Miss Cartwright came near the stile, Master Bennet called to them, 'What a long time you have been coming over the field! we have been waiting for you this half hour,' said he. 'Come, now let us join company: I suppose that you are going, as we are, to Mrs. Howard's?' Master Cartwright answered civilly: and all the children, with the two servants, got over the stile, and went down a pretty lane, which was beyond.

"The children walked on quietly, till they came to a duck pond partly overgrown with weeds, which was at the farther end of the lane. When they came near to this, Master Bennet whispered to his sister; 'I'll see now if I can't spoil Miss Patty's smart silk slip.'—'Do, Jack,' answered Miss Polly. Master Bennet then, winking at his sister, went up to the pond, and, pulling up some of the weeds, which were all wet and muddy, he threw them at Miss Cartwright's slip; saying at the same time, 'There, Miss; there is a present for you.' But, as it happened, Miss Cartwright saw the weeds coming, and caught them in her hand, and threw them from her. Upon this Master Bennet was going to pluck more weeds; but Mr. Cartwright's maid-servant held his hands, whilst little Billy and his sister ran forwards to Mrs. Howard's house, which was just in sight, as fast as their feet would carry them. 'There now!' said Miss Polly; 'those spiteful children are gone to tell Mrs. Howard what you have done, brother, and we shall not get any toys. You are always in mischief: that you are.'—'I am sure you told me to throw the weeds,' answered Master Bennet.—'I am sure I did not,' said Miss Polly.—'But you knew that I was going to do it,' said he.—'But I did not,' said she.—'But you did, for I told you,' said he.

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"In this manner this brother and sister went on scolding each other, till they came to Mrs. Howard's gate: there Miss Polly smoothed her apron, and Master Jacky combed his hair with his pocket comb, and they walked hand in hand into Mrs. Howard's parlour, as if nothing had happened. They made a low bow and courtesy at the door as their mamma had bidden them; and Mrs. Howard received them very kindly, for Master and Miss Cartwright had not mentioned a word of their ill behaviour on the road.

"Besides Master and Miss Cartwright, there were several other children sitting in Mrs. Howard's parlour, waiting till dinner should be set on the table. My mother was there," said Mrs. Goodriche: "she was then a very little girl; and your grandmother, and great uncle, both young ones; with many others now dead and gone. In one corner of the parlour was a cupboard, with glass doors, where Mrs. Howard had placed such of those pretty toys (as I before spoke of) which she meant to give away in the afternoon. The prettiest of these was the jointed doll, neatly dressed in a green satin slip, and gauze apron and bib.

"By the time Master and Miss Bennet had made their bow and courtesy, and were seated, Betty came in with the dinner, and Mrs. Howard called the children to table. Master and Miss Bennet, seeing the beautiful toys before them through the glass doors of the cupboard, did not forget to behave themselves well at table: they said grace aloud, holding up their hands; and ate such things as were offered them: and Mrs. Howard, who noticed their good behaviour, began to hope that Farmer Bennet's children were becoming better.

"After the children had got their dinner, it being a very pleasant afternoon, Mrs. Howard gave them leave to play in the garden, and in the little

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croft where she kept her old horse Crop; 'But take care, my dears,' she said to the little girls, 'not to soil your slips, or tear your aprons.' The children were much pleased with this permission to play: and after they were gone out, Mrs. Howard put on her hood and cloak, and said to Betty, 'I shall drink tea, Betty, in my bower, at the end of the grass walk; do you bring my little tea-table there, and the strawberries and cream, and the cake which you made yesterday; and when we have finished our tea, bring those toys which are in the glass cupboard, to divide amongst the children.'—'And I think, Madam,' said Betty, 'that Master and Miss Bennet will gain some of them to-day, for I thought they behaved very well at dinner.'—'Indeed, Betty,' said Mrs. Howard, 'I must say I never saw them behave so mannerly as they did at dinner; and if they do but keep it up till night, I shall not send them home without some pretty present, I assure you.'

"When Mrs. Howard had given her orders to Betty, she took her golden-headed stick in her hand, and went down the grass walk to her bower. It was a pretty bower, as I have heard my mother say, formed of honeysuckles and other creeping shrubs, nailed over a frame-work of lath, in the old-fashioned way. It stood just at the end of that long green walk, and at the corner of the field; so that any one sitting in the bower might see through the lattice-work and foliage of the honeysuckles into the field, and hear all that was said. There good Mrs. Howard sat knitting (for she prepared stockings for most of the poor children in the neighbourhood), whilst her little visitors played in the garden and in the field, and Betty came to and fro with the tea-table and tea-things.

"Whilst the children were all engaged with their sports in the croft, a poor old man, who had been

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gathering sticks, came by that way, bending under the weight of the load. When he appeared, the children ceased from their play, and stood looking at him. 'Poor man!' said Miss Patty Cartwright, 'those sticks are too heavy for you to carry; have you far to go?'—'No, my pretty Miss,' said the old man; 'only a very little way.' —'I cannot help to carry your sticks,' said Master Cartwright, 'because I have my best coat on. I could take off that, to be sure, but then my other things would be spoiled: but I have got a penny here, if you please to accept it.' So saying, he forced the penny into the poor man's hand.—In the mean time, Master Bennet went behind the old man, and giving the sticks a sly pull, the string that tied them together broke, and they all came tumbling on the ground. The children screamed, but nobody was hurt. 'O my sticks!' said the poor man: 'the string is broke! What shall I do to gather them together again? I have been all day making this little faggot.'—'We will help you,' said Master Cartwright: 'we can gather your sticks together without fear of hurting our clothes.' So all the little ones set to work (excepting Master and Miss Bennet, who stood by laughing), and in a little while they made up the poor man's bundle of sticks again; and such as had a penny in their pockets gave it him. Miss Patty Cartwright had not a penny, but she had a silver sixpence, which she gave to the old man, and ran before him to open the gate (which led out of the field) wishing him good night, and courtesying to him as civilly as if he had been the first lord of the land.

"Now the children never suspected that Mrs. Howard had heard and seen all this, or else Master and Miss Bennet, I am sure, would not have behaved as they did. They thought Mrs. Howard was in the parlour, where they had left her.

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"By this time every thing was ready for tea, and the cake set upon the table, with the strawberries and cream; 'And now, Betty,' said Mrs. Howard, 'you may call the children; and be sure, when tea is over, to bring the toys.' Master and Miss Bennet looked as demure when they came in to tea as they had done at dinner; and a stranger would have thought them as well behaved children as Master and Miss Cartwright; but children who behave well in the sight of their parents, or in company, and rudely or impertinently in private, or among servants, or their play-fellows, cannot be called well-bred.

"After the young people had had their tea and cake, and strawberries and cream, Betty came with the playthings, and placed them on the table, before Mrs. Howard.—You would, perhaps, like to know what these playthings were: First of all was the jointed doll, dressed, as I before said, in a green satin slip, and a gauze bib and apron, and round cap, according to the fashion of those days; then there was the History of the Bible, with coloured cuts; then came a little chest of drawers for doll's clothes; a doll's wicker cradle; a bat and ball; a red morocco pocket book; a needle-book; and the History of King Pepin, bound and gilt. These beautiful books and toys were placed on the table, before Mrs. Howard, and the little ones waited in silence to see what she would do with them. Mrs. Howard looked first at the playthings, and then at the children, and thus she spoke:

"'My dear children, I sent for these pretty toys from the fair, in order to encourage you to be good: there is nothing that gives me greater pleasure than to see children polite and mannerly, endeavouring to please every body, "in honour preferring one another," as God hath commanded us to do.

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Pride and ill manners, my dear children, are the sins of the devil; but humility, and a wish to please every one rather than ourselves, makes us resemble the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, who was so humble as even to wash his disciples' feet; and although he knew himself to be one with God, and equal with God, did not despise the poorest among men. Many persons are polite and good mannered when in company with their betters, because, if they were not so, people would have nothing to say to them: but really well-behaved persons are courteous and civil, not only when they are among their betters, but when they are with servants, or with poor people; and for this reason, because they know that God's eye is always upon them, and that he will take account of their ill behaviour.'

"Then Mrs. Howard took the jointed doll, and the History of the Bible, and gave the one to Miss Polly Cartwright, and the other to Master Billy, saying, 'I give you these, my children, because you observed your good manners, not only to me, but to the poor old man who passed through the croft with his bundle of sticks; thus shewing your fear of offending Him whose creature the poor old man is. To you, Master Bennet, and to you Miss Polly, I shall not give any thing; because you shewed, by your behaviour to the old man, that you had no fear of God, and that your good manners were all an outside garb, which you put on and off like your Sunday's clothes.' Then Mrs. Howard gave the rest of the toys among the lesser children, commending them for helping the old man to gather his sticks together; and thus she dismissed them to their own houses, all of them, except Master Jacky and Miss Polly, jumping and skipping for joy."

When Mrs. Goodriche had finished her story,

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Lucy said, "What a very pretty story that is! I think Master and Miss Cartwright deserved those pretty toys; they were nine children: but I did not know that having rude manners is so very great a fault as Mrs. Howard seemed to think, or that it is a thing that makes God so angry."

"If you will reflect a minute, my dear," said Mrs. Goodriche, "you will find that rude manners must be one sign of the badness of the heart: a person who has always a lowly opinion of himself, and proper love for his neighbour, will never be guilty of rudeness: it is only when we think ourselves better than others, or of more consequence than they are, that we venture to be rude. I have heard you say how rude Miss Augusta Noble was, the last time you were at her house: now, why was she rude, but because she thought herself better than her company? This is pride, and a great sin it is. A real and true Christian, one in whom the Spirit of God dwells, knows himself to be a poor and miserable sinner, and does not despise any one."

Mrs. Goodriche then gave Lucy a very pretty prayer, the purport of which was, to ask of God a humble spirit, which might lead us to honour all men above ourselves.

A Prayer for Christian Courtesy.

O Lord God Almighty! thou who sentest thine only Son to take upon him the body of a man, and to live among the poorest and lowest among men, for my sake; hear the prayers of a child, in whom by nature there is no good. My friends often tell me, that it is my duty to be civil and good mannered; and I know, also, that thou hast commanded us to be courteous one towards another; and yet I am so conceited, and full of myself, that I forget to practise good manners, and, instead of striving to oblige my companions, and all such as

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come in my way, I think of nothing but pleasing and serving myself. O holy Father, I pray for thy Holy Spirit: for what can I do without help from on high? I cannot even behave myself with common propriety in company. O Holy Spirit, come into my heart, and guide me and rule me in all I do, and in all I say. I do not dare to ask this in my own name, for I am altogether unworthy of the least favour; but I ask this in the name of him who died for me,—of that dear Saviour, who was so humble as to wash his disciples' feet, and who was so kind as to take little children in his arms, put his hands upon them, and bless them. In his dear name, therefore, I ask thee, O Holy Spirit, to be with me when next I go into company, and give me grace to behave myself there, and at all times, in a modest, decent, and courteous manner, such as becometh a child.

And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

HYMN XVI.

SHOULD bounteous Nature kindly pour
  Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God! I should be poor,
  If void of love to thee.

Not shining wit, or manly sense,
  Could make me truly good;
Nor zeal itself could recompense
  The want of love to God.

Did I possess the gift of tongues,
  And were denied the grace
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
  Would be but tinkling brass.

Though thou shouldst give me heavenly skill
  Each mystery to explain,
Had I no heart to do thy will
  My knowledge would be vain.

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Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith would do me real good
That did not work by love.

What though, to gratify my pride
And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
Among the hungry poor;

What though my body I consign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame:

These splendid acts of vanity
Though all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity
Can never please my God.

Oh! grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfied;
That Love Divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

ON DEATH.

When Mr. Fairchild came in from his walk, "Mrs. Goodriche," said he, "have you heard that old John Roberts the gardener died yesterday morning?"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Goodriche: "I did not hear that his death had really taken place, though we have looked for it every day for this last month: he was quite worn out with old age."

"I have seen the old woman, Betty Roberts," said Mr. Fairchild: "she seems to be in a very happy state of mind, and says she trusts that her poor man died in Christ. She would have me up stairs, to see the corpse."

"If you please, Mrs. Goodriche," said Mrs. Fairchild, "we will walk over to the old gardener's

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house after dinner: I should like to see poor Mrs. Roberts before I go home."

"With all my heart," said Mrs Goodriche.

"And may we go too?" said Lucy, looking at her mamma.

"What does your papa say?" answered Mrs. Fairchild.

"Have you any desire to see the corpse, my dears?" asked Mr. Fairchild: "you never saw a corpse, I think?"

"No, Papa," answered Lucy: "but we have great curiosity to see one."

"I tell you before-hand, my dear children, that death is very terrible. A corpse is an awful sight."

"I know that, Papa," said Lucy; "but we should like to go."

Mr. Fairchild. "Well, my dears, you shall go; and you shall, if you please, see the corpse. You must see these things one time or other, and attend dying people: it is therefore better in early life to become acquainted with such things. And now," said he, "you, Lucy and Emily, come and take a turn with me on the grass-walk before dinner, and we will have a little discourse on the subject of death."

So saying, Mr. Fairchild put on his hat, and, taking Emily in one hand and Lucy in the other, they walked out together in the garden; and thus they talked together.—

Mr. Fairchild. "Where is death first spoken of in the Bible?"

Lucy. "I think, Papa, it is in the second chapter of Genesis: 'And the Lord said to Adam, But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.'"

Mr. Fairchild. "True, my dear. You learn from this, that, before Adam sinned, he was not

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subject to death: therefore death is the punishment of sin."

Emily. "Yes, Papa; there is a verse about that: 'Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' (Rom. v. 12)."

Mr. Fairchild. "As death is sent as a punishment for sin, my dear children, it cannot but be very terrible; and indeed it is very terrible: nothing can be more horrible than what we see of it: but we are unacquainted with the most awful part of death, that is, the death of the soul, or eternal death."

Then Mr. Fairchild put several questions to the children; and first he asked them, if they knew what the word death signified. Lucy answered, "When the soul goes out of the body, and leaves the body to corruption, that is death."—"That is what is called temporal death," said Mr. Fairchild: "now tell me what eternal death is?"—"Oh," said Emily, "eternal death is going to hell, and staying there for ever."

Mr. Fairchild. "At the day of judgment, the bodies of the wicked will be raised from the dust, and their souls will enter into them again; then soul and body will be cast into hell: then they will be eternally separated from God, and be tormented for ever and ever with the devil and his angels. This is eternal death: and may God, for his dear Son's sake, preserve us all from this second and inexpressibly horrible death!"—Then Mr. Fairchild told his children, that it was to save us from the second death that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to die for us; as it is written: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive: But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." (1 Cor. xv. 22, 23.) "But before

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we can be saved from the power of eternal death," added Mr. Fairchild, "our corrupt nature must be altogether changed and made holy; as the Lord Jesus Christ said to Nicodemus: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.' (John iii. 3.) And this blessed change must be brought to pass in this life: our hearts must be renewed, and our vile natures changed, before our bodies go down into the dust; for after the death of the body we are taught that there is no saving change, but 'he that is unjust, must be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.' (Rev. xxii. 11)."

"Then," said Lucy, "if our souls are renewed and changed by the power of the Spirit before we die, we shall never know eternal death?"

"No, assuredly, my dear child. When we are changed, we become children of God; and would God, do you think, cast his children into hell? But though the soul may be changed by the power of the Spirit of God before death, yet we learn that the corrupt body must pass through the grave, and see corruption: so it is the pleasure of God that it should be till the end of time, and until the last trumpet shall sound; and then, we are told, that the saints who are found on earth shall be suddenly changed; as it is written: 'Now this, I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must

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put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' (1 Cor. xv. 50—58.)"

Whilst Mr. Fairchild was talking to his little girls, Sukey had got dinner ready, and little Henry came running into the garden to call his papa and sisters.

After dinner, Mrs. Goodriche and Mrs. Fairchild got ready; and they all set off to go to see Mrs. Roberts. John Roberts's cottage and garden were not a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Goodriche's. Poor John, when living, had maintained himself and his wife in a decent way by selling vegetables; and he used to pride himself on his pinks and tulips, and other pretty flowers, with which his garden abounded.—The children set off jumping and skipping before their papa and mamma; but when they came near the house where death was, they walked slower, and at length they fell behind.

When Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Goodriche came into the garden, Mrs. Roberts's son and daughter-in-law came out to meet them, and invited them up stairs to see the corpse. They accordingly went into the cottage, and up stairs. "And will you please to go too, Master and Misses?" said the young woman, turning back to the children, who stood at the door. The children looked

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grave, and hung back a little while: at last Lucy stepped forward first, and the others followed. The young woman led them, through the lower room of the cottage, to a little door opening upon a narrow stair-case. When they came to the door, they perceived a kind of disagreeable smell, such as they never had smelt before: this was the smell of the corpse, which, having been dead now nearly two days, had begun to corrupt; and as the children went higher up the stairs, they perceived this smell more disagreeably.

The body of the old man was laid out upon the bed in the upper room: the poor old wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, with Mrs. Goodriche, were sitting round the bed. The face of the corpse was quite yellow, there was no colour in the lips, the nose looked sharp and long, and the eyes were closed, and sunk under the brow: the limbs of the corpse, stretched out upon the bed and covered with a sheet, looked longer than is natural: and the whole appearance of the body was more ghastly and horrible than the children expected, and making out the words of Job; "But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth; thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away." (Job xiv. 10—12, 20.)

They all three stood looking at the corpse for a long time, without speaking one word. At last Mr. Fairchild said, "My dear children, you now see what death is: this poor body is going fast to corruption. The soul, I trust, is with God; and my reason for this hope is, that the poor man, when

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living, was a follower of the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, his Redeemer; but such is the taint and corruption of the flesh, by reason of sin, that it must pass through the grave, and crumble to dust. And this shews the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and its horrible nature, that the soul, which has sinned, must be born again, and the sinful body be dissolved, and fall to dust in the grave. Remember these things, my children, and pray to God to save you from sin.

"Oh, Sir!" said Mrs. Roberts, "it comforts me to hear you talk! I know that my poor husband loved his Saviour, and trusted in him for salvation; therefore I do not sorrow as one without hope. I know that my poor man is happy, through his dear Saviour. But it would comfort me, Sir, if you would join with us in prayer before you go, round my poor man's bed.

Mrs. Roberts then called her son and his wife, and they all knelt down round the bed, to pray that they might also, when the hour of death came, be found in Christ. I shall put down Mr. Fairchild's prayer in this place for your use, with the hymn which they all sang together afterwards.

A Prayer for a Happy Death.

O Lord God, Almighty Father! thou knowest that in a very little time this my soul must go out of my body, and appear before thee; and this my sinful body must go down to the grave, and there corrupt and fall to pieces, and lie in the dust till the morning of the resurrection; at which time the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised; and they "that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame a ndeverlasting contempt." (Daniel xii. 2.)

O holy Trinity! hear the prayers of a poor

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child. Grant unto me, All-glorious Three in One, that I may, when death visits me, be found in Christ, washed from my sins through faith in his precious blood, and endued with a new heart and new spirit through the power of the Holy Ghost. My heart by nature is full of wickedness: I can do nothing good without help from God. I am not fit to go to heaven: I know that if sinners, such as I am, were to go there, that holy place would become unclean: I know, also, that there is no repentance after death; and that when people die wicked, they must remain wicked for ever. Oh, therefore, dear Lord and Saviour! now, now, before death comes, give me a clean heart and a new nature! And although this my filthy body must see corruption, and fall to pieces in the grave, yet, O Lord! O bleeding and dying Lamb! save my immortal soul: and make it clean and white now, at this present time; and when it leaves this my body, receive it into thy bosom, as Abraham received Lazarus.

O plead and supplicate for me, blessed Redeemer! Thou whose sides were pierced for me! thou who wast nailed upon the cross for me! thou who wentest down into darkness and the grave for me, a sinful child! plead for me before the throne of God; that he would send his Holy Spirit to cleanse and purify my heart, that I may be ready, when death comes, to give up my body to the worms and the grave, knowing that at the last day it will rise again, without spot or blemish, being made in the likeness of the Lamb which is without blemish and without spot.

And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory world without end. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c. &c.

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HYMN XVII.

O FOR an overcoming faith
  To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
  And all his frightful pow'rs!

Joyful, with all the strength I have,
  My qniv'ring lips shall sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
  "And where the Monster's sting?"

If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
  Death hath no sting beside;
The Law gives sin the damning pow'r,
  But Christ, my Ransom, died!

Now to the God of Victory
  Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
  Through Christ, our living Head!

FATAL EFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild returned from the old gardener's, they found John ready with the cart: so, wishing Mrs. Goodriche a good evening, and thanking her for all her kindness, they returned home.

The next morning Mr. Fairchild got up early, and went down to the village. Breakfast was ready, and Mrs. Fairchild and the children waiting at the table, when he came back. "Get your breakfast, my dear," said he to Mrs. Fairchild; "don't wait for me." So saying, he went into his study, and shut the door. Mrs. Fairchild, supposing that he had some letters to write, got her breakfast quietly: after which, she sent Lucy to ask her papa if he

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would not choose any breakfast. When Mr. Fairchild heard Lucy's voice at the study door, he came out, and followed her into the parlour.

When Mrs. Fairchild looked at her husband's face, she saw that something had grieved him very much. She was frightened, and said, "My dear, I am sure something is the matter: what is it? Tell me the worst at once: pray do?"

"Indeed, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild, "I have heard something this morning which has shocked me dreadfully. I was not willing to tell you before you had breakfasted. I know what you will feel when you hear it."

"Do, do, tell it me," said Mrs. Fairchild, turning quite white.

"Poor Augusta Noble!" said Mr. Fairchild.

"What! Papa?" said Lucy and Emily and Henry, in one voice.

"She is dead," said Mr. Fairchild.

The children turned as pale as their mother; and poor Mrs. Fairchild would have dropped off her chair, if Betty, guessing what was the matter (for she had heard the news too, though she had not chosen to tell it), had not run in, and held her in her arms.

"Oh! poor Lady Noble! poor Lady Noble!" said Mrs. Fairchild, as soon as she could speak: "poor Lady Noble!"

As soon as their mamma spoke, the children all together began to cry and sob, which affected Mr. Fairchild so much that he hastened into his study again and shut the door.

Whilst the children were crying, and Betty holding Mrs. Fairchild, for she continued very faint and sick, Mrs. Barker came into the parlour. Mrs. Barker was a kind woman; and as she lived by herself, was always at liberty to go amongst her neighbours in times of trouble. "Ah, Mrs. Fair-

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child!" she said, "I know what troubles you: we are all in grief, through the whole village."

When Mrs. Fairchild saw Mrs. Barker, she began to shed tears, which did her much good; after which she was able to ask Mrs. Barker what was the cause of the poor child's death, "as," said she, "I never heard that she was ill."

"Ah, Mrs. Fairchild, the manner of her death is the worst part of the story, and that which must grieve her parents more than all. You know that poor Miss Augusta was always the darling of her mother, who brought her up in great pride, without fear of God or knowledge of religion: nay, Lady Noble would even mock at religion and religious people in her presence; and she chose a governess for her who had no more of God about her than herself."

"I never thought much of that Miss Beaumont," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"As Miss Augusta was brought up without the fear of God," continued Mrs. Barker, "she had, of course, no notion of obedience to her parents, farther than just striving to please them in their presence: she lived in the constant practice of disobeying them; and the governess continually concealed her disobedience from Lady Noble. And what is the consequence? The poor child has lost her life; and Miss Beaumont is turned out of doors in disgrace."

"But," said Mrs. Fairchild, "how did she lose her life through disobedience to her parents? Pray tell me, Mrs. Barker."

"The story is so shocking I tremble to tell you," answered Mrs. Barker: "but you must know it sooner or later.—Miss Augusta had a custom of playing with fire, and carrying candles about, though Lady Noble had often warned her of the danger of this habit, and had strictly charged her governess to

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prevent it. But it seems that the governess, being afraid of offending, had suffered her very often to be guilty of this piece of disobedience, without telling Lady Noble. And the night before last, when Lady Noble was playing at cards in the drawing-room, with some visitors, Miss Augusta took a candle off the hall table, and carried it up stairs to the governess's room. No one was there, and it is supposed that Miss Augusta was looking in the glass, with the candle in her hand, when the flame caught her dress: but this is not known. Lady Noble's maid, who was in an adjoining room, was alarmed by her dreadful screams, and hastening to discover the cause found poor Augusta in a blaze, from head to foot: the unhappy young lady was so dreadfully burnt, that she never spoke afterwards, but died in agonies last night—a warning to all children how they presume to disobey their parents! 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuses to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.' (Prov. xxx. 17.)"

When Mrs. Fairchild and the children heard this dreadful story, they were very much grieved. Mrs. Barker staid with them all day; and it was, indeed, a day of mourning through all the house. This was Wednesday; and on Saturday poor Miss Augusta was to be buried. Mr. Fairchild was invited to attend the funeral; and the children also were desired to go, as they had been sometimes the playfellows of poor Miss Augusta. Mrs. Fairchild dressed them in white; and at four o'clock in the afternoon a coach covered with black cloth came to the door of Mr. Fairchild's house, to take them to Sir Charles Noble's.

When Lucy and Emily and Henry got into the coach, with their papa, they felt very sorrowful; and not one of them spoke one word all the while

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the coachman was driving to Sir Charles Noble's. When they came into the park, they saw a hearse, and a great many coaches and other carriages, standing at the door of the house, besides many persons on horseback in black clothes with white scarfs and hat-bands. The hearse was hung with black, and so were several of the coaches; and at the top of the hearse were plumes of white feathers. ———Perhaps you may never have seen a hearse: in case you have not, I shall try to describe it to you. It is a long close coach, without windows, used for carrying the dead from their houses to their graves. Sometimes black, and sometimes white, plumes of feathers are fixed at the top of these hearses, according to the age of the person to be borne. Hearses are always painted or hung with black, and are in general drawn by black horses: so that they make a very dismal appearance.

When the children came near to Sir Charles's house, and saw all the people and carriages waiting to accompany their poor little playmate to her grave, they began to cry afresh: Mr. Fairchild himself looked very sad; and this verse presented itself to the minds of the children: "The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more: thine eyes are upon me, and I am not." (Job vii. 8.)

When the coach came to the house door, a footman came out, dressed in black, and took them into the hall, where white gloves and scarfs were given to them, and they were led into the dining-room. There, upon a large table, covered with black cloth, was the coffin of poor Augusta, covered with white velvet, and ornamented with silver. Almost all the gentlemen and ladies of the neighbourhood were in the room; but Sir Charles and Lady Noble were not there. When Emily and Lucy saw the coffin, they began to cry more and more; and little Henry

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too cried, though he rubbed his eyes, and tried to hide his tears.

When every thing was ready, the coffin was lifted up, and put into the hearse: the company got into the coaches; and they all moved slowly to the parish church, which was close to the village, about two miles distant. As the children passed back through the park in the mourning-coach, they saw many places where they had walked and played with poor Augusta: and this made them the more sorrowful, to think how suddenly their little playmate had been cut off; making out the words of the prophet, As for man, "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field." (Isa. xl. 6.)—When they passed through the park gate, they could hear the church bell tolling very plainly. The carriages moved on very slowly, so that it was between five and six when the funeral reached the church. The churchyard was full of people. The coffin was taken out of the hearse and carried into the church, the clergyman going before and all the people following. The coffin was placed on a bier in the middle of the church whilst the clergyman read the first part of the Funeral Service. Lucy and Emily and Henry stood all the time close to the coffin, crying very bitterly. ——Perhaps you have never read the Funeral Service with attention: if you have not, I would advise you to read it immediately, and consider it well; for there are many things in it which may make you wise unto salvation.——Poor Augusta's coffin was then lifted up, and carried, not into the churchyard, but to the door of a vault under the church, which was the burying-place of her family; and while the clergyman continued reading the prayers it was removed into a dark part of the vault, and Lucy and Emily and Henry saw it no more.

When the service was done, Mr. Fairchild re-

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turned sorrowfully to the coach, with his children; but before the coachman drove away, the clergyman himself came to the door, and said, "Mr. Fairchild, if you are going home, I will take a seat with you in the coach, and drink a dish of tea with Mrs. Fairchild this evening; for I feel in want of a little Christian society." Mr. Fairchild gladly made room for Mr. Somers—for that was the clergyman's name—and the coach drove back to Mr. Fairchild's house.

As they were going along, they talked of nothing but poor Miss Augusta and her parents; and Mr. Fairchild asked Mr. Somers if he knew in what state of mind the poor child had died. "Ah, Sir!" said Mr. Somers, "you have touched upon the very worst part of the whole business. From the time of the accident till the time that the breath left her body she was insensible: she had not one moment, as we fear, in which she was capable of reflection; and it is well known that Lady Noble never taught her any thing concerning God and her Redeemer, and never would let any body else: nay, she was taught to mock at religion and pious people. She knew nothing of the evil of her own heart, and nothing of the Redeemer, nor of the sin of disobedience to her parents."

"Oh, Mr. Somers!" said Mr. Fairchild, "what a dreadful story is this! Had this poor child been brought up in the fear of God, she might now have been living, a blessing to her parents and the delight of their eyes. 'Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die: thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.' (Prov. xxiii. 13, 14.)"

"Poor little Augusta!" said Mr. Somers: "Lady Noble would never hearken to me, when I spoke to her on the duty of bringing up her

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children in the fear of God. I believe she thought me very impertinent, to speak to her upon the subject."

By this time the coach was arrived at Mr. Fairchild's door. Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Barker were waiting tea for them: they had both been crying, as might be seen by their eyes. After tea, Mr. Somers gave out a hymn, and prayed. I shall put down both the hymn and the prayer in this place; altering only a few words, to suit any little child who wishes to use the prayer by himself.

A Prayer against the Sin of Disobedience to Parents.

O Almighty Father! thou who didst command all children to honour their parents, and didst promise to bless those who obeyed this commandment, give me a heart to keep this law. I know that I ought to do all that my father and mother and masters bid me to do, as long as they do not order me to do any thing wicked; and yet my heart, O Lord God, is so utterly averse to all that is good, that I often feel great unwillingness to obey their most plain and simple commands: sometimes I rise up in open rebellion against my parents; and sometimes I try to disobey them slily, when I think that they do not see me; forgetting that thine eye, O Lord God, is always upon me; and though thou, O Lord God, mayest not punish me immediately, yet thou markest all my sins in a book: and I know that the dreadful day will come, when the dead shall be raised, and the books shall be opened; and all I have done, unless I repent and turn unto the Lord, will be read aloud before men and angels, and I shall be cast into hell-fire for my sins.

O holy Father! I am sorry for my disobedience.

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O make me more and more sorry for it; and send thy Holy Spirit to give me a clean heart, that I may obey this thy commandment. I know that disobedient children, unless they repent, always come to an ill end: there is no blessing on such as do not honour their parents. O then, dear Saviour, hear my prayer! Thou, that diedst for poor sinners, save a wicked child! Give me a new heart; teach me to be obedient to my parents, and to honour and respect them; that I may be blessed in this present life, and may, through the merits of my dying Redeemer, be received into everlasting glory in the world to come.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.* "Our Father," &c.

HYMN XVIII.

LET children that would fear the Lord
  Hear what their teachers say,
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
  And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
  Are threat'ned by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
  Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies?
  How cursed is his name?
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
  And eagles eat the same!

But those who worship God and give
  Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
  And live hereafter too.

THE THREE BOOKS.

It was the time of the Midsummer Fair; and John asked Mr. Fairchild's leave to go to the fair. "You

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may go, John," said Mr. Fairchild; "and take the horse, and bring every thing that is wanting in the family." So John got the horse ready, and set out early in the morning to go to the fair; but, before he went, Emily and Henry and Lucy gave him what money they had, and begged him to bring them each a book. Henry gave him a penny, and Emily gave him two-pence, and Lucy gave him three-pence. "You must choose a book for me with pictures in it," said Henry. "And for me too," said Emily. "I do not care about pictures," said Lucy, "if it is a pretty book. So pray don't forget, John."

In the evening, after tea, the children and their papa and mamma, as usual, got ready to take a walk; and the children begged their papa and mamma to go with them to meet John: "For John," said Henry, "will be coming back now, and will have brought us some pretty books."

So Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild took the road which led towards the town where the fair was held, and the children ran before them. It was a fine evening. The hedges were full of wild roses, which smelt most sweetly; and the haymakers were making hay in the fields on each side of the road.

"I cannot think where John can be," said Henry: "I thought he would be here long before this time."

"Do not be impatient, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild: "impatience is not pleasing in the eye of your Heavenly Father."

By this time they were come to the brow of a rising ground; and, looking before them, behold, there was John at a distance! The children all ran forward to meet him: "Where are the books, John? Oh, where are the books?" they all said with one voice. John, who was a very good-natured man, as I have before said, smiled, and,

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stopping his horse, began to feel into his pockets; and soon brought out, from among many other things, three little gilt books; the largest of which he gave to Lucy, the least to Henry, and the third to Emily; saying, "Here is one pennyworth—and here is two pennyworth—and there is three pennyworth."

"Indeed, John, you are very good," said the children: "what beautiful books!"

"Here are many beautiful pictures in mine," said Henry: "it is about a covetous woman—'The History of the Covetous Woman:' I never read that story before."

"My book," said Emily, "is 'The History of the Orphan Boy:' and there are a great many pictures in it: the first is the picture of a funeral—that must be the funeral of the poor little boy's papa or mamma, I suppose."

"Let me see, let me see," said Henry: "O how pretty! And what's your book, Lucy?"

"There are not many pictures in my book," said Lucy: "but there is one at the beginning: it is the picture of a little boy reading to somebody lying in a bed; and there is a lady sitting by. The name of my book is, 'The History of the Good Child, who was made the Instrument of turning his Father and Mother to the Ways of Holiness.'"

"Oh! that must be very pretty!" said Henry.

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were come up: "Oh, Papa! Oh, Mamma!" said the little ones, "what beautiful books John has brought!"

"Indeed," said Mr. Fairchild, when he had looked at them a little while, "they appear to be very nice books: I see they are written in the fear of God; and the pictures in them are very pretty."

"Henry shall read them to us, my dears," said

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Mrs. Fairchild, "whilst we sit at work: I should like to hear them very much."

"To-morrow," said Mr. Fairchild, looking at his wife, "we begin to make hay in the Primrose Meadow. What do you say? Shall we go after breakfast, and take a cold dinner with us, and spend the day under the trees at the corner of the meadow? Then we can watch the haymakers; and Henry can read his books, whilst you and his sisters are sewing."

"O do let us go, Mamma! do let us go!" said the children: "do Mamma, say Yes."

"With all my heart, my dears," said Mrs. Fairchild.

So Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and the children went home; and, after they had ate their supper and prayed, they went to bed.

The next morning early, the children got every thing ready to go into the Primrose Meadow. They had each of them a little basket, with a lid to it, in which they packed up their work and their new books: and as soon as the family had breakfasted, they all set out for the Primrose Meadow;—Mr. Fairchild with a book in his pocket for his own reading; Mrs. Fairchild with her work-bag hanging on her arm; Betty with a basket of bread and cheese, and a cold fruit-pie; and the children with their work-baskets and Emily's doll, for the little girls seldom went out without their doll. The Primrose Meadow was not a quarter of a mile from Mr. Fairchild's house: you had only the corner of a little copse to pass through before you were in it. It was called the Primrose Meadow because every spring the first primroses in the neighbourhood appeared on a sunny bank in that meadow. A little brook of very clear water ran through the meadow, rippling over the pebbles; and there were many alders growing by the water-side.

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The people were very busy making hay in the meadow when Mr. Fairchild and his family arrived. Mrs. Fairchild sat down under the shade of a large oak tree, which grew in the corner of the coppice; and Lucy and Henry, with Emily, placed themselves by her. The little girls pulled out their work, and Henry his new books. Mr. Fairchild took his book to a little distance, that he might not be disturbed by Henry's reading; and he stretched himself upon a green bank.

"Now, Mamma," said Henry, "are you ready to hear my story? And have you done fidgetting, sisters?"—for Lucy and Emily had been bustling to make a bed for their doll in the grass with their pocket-handkerchiefs.

"Brother," answered Lucy, "we are quite ready to hear you; read away: there is nothing now to disturb you, unless you find fault with the little birds who are chirping with all their might in these trees; and those bees, which are buzzing amongst the flowers in the grass."

"First, Mamma," said Henry, "look at the picture in the beginning of the book: there are two cottages in the picture, with trees growing up behind them higher than the chimneys, and two little neat gardens before them; and there is a woman spinning at the door of one of the cottages; and another woman, with a baby in her arms, at the other."

"Let me see, brother," said Emily.

"Why, you have seen it several times," said Henry; "and now I want to read."

"Still, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "you might oblige your sister. Good manners and civility make every body lovely, and are pleasing in the eyes of God. Have you forgotten Mrs. Goodriche's story of Master Bennet?"

Henry immediately got up, and shewed his sister

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the picture; after which he sat down again, and began to read as follows.—

THE STORY OF THE COVETOUS WOMAN, IN HENRY FAIRCHILD'S BOOK.

"On the high-road which goes from Bridgenorth to Wellington, not half a mile out of the town of Bridgenorth, there formerly stood two very neat cottages: at the back of them was a small orchard, and in the front two little gardens, with wickets opening towards the road. In these cottages lived two poor men, who supported themselves by working in the fields: the name of one of these was Dobson; and the name of the other, Wray. These men were both married: Dobson's wife's name was Jane, and the name of Wray's wife was Kate. They were both clean, industrious women: they kept their houses very neat, and their clothes well patched; and what spare time they had they spent in spinning and knitting. I cannot tell you how much woollen-yarn they spun in a twelvemonth, nor how many knit stockings they sold in Bridgenorth market in one year.

"When Jane had been married two years, she had a little son born; after which she could not do so much as before: but Kate went on spinning and knitting, till she had laid up as much as forty shillings, besides a stock of nice warm winter clothing in a chest. She had as many as a dozen pair of woollen stockings for herself and her husband; three or four good quilted petticoats, of her own spinning and quilting; as many stuff gowns, and a handsome scarlet cloak, of her own earning. These were all stored up in her chest; and she often used to take them out, and hang them to air, lest the moth should get into them.

"About this time a poor widow in that neigh-

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bourhood died, leaving two little friendless girls behind her: the eldest of these, whose name was Nancy, was placed by the parish under the care of Kate, who received two shillings a week to find the poor child food and clothes; and the youngest, whose name was Sally, was placed under the charge of Jane. Nancy was a stout girl, and Kate made her work very hard, and gave her very little food, and scarcely any clothing to cover her; but Jane was kind to Sally, and, though she made her work, yet she fed and clothed her to the best of her power.

"One day in the winter, these two little orphans, Nancy and Sally, were playing in the road before the gates of the cottages, when they saw a very fine coach coming along the road. In the coach there was a lady, and a little child in the arms of a maid. The child was looking out of the window, holding in its hand a silver coral and bells, fastened to a long ribbon, which ought to have been tied round the child's waist, but by some accident the ribbon was become untied. The child was shaking the coral through the window; and as the carriage passed by the cottages the child dropped the coral on the road. No one belonging to the carriage saw the coral fall; but Nancy and Sally saw it. They ran and picked it up, and called to the people in the carriage, but nobody heard them. They then ran after the carriage; but it went so quickly that it reached the town, and the lady was sitting in the window of the inn, when the poor little children came up with the coral and presented it at the window to the lady. When the lady saw the coral, and heard how far the poor little girls had brought it, she sent her maid to the nearest shop, to buy as much flannel as would make two children's petticoats, and as much queen's stuff as would make two slips. The lady did not understand that the

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children were not living in the same house; otherwise she would have divided the flannel and stuff, and have given half to each child; but as it was, she gave all the flannel into the hands of Nancy, and all the stuff into the hands of little Sally; and, commending them for their honesty, she bade them go home.

"The poor little girls were delighted with the lady's presents, and ran back as quick as they came. When they came to the cottages, they found both their mammies (as they called them) together in Wray's cottage. 'See what we have got! see what we have got!' cried the poor children, as they ran in at the door. 'I have got some flannel to make me some petticoats,' said Nancy; 'And I have got some stuff to make me some new gowns,' said Sally. Jane and Kate were very much surprised when they saw what the children had brought; and pleased when they heard how they came by these things. They took them out of the children's hands, and began to turn them about and examine them.

"'Why, here,' said Jane, 'is enough to make Sally two slips. Well, I shall make one now, I think, and put t'other half by till next year. And now I shall be able to do what I have been long casting about in my mind, but could not compass before, on account of her being so ill clothed, poor thing: that is, to send her to the church in Bridgenorth to be catechised by the parson; for it is a pity she should be brought up in total ignorance of her Maker. I have an old bonnet I can take to pieces and make up for her, and a little handkerchief; so that now she will do very well.'

"'Why, you won't be such a fool surely, will you,' said Kate, 'as to cut that good queen's stuff for that child? There is quite enough to make you a handsome gown.'

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"'But it is not mine,' said Jane.

"'Not yours!' said Kate, 'whose then is it?'

"'Whose then is it!' asked Jane; 'why, little Sally's, to be sure. I would not rob the poor babe of a penny-worth. I have heard it said that God is very jealous of any one's doing an hurt to a fatherless child. I cannot read, to be sure, myself; but I remember our parson giving out these words as his text: "Remove not the old land-mark, and enter not into the fields of the fatherless." (Prov. xxiii. 10.)'

"'Then you think,' said Kate, 'that I shall make up this flannel for Nancy?'

"'To be sure, I do,' said Jane.

"'But indeed I shall not,' answered Kate: 'such flannel as this, indeed, to be made up for such a dirty little brat as that!'

"'For shame! for shame!' said Jane: 'why you are not honest, Kate.'

"'I have an old petticoat,' answered Kate, 'of my own, which I shall make up for Nancy; and it will serve her every bit as well as this new flannel. I don't see why you are to call me dishonest for that.'

"'Take my advice, Kate,' said Jane: 'use the flannel for the child to the best advantage, but don't take any of it for yourself: it will not bring a blessing with it. I tell you it won't: for "goods unjustly gotten," my husband says, and he has it from the Bible, "shall not profit thee in the day of calamity." (Ecclus. v. 8.)'

"Kate made no answer, but kept turning the flannel about, and measuring it with her fingers; and as soon as Jane was out of the house, she locked it up in her chest, with her store of stuff-gowns and quilts, and her new red cloak.

"When Jane went home, she cut out one little slip for Sally; and, putting the rest of the stuff by,

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she worked so hard, sitting up late and rising early, that she got the slip made, and the bonnet and handkerchief, by the next Saturday night; and the next Sunday morning she sent the little girl, with her husband, to church—for she could not go herself, on account of her little boy—bidding her to present herself among the other children, when the clergyman called the children to catechise them: for the clergyman was a very worthy man, and took great pains with the poor children; catechising them every Sunday morning, round the pulpit, after service.

"When the clergyman saw little Sally standing with the other children, he asked her many questions; such as, whether she had a father and mother—and where she lived—and whether she could read. A few days afterwards, the clergyman came to Jane's house, with his daughter. Jane was knitting, and rocking her little boy's cradle with her foot. 'Good morning, good woman,' said the clergyman: 'where is the neat little girl who came from your house to be catechised last Sunday?'—'Sir,' said Jane, rising, and making a low courtesy, 'the little girl is gone out to pick sticks in the coppice: we are poor people, and I am forced to make her work.'—'Then I am afraid,' said the clergyman, 'that you cannot spare her to come to school for three or four hours every day. My daughter has a little school, which she visits every day; and she has a great desire to take your little girl into it.'—'Sir,' answered Jane, 'the little girl is not mine; she is a poor orphan: but I would not on that account stand in her way. I am much obliged to you, Sir, and to Miss, for her kindness: I will endeavour to spare her.'

"The clergyman and his daughter praised Jane for her kindness to the poor orphan, and said; 'God will reward you: he, who is the Father of the father-

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less, will reward you.' So they took their leave. But as they went out of the gate, they saw Kitty sitting at the door, with Nancy, and the clergyman's daughter was so kind as to offer to take Nancy into her school also; but Kate answered, That she had so much to do that she could not spare the child. 'These are hard times, Sir,' said she to the clergyman; 'and poor folks are glad to make the best of their time to earn a penny.' So little Sally went every day to school, whilst poor Nancy was kept at home in ignorance.

"Jane looked to see if Kate made up her old flannel petticoat for Nancy; but all the winter months passed away, and the spring came on, and still Nancy had no warm petticoat. At length Jane said to Kate, 'You promised to make up your old petticoat for poor Nancy; but I have never seen her wear it.'—'Why,' answered Kate, 'I don't think I can spare it now: for, to tell you the truth, about September next I expect to have a little one of my own, and I shall want the new flannel to wrap the little one in; and so sha'n't be able to spare my own petticoat.'—'Oh, Kate! Kate!' said Jane, 'this is not right. Give the poor child her own flannel, and don't be covetous.'—'What!' answered Kate, 'you would have me to be as great a fool as you are! There's Sally dressed as fine as a lady every day, going backwards and forwards to school, whilst you are drudging at home: and you want me to do the same by Nancy! I wish you would go home and mind your own affairs, and leave me to myself: I warrant I know what I am about, as well as you.'—From that time, Kate would never speak to Jane again.

"What Kate said was very true: she expected a little one in the autumn, and she was determined to keep the flannel to wrap it in. Moreover, all the spring and summer, in hay-making and harvest

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time, she worked as hard as she could, to gather as much money together as possible before the birth of her child; and being very much fatigued with work, she neglected (for some months) to look into her chest, and to air her stuff gowns and petticoats and scarlet cloak.—At length the time came when her child was born. An old woman from the town, called Nurse Bourne, came to attend her. The child was a very fine boy: and when the nurse had dressed it, she asked for a bit of flannel to wrap it in. Kate gave her the key of the chest, and bid her open it, and she would find a piece of flannel in the box. The nurse did as she was bid; but as soon as she opened the box she cried out, 'O dear! O dear! what is here? Every thing, I fear, is spoiled! Dear, dear, what a pity!'—'What is the matter?' cried Kate, in great terror. The nurse began to pull the things out one by one—and what a sight was there for poor Kate to see! The moth had been in the flannel which the little girl had brought from the lady, although nobody knew it; and had it been used immediately, it would never have been found out; but from having been laid by, and not looked into for some months, the moth had spread from the flannel to the woollen stockings, and from them to the stuff gowns and petticoats and the new scarlet cloak: so that there was not one thing in the box, which was not eaten through and through, making good the words of Scripture: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.' (Matt. vi. 19.)

"Not to make my story too long—Poor Kate took this misfortune so much to heart, that a day or two after her child's birth she was seized with a fever, which proved her death: and her little child would no doubt have gone after its mother to the

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grave, if Jane had not kindly weaned her own little Tommy, who was more than a year old, and taken the poor little motherless babe to nurse; and she brought it up ever afterwards amongst her own little ones. Thus the covetousness of Kate was the cause of her death. And as it was with her, we may always find with ourselves,—that things unjustly come by never do any service: they always bring some canker or moth with them.

"After Kate's death, Nancy went to live in the house of a farmer in that neighbourhood; but little Sally continued to live with Jane. She went to school at all times when Jane could spare her. She learnt to read well, and to repeat the Catechism; and she soon could sew and knit so well, that she mended and made all the clothes of the family: but, what was better than all this, she learned to know that dear Saviour who died for her; and was able, when she came home in an evening, to talk about him to Dobson and Jane: and, with God's blessing, she talked to so much purpose that Dobson left off drinking in the alehouse, which he used to do aforetime once or twice a week, and spent every evening at home, where he used to make Sally teach him to read.—Jane had always had some notion of serving God; but now, from hearing her husband and Sally read the Bible, she got clearer notions of what religion is: she learnt that her heart was sinful; and that she could in no wise save herself, but she must be saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; 'For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' (Acts iv. 12.) She learned, also, that those who possess real faith, keep God's commandments.

"You cannot think what a change there was in Dobson's family when the father of it was brought to the knowledge of God. Dobson used to say,

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'When we found our dear Saviour, Jane, we found every thing else; we found love for each other, love for our dear children, and all the comforts of the world.—'The stuff that the lady gave you, Sally,' Jane would say, 'has turned to wonderful profit: I wish I could see the lady, to thank her: it enabled me to send you decently to church; and from church you got to school, and from school you brought the Bible, and from the Bible we were brought to know our Saviour.'—Dobson would add, 'And from our Saviour we hope for eternal happiness.' —'And we shall have it too,' Jane would answer, 'because he that began a good work in us will surely finish it; for, as Sally read last night, "in Him is no variableness or shadow of turning."'

"Sally continued some years under the care of Jane, and became every year more and more useful to her; and as Jane's family increased—for she had five children of her own, besides poor Kate Wray's boy (whom she loved as well as her own)—Sally was able to do a great deal for them. At length, when Sally was fifteen years of age, poor Jane was taken ill with a fever, and died in the fear of God, placing her whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. And now it was that Jane's children received back ten-fold all their mother's care and tenderness to Sally. This pious young woman lived ten years in Dobson's house after his wife died, and was like a daughter to him and a mother to his children: she managed for them, and taught them, and worked for them, just as their poor mother would have done had she been alive; and God so blessed her, that there was not a more pious or industrious family in all the parish. At the age of twenty-five she married a decent young man, and was settled in the cottage which once had been Wray's, so that she was not parted far asunder from old Dobson and his children. All Dobson's children lived and

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died in the fear of God, as is well known by several old people still living in those parts; making out the words of Scripture: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'" (Eccles. xi. 1.)

When Henry had finished his story, he said; "I always knew that cheating and stealing was wrong; but I never supposed that any thing dishonestly gotten would bring a kind of curse with it, as that flannel seemed to have done."

"My dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "we cannot very often tell how people get at their money, or clothes, or estates, because, when persons do any thing dishonest, they strive to hide it; but this I believe, that, if we could know the truth of all these things, we should find that by some means or other God always makes goods unjustly gotten to bring trouble and affliction upon their possessors: whereas, if a person has but a crust of bread and a cup of cold water gained in an honest way, he enjoys it."

"Oh, Mamma!" said Henry, "I thought I had read all the book; but here are two leaves that are not opened, with some printing between them. Lucy, lend me your scissars to open the leaves."

When Henry had cut the leaves, he found a very pretty prayer against covetousness, and a hymn: and as all children at times feel covetous, I shall put this prayer down here, for your use, with the hymn; and I advise you, whenever you feel inclined to this sin, to go into your room, or some quiet place by yourself, and use this prayer and sing this hymn.

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Prayer against Covetousness.

O Lord God Almighty! blessed and glorious Three in One! from whom all good things come; give me grace, I humbly pray thee, to hate covetousness; for it is written in thy holy Book, "The covetous shall not inherit the kingdom of God;" and in another place, "No covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ. My heart by nature is very covetous; I am covetous of playthings, and of clothes, and of meat and drink, and of money, when I have any thing to do with it; and though I see how hateful covetousness is in other people, yet I do not hate it as I should do in myself.

O Almighty Father! take this great sin of covetousness out of my heart, by sending thy Holy Spirit into it: shew me, by faith, the glories and exceeding riches of heaven, that I may desire a treasure in heaven, and not in this world: and that I may strive, by serving thee, to lay up my treasure there, give me a heart to divide and share what good things I have amongst my play-fellows, and such poor people as are in need of them; and teach me to deny myself, that I may have more to give away; for "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

O my God! thy saints and holy people hate covetousness. Oh, may I hate it also! Change, I pray thee, my evil heart, O Lord; change the evil heart of a poor child, who cries unto thee, not in his own name, but in the name of that dear Saviour who made himself poor that we sinners might be rich. Oh! for his dear sake give me a new heart, O Holy Father: to whom be glory and honour for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

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HYMN XIX.

LET Avarice from shore to shore
  Her fav'rite god pursue:
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
  Than India or Peru.

Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
  Are open'd to our sight,
The purest gold, without alloy,
  And gems divinely bright.

The counsels of Redeeming Grace
  These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
  Our raptur'd eyes behold.

Here light, descending from above,
  Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heav'nly love
  Our ardent wishes meet.

Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
  And all our wants supply'd;
Nought we can ask, to make us bless'd,
  Is in this Book deny'd.

For these inestimable gains,
  That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
  Assur'd that we shall find.

THE STORY IN EMILY'S BOOK:

ON FAITH TO BE EXERCISED IN THE COMMON CONCERNS OF LIFE.

By this time it was one o'clock; and the hay-makers left off their work, and sat down in a row, by the brook side, to eat their dinner. Mr. Fairchild called to his children from the place where he was lying, at a little distance, saying, "My

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dears, I begin to feel hungry. Lucy and Emily, see what Betty brought in the basket this morning; and you, Henry, go to the brook, and bring some water." So Henry took an empty pitcher out of the basket, and ran gaily down to the brook to fetch some water, whilst Lucy and Emily spread a clean napkin on the grass, on which they placed the knives and forks, and plates, with the loaf and cheese, and the fruit-pie, and a bottle of beer for their papa; for Betty was gone back to the house: and when they had said grace, they dined: after which the children went to play in the coppice, and amongst the hay, for a little while. When they had played as much as their mamma thought fit, they came back, and sat down to work, as they had done in the morning, whilst Henry read the story in Emily's book.—

THE HISTORY OF THE ORPHAN BOY WHOSE MOTHER HAD FAITH IN GOD'S PROMISES.

"In a little flowery valley, near Tenterden, there lived once a certain farmer, who had a wife, and one little boy whose name was Marten. The farmer and his wife were people who feared God and loved their neighbours; and, though they were not rich, they were contented. In the same parish lived two gentlemen, named 'Squire Broom and 'Squire Blake, as the country people called them. 'Squire Broom was a man who honoured God and his blessed Son; but 'Squire Blake was one of those men who feared not God, and was not ashamed to make an open profession of his infidelity. He was a very rich man, and was considered by the neighbours to be good-tempered. His lady kept a plentiful house, and was glad to see any one who came. They had no children, and, as they had been married many years, it was

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thought they never would have any. 'Squire Broom was not so rich as 'Squire Blake; and, though a very worthy man, was not of such pleasing manners: so that many people did not like him, though in time of distress he was one of the kindest friends in the world. 'Squire Broom had a very large family, which he brought up in an orderly, pious manner: but some of the neighbours did not fail to find fault with him, for being too strict with his children.

"When little Marten was about three years of age, his father was killed, as he was going to Tenterden market, by a fall from his horse. This was so great a grief to his mother, who loved her husband very dearly, that she fell immediately into a bad state of health; and though she lived as much as two years after her husband, yet she was all that time a dying woman. There was nothing in the thoughts of death which made this poor woman unhappy at any time, excepting when she considered that she must leave her little Marten to strangers; and this grieved her the more, because little Marten was a very tender child, and had always been so from his birth. When these thoughts came into her mind, nothing could give her any comfort but retiring to her own room, and praying, and repeating to herself the promises of God; for there are in the Bible many promises to pious people, that God will take all their concerns into his own hands, and manage their affairs for them. Those people who are enabled by the grace of God to lay hold of these promises, are never deceived; but whatever affair they trust to God is managed for them better than they could manage it for themselves. This trust in God is called an active and a living faith: and people who have this living faith obey the commands of God, even when, according to man's judgment, they would seem to

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be losers by their obedience. There were two promises in the Bible which were particularly comfortable to little Marten's mother: these were, first, 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' (Prov. iii. 5, 6); and the other was, 'Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive: and let thy widows trust in me.' (Jer. xlix. 11.)

"It happened, a few weeks before her death, as little Marten's mother was lying on her couch, meditating on these promises, that one Mrs. Short, who lived in Tenterden, and spent her time in gossipping from house to house, came bustling into the room where Marten's mother lay. 'I am come to tell you,' said she, 'that 'Squire Blake's lady will be here just now.'—'It is some time since I have seen Mrs. Blake,' said Marten's mother; 'but it is kind of her to visit me in my trouble.'

"Whilst she was speaking, Mr. Blake's carriage came up to the door, and Mrs. Blake stepped out. She came into the parlour in a very free and friendly manner; and, taking Marten's mother by the hand, said she was sorry to see her looking so ill.

"'Indeed,' said the sick woman, 'I am very ill, dear madam; and I think that I cannot live longer than a few weeks: but God's will be done! I have no trouble in leaving this world, but on account of little Marten: yet I know that God will take care of him, and that I ought not to be troubled on his account.'

"Mrs. Blake then answered; 'As you have begun to speak upon this subject, I will tell you what particularly brought me here to-day.' She then told her, that, as she and Mr. Blake had a large fortune and no family, they were willing to take little Marten at her death, and provide for

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him as their own.—This was a very great and kind offer, and most people would have accepted it with joy: but the pious mother recollected that Mr. Blake was one who declared himself to be without religion; and she could not think of leaving her little boy to such a man. 'For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works.' (Matt. xvi. 26, 27.) Accordingly, she thanked Mrs. Blake for her kind offer—for a very kind offer it was; and said that she should feel obliged to her till her dying moment. 'But,' added she, 'I cannot accept of your friendship for my little boy, as I have a very dear Friend who would be disobliged if I did so.'

"Mrs. Blake turned red, and was offended; for she had never once thought it possible that Marten's mother should refuse her offer: and Mrs. Short lifted up her hands and eyes, and looked as if she thought the poor sick woman little better than a fool.

"'Well,' said Mrs. Blake, 'I am surprised, I must confess: however, you must know your own affairs best; but this I must say, that I think Marten may live long enough without having such another offer.'

"'And *I* must say, that you are standing in the child's way,' said Mrs. Short. 'Why, Mr. Blake can do ten times more for the child than his father could have done, had he lived a hundred years: and I think it is very ungrateful and foolish in you to make such a return for Mr. and Mrs. Blake's kindness.'

"'And pray,' said Mrs. Blake, 'who is this

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dear Friend who would be so much disobliged by your allowing us to take the boy?'

"'I suppose it is 'Squire Broom,' said Mrs. Short; 'for who else can it be?'

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Blake; 'I have no doubt it is; for Mr. Broom never loved my husband. But,' added she, looking at Marten's mother, 'you do very wrong if you think that Mr. Broom could do as much for the child (even if he were willing) as my husband. Mr. Broom is not rich, and he has a great many children; whereas Mr. Blake has a very handsome fortune, and no near relation in the world. However, as you have once refused, I do not think I would take the boy now, if you were to ask me.'

"'I am very sorry,' answered Marten's mother, 'to appear unthankful to you; and perhaps, as I am a dying woman, I ought to tell you the true reason of my refusing your offer, though it may make you angry. I do not doubt but that you would be kind to little Marten, and I know that you have more to give him than ever his father could have had.' She then, in a very delicate manner, hinted at Mr. Blake's irreligious opinions, and acknowledged that it was on the account of these that she had refused his protection for her son. 'The Lord Jesus Christ,' added she, 'is the dear Friend I spoke of, my dear Madam, and the One I am afraid to offend by accepting Mr. Blake's offer. You are welcome to tell Mr. Blake all I say; and add, if you please, that, as long as my life is spared, I shall daily pray that God may turn his heart, and give him faith in that dear Saviour, who is now my only hope and comfort.'

"Mrs. Blake made no answer: but got up, and, wishing Marten's mother and Mrs. Short a good morning, went away very much offended.

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"When Mrs. Short was left with the sick woman, she failed not to speak her mind to her, and that very plainly, by telling her that she considered her little better than a fool for what she had done. Marten's mother answered, 'I am willing to be counted a fool for Christ's sake.'

"The next day Marten's mother sent for 'Squire Broom; and, when she had told him all that had passed between herself and Mrs. Blake, she asked him if he would take charge of poor little Marten when she was dead, and also of what little money she might leave behind her; and see that the child was put to a school in which he might learn his duty towards God.—'Squire Broom promised that he would be a friend to the boy to the best of his power; and Marten's mother was sure that he would do what he promised, for he was a man who feared God.—And now, not to make our story too long, I must tell you that Marten's mother grew weaker and weaker; and, about three weeks after she had held this discourse with Mrs. Blake, she was found one morning dead in her bed; and it was supposed she died without pain, as Susan the maid, who slept in the same room, had not heard her move or utter a sigh. She was buried in Tenterden church-yard; and 'Squire Broom, as he had promised, took charge of all her affairs.

"And now, after having done with little Marten's good mother, I shall give you the history of the little boy himself, from the day when he was awoke and found his poor mother dead; and you shall judge whether God heard his mother's prayer, and whether he took care of the poor little orphan.

"When his mother was in good health, Marten always slept in her arms; but when she became ill, he slept with Susan, in a little bed near his mother. He used every morning, when he awoke, to creep into his mother's bed, to kiss her: the

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morning after her death, he climbed as usual into her bed, and kissed her: she was not yet cold. He spoke to her, calling her several times, 'Mother! dear mother!' but she did not answer. It was a long time before Susan could make him understand that she was dead. Whilst the women were laying out the body, he sat at the outside of the door, and came in again as soon as they would permit him: neither would he allow himself to be taken out of the room, till the corpse was put into the coffin and carried to the grave. He followed the corpse to the grave; and, after the coffin was covered with earth, he still stood by it, though he did not speak a word, till Susan came and carried him back to the house which had been his mother's. 'Squire Broom would have had him go home with him, but he would not leave Susan.

"Marten's mother was buried on Saturday evening: on Sunday, little Marten went again and stood by his mother's grave, and no one but Susan could persuade him to come away. On Monday morning 'Squire Broom came in a one-horse chaise, to take him to school at Ashford. The master of the school at that time was a conscientious man; but 'Squire Broom did not know that he was so severe in the management of children as he proved to be.

"Little Marten cried very much when he was put into the one-horse chaise with 'Squire Broom: 'Oh! let me stay with Susan; let me live with Susan!' he said.—'What!' said 'Squire Broom, 'and never learn to read? You must go to school, to learn to read, or how are you ever to know God's word?'—'Susan shall teach me to read,' said little Marten.—'Squire Broom promised him that he should come back in the summer, and see Susan; and little Marten tried to stop crying.

"When little Marten got to Ashford School,

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he was turned into a large stone hall, where about fifty boys were playing: he had never seen so many boys before, and he was frightened, and crept into a corner. They all got round him, and asked him a great many questions, which frightened him the more; and he began to cry, and call for Susan. This set the boys a laughing; and they began to pull him about, and teaze him.

"Little Marten was a pretty child: he was very fair, and had beautiful blue eyes and red lips, and his dark brown hair curled all over his head: but he had always been very tender in his health; and the kickings, and thumpings, and beatings he got amongst the boys, instead of making him hardy, made him the more sickly and complaining.

"The boys used to rise very early; and, after they had been an hour in school, they played in the church-yard (for the school-room stands in the church-yard) till the bell rang to call them to breakfast. In the school-room there was only one fire-place, and the little boys never could get near it: so that little Marten used to be so numbed with cold in the mornings (for winter was coming), that he could scarcely hold his book; and his feet and hands became so swelled with chilblains, that, when the other boys went out to play, he could only creep after them. He was so stupified with cold that he could not learn: he even forgot his letters, though he had known them all when his mother was alive; and, in consequence, he got several floggings. When his mother was living, he was a cheerful little fellow, full of play, and quick in learning; but now he became dull and cast down, and he refused to eat; and he would cry and fret if any one did but touch him. His poor little feet and hands were sore and bleeding with cold: so that he was afraid any one should come near to touch him.

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"As the winter advanced, it became colder and colder; and little Marten got a very bad cough, and grew very thin. Several people remarked to the schoolmaster, 'Little Marten is not well: he gets very thin.'—'Oh! he will be better,' the master would answer, 'when he is more used to us. Many children, when they first come to school, pine after home: but what can I do for him? I must not make any difference between him and the other boys.'

"One morning, in the beginning of December, when the boys were playing in the church-yard before breakfast, little Marten, not being able to run, or scarcely to walk, by reason of his chilblains, came creeping after them: his lips were blue with cold, and his cheeks white. He looked about for some place where he might be sheltered a little from the cold wind; and at length he ventured to creep into the porch of an old house, which stood on one side of the church-yard. The door of the house was open a little way, and Marten peeped in: he saw within a small neat kitchen, where was a bright fire; an elderly maid-servant was preparing breakfast before the fire; the tea-kettle was boiling; and the toast-and-butter and muffins stood ready to be carried into the parlour. A large old cat slept before the fire, and in one corner of the kitchen was a parrot upon a stand.

"Whilst Marten was peeping in, and longing for a bit of toast-and-butter, a little old lady, dressed in a grey silk gown, wearing a mob-cap and long ruffles, came into the kitchen by the inner door: she first spoke to the parrot, then stroked the cat; and then, turning towards the porch door, she said, (speaking to the maid), 'Hannah, why do you leave the door open? The wind comes in very cold.' So saying, she was going to push the door to, when she saw poor little Marten: she observed his black

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coat, his little bleeding hands, and his pale face, and she felt very sorry for him. 'What little fellow are you?' she said, as she held the door in her hand: 'where do you come from? and what do you want at my door?'

"'My name is Marten,' he answered; 'and I am very cold.'

"'Do you belong to the school, my dear?' said she.

"'Yes, Ma'am,' he answered: 'my mother is dead, and I am very cold.'

"'Poor little creature!' said the old lady, whose name was Lovel. 'Do you hear what he says, Hannah? His mother is dead, and he is very cold! Do, Hannah, run over to the school-house, and ask the master if he will give this little boy leave to stay and breakfast with me.'

"Hannah set down a tea-cup which she was wiping; and looking at Marten, 'Poor young creature!' she said. 'It is a pity that such a babe as this should be in a public school. Come in, little one, whilst I run over to your master, and ask leave for you to stay a little with my mistress.'

"Hannah soon returned with the master's leave; and poor little Marten went gladly up stairs into Mrs. Lovel's parlour. There Mrs. Lovel took off his wet shoes, and damp stockings, and hung them to the fire, whilst she rubbed his little numbed feet, till they were warm. In the mean time Hannah brought up the tea-things, and toast-and-butter, and set all things in order upon the round table.

"'You are very good,' said little Marten to Mrs. Lovel: 'I will come and see you every day.'

"'You shall come as often as you please,' said Mrs. Lovel, 'if you are a little boy who fears God.'

"'Then I will come at breakfast-time, and at dinner-time, and at supper-time,' said Marten.

"Mrs. Lovel smiled, and looked at Hannah, who

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was bringing up the cream-pot, followed by the cat. Puss took her place very gravely at one corner of the table, without touching any thing.

"'Is that your cat, Ma'am?' said Marten.

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Lovel; 'and see how well she behaves; she never asks for any thing, but waits till she is served. Do you think you can behave as well?'

"'I will try, Ma'am,' said Marten.

"Mrs. Lovel then bade Marten fetch himself a chair, and they both sat down to breakfast. Marten behaved so well at breakfast, that Mrs. Lovel invited him to come to her at dinner-time, and said she would send Hannah to his master, for his leave. She then put on his dry shoes and stockings; and, as the bell rang, she sent him over to school. When school broke up at twelve o'clock, she sent Hannah again for him; and he came running up stairs, full of joy.

"'This is a half-holiday, Ma'am,' he said; 'and I may stay with you till bed-time; and I will come again to breakfast in the morning.'

"'Very well,' said Mrs. Lovel; 'but if you come here so often, you must do every thing I bid you, and every thing which Hannah bids you.'

"'The same as I did to my poor mother, and to Susan?' said Marten.

"'Yes, my dear,' said Mrs. Lovel.

"'Then I will, Ma'am,' said Marten.

"So Marten sat down to dinner with Mrs. Lovel; and at dinner he told her all he knew of himself and his mother; and after dinner, when she gave him leave, he went down to the kitchen to visit Hannah, and to talk to the parrot, and to look about him till tea-time. At tea-time he came up again; and after tea Mrs. Lovel brought out a large Bible, full of pictures, and told him one or two stories out of the Bible, shewing him the pictures. At night

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Hannah carried him home; and he went warm and comfortable to bed.

"By the pleasure of God (in whom the fatherless find mercy) Mrs. Lovel grew every day fonder of little Marten; and, as the little boy promised, he went to Mrs. Lovel's at breakfast, dinner, and supper; and Mrs. Lovel took the same care of him which his poor mother would have done, had she been living. She took charge of his clothes; mended them when they wanted it; prepared warm and soft woollen stockings for him; and procured him a great coat to wear in school, and got him some thick shoes to play in. She also would see that he learned his lessons well every day, to carry up to his master; and then practised him in reading out of school hours: so that it was surprising how quickly he now got on with his books. But the best of all was, that Mrs. Lovel from day to day gave such holy instructions to little Marten, as were best adapted to make him an excellent character in more advanced life; and God blessed her instructions in a degree beyond her expectations, and the boy presently became all that she could desire. For holy instructions given in faith, and with prayer, by diligent and pious teachers, are generally crowned with the Divine blessing: though every parent and teacher must acknowledge that the work of regeneration, or changing the heart, must be entirely of God. And in case of such change, he will ever be ready to give the glory to him, to whom alone it is due.

"A little before Christmas, 'Squire Broom came over to Ashford to see little Marten; and determined in his own mind, if he found the child unwell, or not happy, to take him home, and bring him up amongst his own children; for Mrs. Broom had said, that she thought little Marten almost too

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young to be at a public school, without a friend near him. Marten was standing in Mrs. Lovel's parlour window, which looked into the churchyard, when he saw 'Squire Broom's one-horse chaise draw up to the school-house door: without speaking a word, he ran down stairs, and across the churchyard, and, taking 'Squire Broom's hand, as he stepped out of the chaise, 'I have got another mother, Sir,' he said; 'a very good mother; and I love her with all my heart; and her name is Lovel; and you must come to see her.'—'Why, my little man,' said 'Squire Broom, 'you look very well, and quite fat.'

"When 'Squire Broom heard from the master what a kind friend Marten had found, and was told by all his friends in Ashford what a worthy woman Mrs. Lovel was (for every body in Ashford knew Mrs. Lovel's good character), he was very much pleased on little Marten's account, and said his poor mother's prayers were now answered; and then he repeated a very beautiful verse, which you will find in the Apocrypha: 'Look at the generations of old, and see: did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded? or did any abide in his fear, and was forsaken? or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him?' (Ecclus. ii. 10.)

"Little Marten could not be contented till he had brought 'Squire Broom to see Mrs. Lovel, and to drink tea with her. During this visit, Mrs. Lovel asked Mr. Broom if Marten might spend his Christmas holidays with her; and from that time the little boy spent all his holidays with Mrs. Lovel. In the summer holidays she often took him to a farm-house, in the country, where she had lodgings; and there he had the pleasure of seeing the hay-making, and hop-gathering, and all the country work, and of running about the fields. Once or twice she took

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him to Tenterden, to see his old friends, particularly Susan, who lived with her mother in Tenterden.

"Marten became a fine boy; and as he grew in stature, he grew in grace, ever living in the fear of God. He was very fond of reading; and soon he became one of the best scholars, of his age, in the school. As Mrs. Lovel got older, her eyes became dim; and then Marten read to her, and managed her accounts, and was in all things as a dutiful son to her.

"About this time news came from Tenterden that Mrs. Blake was dead, and Mr. Blake about marrying again; and some time after it was told at Ashford, that the new Mrs. Blake had brought her husband a son. When Marten (who was by this time a great boy, and who had been told by 'Squire Broom of what had passed between his poor mother and Mrs. Blake,) heard of the birth of this son, he said, 'My mother was called a fool for not letting Mr. Blake take me; but if she had, for the sake of money, put me under the care of this man, I might have lost my soul, and got none of his money either.'—'You see, my dear,' answered Mrs. Lovel, who heard what Marten said, 'how every thing works together for good to them that love God. Whilst I live, I hope you will never want a friend; and if you continue to serve God, I shall give you something at my death which will support you in a comfortable, plain way; for I have no relations to take what I have.'

"Marten continued with Mrs. Lovel till it was time he should leave school; and as he wished to be made a clergyman, in order that he might spend his life in the service of God, Mrs. Lovel paid for his going to the university."

'The university, Mamma!' said Henry: 'what is that?'

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'It is a place where young men go to be prepared to be clergymen,' replied Mrs. Fairchild: 'There are two universities in England, Oxford and Cambridge.'

Henry then went on.

"When Marten had been the proper time at the university, he was ordained a clergyman; and he then returned to Mrs. Lovel; and soon afterwards he got a living in a pretty village in Kent. There he went to reside; and Mrs. Lovel, who was now become very old indeed, lived with him. He was as kind to her, and to Hannah, as if he had been their own child; and indeed it was but his duty to be so: he did every thing to make their last years happy, and their deaths easy. Mrs. Lovel left all she had, when she died, to Marten; so that he was enabled to live in great comfort. Some time after Mrs. Lovel's death, he married 'Squire Broom's youngest daughter, who made him a kind and pious wife, and assisted him to bring up their children in the fear of God. Susan, who was now an elderly women, took the place of Hannah, when Hannah died, and never left her master till she herself died of old age.

"This happy family lived many years in Kent, and God blessed them in all things; as it is written: 'In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God. Trust in him at all times, ye people: pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.' (Psa. lxii. 7, 8.)"

At the end of this story was a prayer for faith, that we may be enabled to trust God with all our concerns; and a hymn to the same purpose; which you will perhaps like to use: I shall therefore put them both down here for you.

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A Prayer.

O Almighty God! thou that rulest and governest all things, and makest all things to work together for good to them that love thee; give me that best of all gifts, Faith, that I may trust entirely and only unto thee: for who ever trusted in the Lord, and was confounded? I am a poor ignorant child, and do not know what is good for me, or what I ought to wish for: but thou art all wise, O holy Father; thou knowest all things from the beginning even unto the end of the world: O therefore take me under thy care. Thou that sparedst not thy dear Son, but sentest him to die for me upon the cross; send now thy Holy Spirit, to guide and direct me what I ought to do. Whilst I am in this world, manage and settle every thing for me: whether I am to be rich, or whether I am to be poor, or where I am to live, or what employment or what work I am to do, I wish to leave to thee. O give me faith to trust entirely to thee, as the holy men of old and martyrs in old time did, and as thy saints do in this day; and let me not wickedly think myself to be wiser than thou, O Almighty God, art; and leave me not to follow my own wicked conceits, instead of obeying thy will, which is written in thy holy Book, and which thy Holy Spirit will explain to my understanding, if I am humble, and sincerely wish to learn thereof.

O Almighty Father! hear the prayers of a poor child, for whom thy dear Son died; and for his dear sake have mercy upon me.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

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HYMN XX.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy Throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
  Of which he first was made:
And when thou say'st the word "Return!"
  'Tis instantly obey'd.

"But I am with you," saith the Lord;
  "My saints shall safe abide:
"Nor will I e'er forsake mine own,
  "For whom the Saviour died."

Through ev'ry scene of life and death
  Thy promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song
  When we are cold in dust.

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
  And our eternal home.

THE STORY IN LUCY'S BOOK.

When Henry had finished reading the story in Emily's book, Mr. Fairchild proposed that they should take a walk, before they went home to tea. Accordingly they gathered all their things together, and put them in their baskets, and left the Primrose Meadow. They crossed the brook by a wooden bridge, and went up a little woody hill on the other side. When they came to the top of this little hill, they arrived at a place where a hut, or shed, was

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built, under the shade of a spreading oak tree. This hut had been made by an old gentleman who formerly lived in that country, but was now dead. From this hut you might see all the country round, with the coppice and Primrose Meadow at the foot of the hill on which it stood, and the brook winding through the meadow.—Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their children sat down at the entrance of the hut; and hearkened in silence, for a while, to the sweet singing of a nightingale not far distant. At length Lucy spake.—

"Papa, we have read Henry's book and Emily's book to-day; but there is another book still to be read."

"Well," said Mr. Fairchild, smiling, "and what then? Cannot you read it to-morrow at home?"

"But it is pleasanter to read out of doors, Papa," said Lucy; "and we could see the haymakers from this place, if we were to come here to-morrow."

"Yes, Papa," said Emily; "we could indeed."

"And it is not so very far to come," said Henry.

"What, you wish for another day in the woods?" said Mr. Fairchild, smiling. "What does your mamma say?"

"I have no objection," said Mrs. Fairchild, "if you approve it, my dear."

Accordingly, it was agreed that they should spend the next day in the hut, to read the story in Lucy's book; and the children went joyfully home with the thoughts of having another holiday. Early the next morning they made all things ready; and, when they had breakfasted, they set out for the hut at the top of the hill. It was a lovely morning, and, although rather warm, yet as they sat in the hut they were well shaded from the

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sun, and enjoyed a gentle breeze, which, blowing over the hay-fields below, was very agreeable to the smell.

When Mrs. Fairchild and the little girls were ready to begin their work, and Mr. Fairchild had placed himself with his book at a little distance, on a green bank on the shady side of the hut, Henry began to read the story in Lucy's book, and read as follows.—

"THE ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE BOY, WHO, THROUGH GOD'S GRACE, TURNED HIS PARENTS TO RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"Every person who lives in England has heard of France. A small arm of the sea parts this country from France: but though a person may pass from England to France in a few hours, yet there is a great difference in the manners and customs of the French and English. A few years ago the French were governed by a king who had so much power that, if he did not like any person, he could condemn him to be shut up for life at his pleasure, and nobody dared to inquire after him. The religion of the French was, and still is, Roman Catholic."

'Roman Catholic!' said Henry, shutting his book. 'Mamma, I don't know what Roman Catholics are. Are Roman Catholics Christians?'

'The Roman Catholics, my dear, are called Christians,' said Mrs. Fairchild: 'but there is much in their religion which the Bible does not approve. The Roman Catholics have a bishop—the bishop of Rome—(whom they call the Pope, and also the Vicar of Christ; that is, standing in the place of Christ, and almost as great as Christ); and they say that they must do every thing that this

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pope bids them. They do not believe, as we do, that men's hearts are so evil that they can do nothing meritorious; but they say that saints and holy men can do as many good works as will satisfy the demands of God's law for themselves, and leave some to spare to make up the deficiency of their neighbours.'

'If people can save themselves and their neighbours by their own goodness, Mamma,' said Lucy, 'what was the use of the Lord Jesus Christ's coming down from heaven, and dying for us?'

'True, my dear,' said Mrs. Fairchild: 'all true religion turns upon this,—that we poor creatures are so very bad, that we can do nothing to save ourselves; and that we must entirely trust to our dying Redeemer for salvation. But the Roman Catholics (or, more properly, the Papists) have many persons and ceremonies in which they trust besides Christ. They make images of saints and holy men, and worship them; and they whip their own bodies, and keep long fasts, and make long and painful journeys to the graves of saints: thinking by all these things to save themselves.—And now, my dears, you understand in part what the Roman Catholics are; and you know that the French are Roman Catholics, and that they formerly were governed by a very powerful king. So now go on with your story, Henry.'

"About one hundred and fifty years ago" (continued Henry, going on with his story), "there lived in France a certain great man, called the Baron of Bellemont: he was a proud man, and very rich; and his castle stood in one of the beautiful valleys of the Pyrenées, not far from the dwelling places of those holy people the Waldenses."

'What are Waldenses, Mamma?' said Henry.

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'Why, my dear,' answered Mrs. Fairchild, 'many hundred years ago, when all the nations of Europe began to corrupt themselves, by worshipping images of saints, obeying the pope, and following the Roman Catholic doctrines, a certain set of persons retired from the sight of the rest of mankind, and hid themselves in valleys, amongst hills: there they led innocent and holy lives for many ages, serving their God in purity, and resisting all the wicked desires of the Roman Catholics, who wished to turn them to their own corrupt religion. These people in some places were called *Waldenses;* in other, *Valdenses;* and some were called the *Poor Men of Lyons*, because there was a city called Lyons near their dwelling-places.'

"The Baron de Bellemont" (continued Henry, reading again,) "lived in a castle not far from the valleys of the Waldenses. He had one daughter, of the name of Adelaide, who was very beautiful; and as she was to have much of her father's riches at his death, every body flattered and seemed to admire her, and many rich and great men in France sought to marry her. The Baron had also a poor niece living with him, named Maria. Maria was not handsome, and she was poor; therefore nobody who came to the castle took any notice of her: and her cousin Adelaide treated her more like a servant than a relation. Yet Maria was in the sight of God, no doubt, more lovely than Adelaide, because she was a humble and pious young woman; whereas Adelaide had no fear of God. Maria had been nursed among the Waldenses, and had learned, with God's blessing, all the holy doctrines of these people from her nurse.

"When Adelaide and Maria were about twenty years of age, they were both married: Adelaide

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was married to the young Marquis de Roseville, one of the handsomest and richest men in France, and went to live in Paris with her husband, where she was introduced in the court of the king, and lived amongst the greatest and gayest people in France."

'Where is Paris, Mamma?' said Lucy.

'You know, my dear,' answered Mrs. Fairchild, 'that London is the chief town of England, and the residence of the king: in like manner, Paris is the chief town of France, and the king of France's palace is in Paris.'

"Maria's husband" (continued Henry) "was one of the pastors of the Waldenses, of the name of Claude: he lived in a small and neat cottage in a beautiful valley: he was a holy young man, and all his time and thoughts were given up to teaching his people and serving his God. Maria was much happier in her little cottage with her kind husband, than she had been in the castle of the Baron. She kept her house clean, and assisted her husband in dressing their little garden, and taking care of a few goats, which afforded them abundance of milk.

"When the Marchioness of Roseville had been married twelve months, she brought the Marquis a son, to whom his parents gave the name of Theodore. This child was so beautiful, that he was spoken of in Paris as a wonder; and his parents, who were very proud and vain before, became more and more so. All the Marchioness's love seemed to be fixed upon this child: so that, when at the end of two years more, she had a second son born, she shewed no affection whatever for him, although he was a lovely infant, not less beautiful than his brother, and of a tender and delicate constitution.

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"When this little infant, who was called Henrie, was little more than two months old, the Marquis and Marchioness undertook a journey to the Castle of Bellemont, to visit the old Baron, bringing their two sons with them. The fatigue of this journey was almost too much for poor little Henrie, who, when he arrived at his grandfather's castle, was so ill that it was supposed he could not live; but his mother, having no love but for her eldest child, did not appear to be in the least troubled by Henrie's sickness.

"As soon as Maria heard of her cousin's arrival at Bellemont she hastened over to see her, though she did not expect to be very kindly received. Maria, by this time, had two children; the youngest of which, who was more than a year old, and a very healthy child, she was just upon the point of weaning. When this kind woman saw poor little Henrie, and found that his parents did not love him, she begged her cousin to allow her to take the poor infant to her cottage in the valleys, where she promised to nourish him with her own milk, and to be as a tender mother to him. The Marchioness was glad to be freed from the charge of the sick child, and Maria was equally glad to have the poor baby to comfort. Accordingly, she took the little Henrie home with her; and he was brought up amongst her own children, in the fear of God and in innocent and holy habits.

"When the Marquis and Marchioness had remained awhile at the Castle of Bellemont, they returned with their favourite Theodore to Paris; and there they delivered themselves up to all the vicious habits of that dissipated place. The Marchioness never staid at home a single day, but spent her whole time in visiting, dancing, playing at cards, and going to public gardens, plays, and musical entertainments. She painted her face, and dressed

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herself in every kind of rich and vain ornament, and tried to set herself off for admiration; but she had little regard for her husband, and never thought of God. She was bold in her manners, fond of herself, and hard-hearted to every body else. The only person for whom she seemed to care was her son Theodore; for as for little Henrie she seemed to have forgotten that she had such a child; but she delighted in seeing her handsome Theodore well dressed, and encouraged him to prattle before company, and to shew himself off in public places, even when he was but an infant. She employed the most famous artists in Paris to draw his picture: she hired dancing-masters to teach him to carry himself well, and music-masters to teach him to sing and play: she herself arranged his glossy hair; and sometimes, when he was to go out with her, she rouged his cheeks, in order that he might look the handsomer. She employed many servants to attend upon him, and commanded them never to contradict him, but to do every thing to please him. As she continued to lead this life, she became every year more and more bold, and more hardened in wickedness: so that from beginning to be careless about God, she proceeded in time to mock at religion, and to despise all God's commandments. Nor was the Marquis any better than his wife: he was proud and quarrelsome: he despised God; and he loved no one but himself. He spent all his time amongst a set of wicked young men of his own rank: they sat up all night, drinking and swearing, playing at cards for large sums of money, mocking at their king, and scoffing at God.

"In this wicked manner they went on till Theodore was as much as fifteen years of age. In the mean time the old Baron died, and left all his money to his daughter: but the Marquis and Marchioness

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were not the better for all the riches left them by the Baron; for they became more and more wasteful, and more and more wicked.

"About this time the king, who was a very wicked man, began to talk of driving the Waldenses out of their pleasant valleys, or forcing them to become Roman Catholics: he consulted the great men in Paris about it; and they gave it as their opinion that it would be right, either to make them become Roman Catholics, or drive them out of the country. The Marquis, among the rest, gave his opinion against the Waldenses; never considering that he had a relation amongst them, and that his little son Henrie was at that very time living with them.

"Whilst these things were being talked of in the king's palace, Theodore was seized with a violent fever; and before any thing could be done for him, or his father and mother had any time for consideration, the poor boy died. The Marchioness was like a distracted woman when Theodore died; she screamed, and tore her hair, and found fault with God for what he had done: and the Marquis, to drive away the thoughts of his grief, went more and more into company, drinking and playing at cards and blaspheming God. When the grief of the Marquis and Marchioness for the loss of their beautiful Theodore was a little abated, they began to turn their thoughts towards their son Henrie, and they resolved to send for him. Accordingly the Marquis sent a trusty servant to the valleys of Piedmont, to bring Henrie to Paris. The servant carried a letter from the Marquis to the Pastor Claude, thanking him for his kind attention to the child, and requesting him to send him immediately to Paris. The servant also carried a handsome sum of money, as a present from the Marquis to Claude; which Claude, however, would not take.

"Whilst all these things, of which I have been

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telling you, were happening at Paris, little Henrie had been growing in stature and in the fear of God, in the humble yet pleasant cottage of Maria and the pious Claude. During the first years of his infancy he had been very delicate and tender, and no one would have reared him who had not loved him as tenderly as Maria had done; but from the time that she first saw him in the Castle of Bellemont she had loved him with all the love of the tenderest mother. As she carried him home in her arms she kissed his sweet pale face, dropping many tears upon it—'Oh, my sweet babe!' she said, 'your parents do not fear God: it would be better for you to die and go to your Saviour, before you have committed actual sin, than that you should be brought up according to the fashions of this world.' Then Maria looked up to Heaven, and prayed for the lovely infant who lay in her arms—'O my Saviour! O bleeding Lamb!' she said, 'if this sweet child is not to grow up to become a servant of God, take him now—now in his days of infancy: take him now to thyself, O blessed Saviour!'—In this manner Maria prayed for the little delicate Henrie, as she carried him towards her cottage: and often afterwards, when the poor little babe was unable to sleep, for he had much sickness during the first years of his infancy, she would walk with him in the little garden in the front of her cottage, and there would she sometimes offer up to God prayers to the same effect as the one I have now repeated; and sometimes she would sing him to rest by lovely hymns in praise of God, and of the wonderful work of the holy Trinity in bringing about the salvation of sinful man.

"Little Henrie very early shewed great delight in the sweet hymns sung by his tender nurse: even during the first year he learnt to stroke her

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cheek with his delicate hand, and to return her regard with many sweet smiles. Henrie was very beautiful, though always pale, never having very strong health. It seemed that God, in his great mercy, very early answered Maria's prayers in his behalf; for when he was very young, he shewed that his heart was filled with the love of God. (Blessed are those who, like holy St. John, are sanctified even from the womb.) Little Henrie always had the greatest fear of doing any thing which might make God angry: he was gentle and humble to all around him; and to his little cousins, the sons of Claude, he was most affectionate and mild. When they were old enough, these three little boys used to go with the Pastor Claude when he went to visit his poor people in their little cottages among the valleys, and hearken to all his holy discourse with them; and as he walked back, the little boys would often ask him to explain to them such things as he had been teaching to his people. Thus they acquired, when very young, such a knowledge of God, and of the holy Bible, as might have put to shame many of the wise and prudent of the world; making out the words of our blessed Saviour: 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to babes.' (Matt. xi. 25.)

"Many of the cottages which Claude and his little boys used to visit, were placed in spots of ground so beautiful, that they would have reminded you of the garden of Eden; some in deep and shady valleys, where the brooks of clear water ran murmuring among groves of trees and over mossy banks; some on high lawns on the sides of the mountains, where the eagles and mountain birds found shelter in the lofty forest trees: some of these cottages stood on the brows of rugged rocks,

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which jutted out from the side of the hills, on spots so steep and high that Claude's own little stout boys could scarcely climb them; and Claude was often obliged to carry little Henrie up these steeps in his arms. In these different situations were flowers of various colours, and of various kinds, and many beautiful trees, besides birds innumerable, and wild animals of various sorts. Claude knew the names and natures of all these; and he often passed the time, as he walked, in teaching these things to his children. Neither did he neglect, as they got older, to give them such instructions as they could get from books. He taught his little boys first to read French; and afterwards he made them well acquainted with Latin, and the history of ancient times, particularly the history of such holy people as have lived and died in the service of God; of such of them as 'through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens: women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goats-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, (of whom the world was not worthy); they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.' (Heb. xi.

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33—40.) Claude also taught his little boys to write; and they could sing sweetly many of the old Hymns and Psalms which from time immemorial had been practised among the Waldenses.

"Claude's own little sons were obliged to do many little homely household jobs, to help their mother: they used to fetch the goats to the cottage-door, along the hill-side path, and milk them, and feed them; they used to weed the garden; and often to sweep the house, and make up the fire. In all these things little Henrie was as forward as the rest, though the son of one of the greatest men in France. And here is one of the sweet influences of the Christian religion: by it the mountains are levelled, and the valleys exalted. But though this family were obliged to labour at the lowest work, yet they practised towards each other the most courteous and gentle manners, always in honour preferring each other, as it behoveth all Christians to do. In this manner Henrie was brought up amongst the Waldenses till he was more than twelve years of age, at which time the servant came from his father, the Marquis, to bring him to Paris.

"When the Marquis's letter arrived, all the little family in the Pastor Claude's house were full of grief. 'You must go, my dear child,' said the Pastor; 'you must go, my beloved Henrie: for the Marquis is your father, and you must obey him: but, oh! my heart aches when I think of the hard trials and temptations to which you will be exposed in the wicked world. With all the weakness of our depraved nature within, and all the snares and flatteries of the world without, how can we hope that such a child will be able to stand?'—'Yet I have confidence,' said Maria, wiping away her tears: 'I have prayed for this boy, this my dear boy; I have prayed for him a thousand and a

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thousand times; and I know that he is given to us: this our child will not be lost; I know he will not: he will be able to do all things well, Christ strengthening him.'—'Oh, Maria!' said the Pastor Claude, 'your faith puts me to shame: why should I doubt the goodness of God any more than you do?'

"In the mean time Henrie's grief was so great, that for some hours after the servant came he could not speak: he looked round on his dear father and mother, as he always called Claude and Maria, and on their two boys, who were like brothers to him: he looked on the cottage where he had spent so many happy days; and the woods, and valleys, and mountains; saying, Beyond this he knew nothing; and he wished that he had been born Claude and Maria's child, and that he might be allowed to spend all his life, as Claude had done, in serving God in that delighful valley.

"Whilst Maria, with many tears, was preparing things for Henrie's journey, the Pastor took the opportunity of talking privately to him, and giving him some advice, which he hoped, with God's blessing, might be useful to him. He took the child by the hand; and, leading him into a solitary path above the cottage, where they could walk unseen and unheard, he there entered into discourse with him. And first he explained to him the dangerous situation into which he was about to enter: he told him, with as much tenderness as possible, what his father's and his mother's characters were; that they never knew the fear of God, and that they acted as most persons do who are rich and powerful, and are not influenced by Divine grace: and he pointed out unto him how he ought to behave to his parents, telling him, that by perseverance in well-doing, and setting before them a holy example, he might, perhaps, be a means, under God.

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of turning them from their sinful courses to the way of everlasting life. The Pastor then reminded Henrie of the chief doctrines of his holy religion; those which from his earliest infancy he had endeavoured to fix upon his mind: first, the exceeding depravity and vileness of man's heart by nature, and that no man can do well, in the smallest degree, without the assistance of the Holy Spirit; and secondly, that no man is saved by any of his own works or deservings, but through faith in the merits of the dying Saviour. These, with many other things of like nature, the pious Claude besought Henrie always to have in remembrance, as he hoped to see his Redeemer in the land which is very far off; and he finished his discourse by giving Henrie a little Bible, in a small velvet bag, which he had received from his own father, and which he had been accustomed to carry in his pocket in all his visits to his poor people.——In these days, through the mercy of God, Bibles are so common that every little boy and girl may have one: but this was not the case in former days: Bibles were very scarce, and very difficult to get; and this Henrie knew, and therefore he knew how to value this present: he put it in his pocket, and prayed to God to give him grace to keep the words contained therein.

"It would only trouble you, were I to describe the sorrow of Claude's family, when, the next morning, Henrie, according to his father's orders, was dressed in a rich suit of clothes, and set upon a horse, which was to carry him from among the mountains to the Castle of Bellemont, where the Marquis's carriage waited for him. Henrie could not speak as the horses went down the valley; but his tears fell fast down his cheeks: every tree and every cottage which he passed, every pathway winding from the high road among the hills, reminded

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him of some sweet walk taken with Claude and his sons, or with his beloved nurse. As the road passed under one of the cottages which stood on a brow of a hill, Henrie heard the notes of one of those sweet hymns which his nurse had been accustomed to sing to him when he was a very little boy, and which she had afterwards taught him to sing himself. Henrie's heart at that moment was ready to burst with grief; and though the servants were close to him, yet he broke out in these words:—'Farewell, farewell, sweet and happy home! Farewell, lovely, lovely hills! Farewell, beloved friends! I shall never, never see you again! never, never more hear the sweet hymns of the Waldenses; or take pleasant walks with the beloved companions of my happy early days! Farewell, farewell, sweet, sweet home!'—'Do not give way to grief, sir,' said the servant: 'you are going to be a great man: you will see all the fine things in Paris, and be brought before the king.' The servant then gave him a long account of the grandeur and pleasures of Paris: but Henrie did not hear one word he said; for he was listening to the last faint sounds of the hymn, as they became more and more distant.

"Nothing particular happened to Henrie on his journey; and at the end of several days he arrived at the gates of his father's grand house at Paris. The Marchioness that evening (as was common with her) gave a ball and supper to a number of friends; and on this occasion the house was lighted up, and set off with all manner of ornaments. The company was just come, and the music beginning to play, when Henrie was brought into the hall. As soon as it was known who was come, the servants ran to tell the Marquis and Marchioness, and they ran into the hall to receive their son. The beauty of Henrie and his lovely mild look could not but

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please and delight his parents; and they said to each other, as they kissed him and embraced him, 'How could we live so long a stranger to this charming child!'—And now nothing but the Divine assistance of Him who will not suffer his chosen to be tempted above that which they are able to bear, could have saved Henrie from being spoiled by the praises and flattery which he received, and the finery and rich meats and drinks which were put in his way. His mother had expected that her son would have had an awkward and low appearance: she was therefore greatly surprised at his courteous and polite manners, which delighted her as much as his beauty.

"All that evening Henrie remained silent, modest, and serious; and, as soon as his parents would give him leave, he asked to go to bed. He was shewn into a room richly furnished, and so large that the whole of Claude's little cottage would have gone into it. The servant who attended him would have undressed him; but he begged to be left alone, saying he had been used to dress and undress himself. As soon as the servant was gone, he took out his Bible and read a chapter; after which, kneeling down, he prayed his Almighty Father to take care of him now in this time of temptation, when he feared he might be drawn aside to forget his God. I shall put down Henrie's prayer in this place for your use, and also a translation of the hymn which he sang afterwards as he was going to bed. You may like, perhaps, to have this prayer to turn to, should you ever find yourself in a state of trial resembling Henrie's."

And here I shall finish my chapter, as Mr. Fairchild called to his children to tell them that he wanted his dinner; and whilst the little girls laid the cloth and set out their dinner, their brother

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went down with his pitcher to fetch some water from the brook.

A Prayer to be used in Time of Temptation.

O holy Father! hear the prayer of a poor weak child. Through the grace of thy Holy Spirit I wish to be a good child: I wish to serve thee in this world, and to go to heaven when I die. I love thy holy children, the saints of God; and I wish to love my Saviour, who died for me; but there are many things about me which tempt me to forget God, and to follow after the vain and wicked pleasures of this world: my own evil heart, too, is always longing after earthly things! so that, what with temptation within and temptation without, I shall certainly turn again into wickedness, and forget thee, my God, unless thou, O Lord, wilt have pity on me. And now again I call on thee, my dear Saviour, that thou wouldest intercede for me, when, by reason of my sin and the sore temptations which surround me, I cannot pray for myself. O plead for me before thy holy Father; beseech him to send me his Holy Spirit; tell him how thou didst bleed and die to save me. Oh! I cannot save myself; I cannot stand in the hour of temptation, if thou dost forsake me. I am a poor, young, ignorant creature, the child of sinful parents, and without power to do one good thing. O glorious and holy Father, if thou dost not take care of me, what will become of me? Oh! save me, save me, in this hour of temptation. Save me from the world, my own wicked heart, and the power of the devil, who like a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour; for thou, O Holy Trinity, art able to save all who come unto thee, even the most miserable of sinners.

And now to God the Father, the Son, and the

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Holy Spirit, be all glory and honour for ever and ever. *Amen.*

HYMN XXI.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy praise:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the Mount; O fix me on it!
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
Hereby I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord—take and seal it:
Seal it from the courts above.

SECOND PART OF THE STORY IN LUCY'S BOOK.

When Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and the children had dined, Henry went on with his story.—

"The young son of the Marquis de Roseville did not awake early, having been much tired with his journey. When he had dressed he was taken to breakfast in his mother's dressing room: she was

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alone, as the Marquis had gone out after the ball the night before, and was not returned. The Marchioness kissed Henrie, and made him sit down by her, shewing him every proof of her love: nevertheless, every thing he saw and heard made him wish himself back again in the cottage amongst the hills. He could perceive by the day-light, what he had not found out the night before, that his mother was painted white and red; and that she had a bold and fretful look, which made her large dark eyes quite terrible to him. He was grieved also to see all the vain ornaments that were scattered about the room; and he wondered at the number of looking-glasses, and phials of washes, and pots of paint, and brushes, which he saw in different places.

"Whilst the Marchioness and Henrie sat at breakfast, she asked him a great many questions about his education and manner of life among the mountains. He did not hide any thing from her, but told her that he had been brought up according to the faith and belief of the people of the valleys, and that he never intended to become a Roman Catholic. She answered, that it was time enough for him to trouble himself about religion. 'You have a long life before you, Henrie,' she said, 'and have many pleasures to enjoy: it will be well enough to become devout when you are near death.' —'May not death be near now?' said Henrie, looking very serious: 'had my brother Theodore any greater reason to expect death than I have? and yet he was suddenly called before God, to give an account of his actions.'—The Marchioness looked gravely for a moment; then smiled, and said, 'Oh! Henrie, Henrie! how laughable it is to hear one at your age speaking so seriously! Yet every thing sounds prettily out of your mouth,' she added, kissing him, 'for you are a charming boy.

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But come,' she said, 'I will be dressed; and we will go out and pay visits, and I will shew you something of this fine city.'

"When the Marchioness was dressed, she and Henrie went out in the carriage; and, returning at dinner time, they found the Marquis at home: he looked pale and fatigued, but was pleased to embrace his son, with whom he seemed better and better satisfied as he saw more of him.

"The next day a tutor was appointed for Henrie: he was a Roman Catholic priest, or clergyman; and, although he bore the character of a clergyman, he seemed to have no thought of religion: he took great pains to teach Henrie such things as he thought would please his father and mother, and make him appear clever before his fellow-creatures, but he had no desire to make him a good man. Besides this tutor, Henrie had masters to teach him music and dancing and drawing, and all such things as were wont to be taught to the children of the great men at that time in France. Thus Henrie's mornings were employed by attending on his masters; and his mother often in an evening took him out to pay visits, and to balls and public amusements. He was introduced several times to the king, and became acquainted with all the nobility in Paris. But amongst all these worldly pleasures and employments, the blessed Lord God, with whom all things are possible, still held the heart of Henrie; so that he took no delight in all these fine things, but was willing 'rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' (Heb. xi. 25.)

"When Henrie had been in Paris about six months, it happened that one day his father went to the king's palace to pay his court: it so was, that something had vexed the King that day, and

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he did not receive the Marquis so cordially as he had been used to do. This affronted the Marquis so much (for he was a very proud man), that from that time he gave himself up altogether to abusing the King, and contriving how to do him mischief; and he invited to his house all the people of consequence in Paris who were discontented with the King: so that his house was filled with bad people, who were always contriving mischief against the King, and were disobedient to God. These people used to meet almost every evening to sup at the Marquis's; and you would be shocked if I were to repeat to you the vile language which they used, and how they used to rail against their king and blaspheme their Maker. On these occasions they drank abundance of wine: after which they used to play at cards for large sums of money; and the Marquis and Marchioness, not being so clever in play as some others of the party, lost a great deal of money; so that, what with their extravagance and what with the money they lost at cards, they had almost wasted all they possessed, and were in debt to every body who supplied them with any thing.

"Poor Henrie, although so young, understood very well the wicked way in which his father and mother went on; and though he did not dare to speak to his father about the manner of life he led, yet he spoke several times to his mother. He reminded her that death would come, and that then she must stand before God and give an account of all her actions. 'And, oh! my dear mother,' he would say, 'what will you think, when you see our Saviour coming in his glory with all his holy angels, of all those wicked and blasphemous words which are spoken by the company at supper every evening, and which you and my father laugh at, and look so much delighted with?'—Sometimes

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the Marchioness would laugh at Henrie when he talked to her in this way; and sometimes she would be quite angry, and tell him that he was meddling with things which he could not understand. When Henrie found that his mother would not listen to any thing he would say, he left off speaking to her upon these subjects, and took to prayer. Every day he prayed for her and for his father, that God would turn their hearts: and he prayed so earnestly, that he often got up from his knees with his face all bathed with tears. And God in his mercy heard his prayer; for the faithful, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

"Abusing the king, and forming schemes and contrivances, is called treason. It was not long before the treasonable practices of the Marquis, and the bad company he kept, were made known to the King, who, one night, without giving warning to any one, sent certain persons with a guard to seize the Marquis, and convey him to a strong castle in a very distant part of France, where he was to be confined for life: at the same time, the King gave orders to seize all the Marquis's property for his own use. It was one night in the spring, just after the Marquis's wicked companions had taken their leave, that the persons sent by the King rushed into the Marquis's house, and, making him a prisoner in the name of the King, forced him into a carriage, with his wife and son; scarcely giving them time to gather together a little linen, and a few other necessary things, to take with them: amongst these, Henrie did not forget his little Bible, and an old Book of Martyrs, which he had bought in a book-stall a few days before.

"The Marquis and his family, well guarded, were hurried away so fast, that before the dawn of morning they were some miles from Paris. The Marquis then asked the persons who rode by the car-

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riage, where they were taking him: they answered, that his plots against the King had been found out, and that he was going to be put into a place where it would be out of his power to execute any of his mischievous purposes. On hearing this, the Marquis broke out into a violent rage, abusing the King, and calling him every vile name he could think of: after which he became sullen, and continued so to the end of his journey. The Marchioness cried almost without ceasing, calling herself the most miserable of women, and wishing she had never seen the Marquis. Henrie remained silent and patient, secretly praying that God would make these afflictions work together for good for his dear parents.

"At the end of several days, towards the evening, they entered into a deep road between two high hills, which were so near each other that from one hill the cottages and little gardens and sheepfolds, with the cows and sheep feeding, might be plainly seen on the other. As they went on further, they saw a little village on the right hand, among some trees; and above the village, a large old castle, with high walls and towers, and an immense gateway with an iron gate."

'Mamma,' said Henry, stopping a moment, 'the word Castle has often been used in this story: it is some kind of a house, I suppose; but I don't exactly know what kind.'

'In former times, my dear,' answered Mrs. Fairchild, 'when men were more rough, and savage, and quarrelsome, than they are now, people used to build immense high buildings for their defence from their enemies, with towers like the towers of our church, and strong walls round them, and immense gates which could not be broken through without great force. These buildings were called

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Castles, and there are still many of them standing in different parts of the world. Under these castles were generally dismal deep vaults or dungeons, where prisoners taken in war, or people who gave offence to the lords of these castles, were confined.'

'Now I know what a castle is, Mamma,' said Henry: 'so I will go on with my story.'

"When the Marquis saw the castle he groaned, for he supposed that this was the place in which he was to be confined; and the Marchioness broke out afresh in crying and lamenting herself; but Henrie said not one word. The carriage took the road straight to the castle, and the guard kept close, as if they were afraid the Marquis should strive to get away. They passed through the little village, and then saw the great gate of the castle right before them, higher up the hill. It was almost dusk before the carriage stopped at the castle gate; and the guards called to the Porter (that is, the man who has the care of the gate) to open the gate, and call the Governor of the castle. When the Porter opened the gate, the guard took the Marquis out of the carriage, and, all gathering close round him, led him through the gates into the outer court of the castle, which was surrounded by dark high buildings, Henrie and his mother following. From thence they went through another gate, and up a number of stone steps, till they came into an immense hall, so big that it looked like a large old church: from the roof of this hall hung several lamps, which were burning; for it was now quite dark. There the Governor of the castle, a respectable-looking old officer, with a band of soldiers, met the Marquis and received him into his charge. He spoke civilly to the Marquis, and kindly to Henrie and his mother. 'Do not afflict yourself, Madam,' he said: 'I am the King's servant, and must obey

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the King's orders; but if I find that you and the Marquis are patient under your punishment, I shall make you as comfortable as my duty to the King will allow.'—To this kind speech the Marchioness only answered by breaking out like a child, crying afresh; and the Marquis was so sullen that he would not speak at all: but Henrie, running up and kissing the hand of the old gentleman, said, 'Oh, Sir! God will reward you for your kindness to my poor father and mother: you must pardon them if they are not able to speak.' —'You are a fine boy,' said the old gentleman; 'and it is a pity that at your age you should share your parents' punishment, and be shut up in this place.'—'Where my father and mother are,' answered Henrie, 'I shall be best contented, Sir: I do not wish to be parted from them.'

"The Governor looked pleased with Henrie; and giving his orders to his soldiers, they took up a lamp, and led the poor Marquis to the room where he was to be shut up for the remainder of his life. They led him through many large rooms, and up several flights of stone steps, till they came to the door of a gallery, at which a centinel stood: the centinel opened the door, and the Marquis was led along the gallery to a second door, which was barred with iron bars. Whilst the soldiers were unbarring this door, the Marquis groaned, and wished he had never been born; and the poor Marchioness was obliged to lean upon Henrie, or she would have fallen to the ground. When the iron-barred door was opened, the guard told the Marquis and his family to walk forward; 'For this,' said they, 'is your room.' Accordingly, the Marquis and his wife and Henrie went on into the room, whilst the guard shut and barred the door behind them. One little lamp, hanging from the top of the room, but high above their reach

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(for the rooms in those old castles are in general very lofty), was all the light they had: by this light they could just distinguish a large grated window, a fire-place, a table, some chairs, and two beds placed in different corners of the room. However, the unhappy family offered not to go near the beds; but the Marquis and Marchioness, throwing themselves on the ground, began to rail at each other and at the King, and even at God. Poor Henrie endeavoured to sooth and comfort them, begging them to forgive each other, and not to make God more angry: but they pushed him from them like people in a frenzy, saying, 'Go, go! would to God you were in your grave with your brother Theodore!'—Henrie withdrew to a distance, and, kneeling down in a dark part of the room, he continued to pray for his poor father and mother; till, being quite weary, he fell fast asleep on the floor.

"When Henrie awoke he was surprised to find it was daylight: he sat up, and looked round him on the prison-room; it was a large and airy room, receiving light from a window strongly grated with iron. In two corners of the room were two old-fashioned, but clean and comfortable-looking, beds: opposite the beds were a chimney-piece, and hearth for burning wood; and several old-fashioned chairs and a table stood against the wall: there were also in the room two doors, which led into small closets.

"Henrie's poor father and mother had fallen asleep on the floor, after having wearied themselves with their violent grief; the Marquis had made a pillow of his cloak, and the Marchioness of a small bundle which she had brought in her hand out of the carriage. Henrie looked at them till his eyes were full of tears: they looked pale and sorrowful even in their sleep. He got up gently, for fear of disturbing his poor parents, and

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went to the window: the air from the opposite hill blew sweet and fresh in at the casement: it reminded Henrie of the air which he used to breathe in Claude's cottage. The window was exceedingly high from the court of the castle; so that the little village below, and the opposite green hill, with its cottages, and flocks, and herds, were all to be seen from thence above the walls of the court. 'What reason have we to be thankful to God!' said Henrie: 'I was afraid my poor father might have been shut down in a dismal vault, without light and fresh air. If the Governor of the castle will but allow us to stay here, and give us only bread and water, we may be happy: and I have my little Bible, and my Book of Martyrs. O that my dear parents would study this little precious Bible! how happy might we still be! happier far than we were at Paris! Blessed afflictions, I should then say, which brought my poor father and mother to God!'

"Whilst Henrie stood at the window, he heard some one unbar the door; and an old man came in with a basket, in which was a comfortable breakfast. 'I have orders,' said he, 'from my lord the Governor, to give you every thing which is convenient.'—'God bless your lord!' said Henrie: and he begged the old man to return his thanks to him.—'I shall come again presently,' said the old man, 'and bring you the things which you brought with you in the carriage.'—'Your lord the Governor is a good man,' said Henrie: 'Heaven bless him!'—'My lord fears God,' said the old man; 'and if your noble father will but make himself contented, and not try to get away, he will have nothing to complain of here: and you would do well to tell him so. My young gentleman, excuse an old man for giving his advice.'—Henrie

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went up to the old man, and, taking his hand, thanked him for his kindness.

"When the old man was gone, Henrie, full of joy and thankfulness to God, began to take the things out of the basket, and to set them in order upon the table: and now Henrie found the use of having been brought up to wait upon himself, and upon others: he soon set out the little table in the neatest way, and set a chair for each of his parents; and all this so quietly, that the poor Marquis and Marchioness did not awake till he had done. The Marchioness first opened her eyes, and looked round her. Henrie ran to her, and, kissing her, said, 'Dear mother, get up, and join with me in praising God: see what comforts God has prepared for us! We are fallen into good hands: look around on this room; how light, how airy, and how pleasant it is!' Henrie then told her all the kindness of the Governor, and shewed her the breakfast prepared for them; but she still looked sullen and unthankful, and began to blame the Marquis, as he lay asleep, as the cause of all her afflictions. 'Oh, mother! dear mother!' said Henrie, vexed, 'this is wrong, very wrong: now is not a time to find fault with each other: we are all sinners; we have all done wrong. Look at my poor father: how pale he looks, and how he sighs in his sleep! You once loved him, dear mother: oh! now love him again, and comfort him in his trouble.'

"In this manner Henrie talked to his mother till she broke out into tears, and putting her arms round Henrie's neck, 'My child, my Henry,' she said, 'you are too good for me!' Yet still Henrie could not persuade her to take any breakfast: she placed herself in a chair in a corner of the room, and, leaning her head upon her hands, continued crying without ceasing.

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"When the Marquis awoke, Henrie endeavoured to comfort him as he had done his mother: the Marquis embraced him, and called him his beloved child, and only comfort; but he complained that he was ill, and put his hand to his head. Henrie brought him a dish of coffee, which he made him drink; and the old man coming in with the linen, and other things, which had been brought from Paris, they put some clean linen on the Marquis, and the old man and Henrie assisted him to bed. The Marquis continued to get worse, and before night he was in a violent fever. This fever continued many days, and brought him very near to his death. Whilst this illness lasted, Henrie never left him; and the Governor of the castle not only provided him with every thing he wanted, but brought a doctor from the village to see him.

"For many days the poor Marquis did not seem to know any thing that passed, or to know where he was, or who was with him, but seemed in great horror of mind, expressing great dread of death; but when his fever left him, though he was very weak, he recovered his recollection, and expressed himself very thankful for the kindness he had received, particularly from the Governor and the Doctor. As to Henrie, he kissed him often, called him his darling son, and could not bear him to leave him for a moment. It was lovely to see how Henrie watched by his poor father, and how he talked to him; sometimes soothing and comforting, and sometimes giving him descriptions of the happy manner in which he used to live in Claude's cottage: 'And all this happiness, dear Father,' he would say, 'came from our being religious; for all the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'—'Claude and Maria,' said the Marquis one day to Henrie, 'were very good people: they always led innocent lives: they had

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no sins to trouble their consciences; therefore they were happy: but I have many evil actions to remember, Henrie. If religion is true, and there is a place of punishment in the next world, I must be miserable: I dare not think of it, and should be sorry to believe it.'—'Oh, dear Father,' said Henrie, 'how you mistake the nature of religion! Our dear Saviour came to save sinners, not faultless beings: he came to cure the sick, and heal the broken-hearted. If you have been a sinner, dear Father, you are such a one as our Saviour came to seek. Do, dear Father, let me read the Bible to you. I have got a little Bible; and I will, if you please, read a little to you every day, as you can bear it: and then you will be able yourself to judge from this holy Book, that in the eyes of God all men are miserable sinners; and that it was on this account that God sent his Son, that through faith in him they might be saved.'

"The Marquis did not refuse to hear Henrie read: accordingly, every day this pious son used to read certain portions of Scripture to his father, choosing those parts first which shewed man's utter wickedness, and want of power to save himself; and afterwards, those parts which set forth what had been contrived of God for man's salvation. The Marquis having nothing else to take his attention—no cards, no wine, no gay companions—and being still confined by weakness to his bed, often lay for many hours listening to the holy Word of God. At first, as he afterwards owned, he had no pleasure in it, and would rather have avoided hearing it; but how could he refuse his darling son, when he begged him to hear a little, only a little more?

"In the mean time, the Marchioness appeared sullen, proud, and unforgiving: she seldom came near her husband, but sometimes spent the day in

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crying and lamenting herself, and sometimes in looking over the few things which she had brought with her from Paris. The Governor of the castle, seeing her so miserable, told her that he had no orders from the King to keep her or her son in confinement, and that she had liberty to depart when she pleased, and to take her son with her: but Henrie would not hear of leaving his poor father, and used all his endeavours to persuade his mother to stay.

"When the Marquis was first able to leave his bed, and sit in his chair opposite the window, Henrie was very happy: he brought him clean linen, and assisted him to dress; and when he had led him to his chair, he set the table before him, and arranged upon it, as neatly as he could, the little dinner which the old man had brought in the basket, with a bottle of weak but pleasant wine, which the Governor had sent him. 'Dear Father,' said Henrie, 'you begin to look well: you look even better than you did when you were at Paris. Oh! if you could but learn to love and fear God, you might now be happier than ever you were in all your life; and we might all be happy, if my poor mother would but come to you, and love you as she used to do. Oh! come, dear Mother,' added Henrie, going up to her, and taking her hand; 'come to my father, come to my poor father: you loved him once; love him again.'—In this manner Henrie begged and entreated his mother to be reconciled to his father. The Marchioness at first seemed obstinate; but at last she was overcome; and running to her husband, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him affectionately; whilst he, embracing her, called her his beloved wife, his own Adelaide. This little family then sat down to their dinner, enjoying the lovely prospect, and the soft

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and delightful breezes from the opposite hill; and after they had dined, Henry sang to his parents some of the sweet hymns he had learned when living in the valleys of Piedmont.

"Henrie had done a great work; he had made peace between his father and his mother: and now he saw, with great delight, his poor father, gaining strength daily; and though sometimes full of sorrow, yet, upon the whole, composed, and never breaking out in blasphemous words. Henrie used to lay his Bible, and Book of Martyrs, on the table, by his father: the Marquis sometimes took up one, and sometimes another, and would read awhile; and then, laying them down, sit in a thoughtful manner for some time. All these things pleased Henrie; and he believed that God had already heard his prayer, and begun to change his father's heart.

"About this time the Governor of the castle invited Henrie to dine with him. Henry was much pleased with the Governor, who received him kindly, and took him to walk with him in the village. 'I am glad to hear,' said the Governor, 'that your father is more contented than he was at first; and you may tell him, from me, that if he will endeavour to make himself easy, and not attempt to escape, I will always do every thing in my power to make him comfortable: and now, if you can tell me what I can send him, which you think will please him or your mother, if in my power, you shall have it.'—'Oh, Sir!' said Henrie, 'God has certainly put it into your heart to be kind to my dear father.' Henrie then mentioned that he had heard his father say, that in his younger days he had been very fond of drawing; and he begged of the Governor a small box of colours, and some paper; and also needles and thread, and linen, for his mother. With what

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joy did Henrie run back to his father and mother, in the evening, with these things! They received him as if he had been a long while absent from them, instead of only a few hours.

"What Henry had brought afforded great amusement to the poor Marquis and Marchioness: the Marquis passing his time in drawing, and the Marchioness with her needle-work, whilst Henrie continually read and talked to them, giving them accounts of the holy and happy lives which the Waldenses led, and the sweet discourses which used to pass between Claude and his little children: he often talked till his poor father and mother were melted into tears. One day the Marquis said to his son, 'Oh! my Henrie, you are happy, and Claude is happy, and Maria is happy. To be at peace with God must be the first of all blessings: had I all I once possessed, all my fine houses, all my large estates, all my money, I would give them all to be at peace with God. But I fear, Henrie, that I have sinned past forgiveness. Oh! how have I blasphemed God, and mocked him, and endeavoured to persecute his children! I cannot think, Henrie, that I can be forgiven. I think of God as of an enemy. I feel that he hates me, and this makes me feel angry against him in return, and I cannot love him. Oh, Henrie, Henrie, would to God I had been brought up as you were!'—To this Henrie answered, that the atonement which God had provided for sinful man was so large, so abundant, so great, that it is more than sufficient for all our sins. 'He that died for us, my dear Father, is God,' said Henrie; 'the infinite, eternal, ever-living God. If your sins, my dear Father, have been without number, and black as night, yet he that died for you was all fair; there was no spot in him: and he has promised, Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though

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they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.)

"In this manner Henrie and his father used to converse. Neither were Henrie's arguments lost upon his father: the Marquis read the Bible more and more; and Henrie, early one morning, found him at prayer in one of his closets. He was so delighted, that he could not help crying with joy; but he did not mention what he had seen.—In this manner the summer passed away, and the winter came: the Governor then finding that the Marquis was content, and made no attempt to escape, allowed the prisoners abundance of wood for fire, and candles, with every convenience which could make the winter pass away pleasantly; and he often came himself and passed an evening with them, ordering his supper into the room. The Governor was an agreeable man, and had travelled into many countries, which he used to describe to Henrie. He loved to hear Henrie read the Bible; and though he did not say so directly, yet it appeared that he in his heart favoured the Waldenses; for he often asked Henrie about them and their manner of living. When the Governor paid his evening visit, it was a day of festivity to the Marquis and his little family; and when he did not come, their evenings passed pleasantly, whilst Henrie read the Bible aloud and the Marchioness sewed. In the mean time the work of grace seemed to advance in the heart of the Marquis; and he that but a year ago was proud, insolent, self-indulgent, boasting, blasphemous, was now humble, gentle, polite, in honour preferring all men. His behaviour to the Marchioness was quite changed: he was tender and affectionate towards her, bearing with patience many of her little fretful ways. Henrie often observed him during the day going into his closet; from which he came out with his eyes red, as if he

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had been in tears, perhaps confessing his sins before God, and begging forgiveness for his dear Son's sake.

"Henrie had never been happier in his life than he now was; insomuch, that he could not help jumping and tripping as he went along the room, and breaking out into singing hymns of praise. 'My boy,' said the Marquis one day to him, 'you seem full of joy in your prison.'—'Yes, my dear Father,' said Henrie, running up to the Marquis, 'I am happy, because I hope to spend a happy eternity with you in the presence of Him who died for us.'—'Oh, beloved Henrie!' said the Marquis, putting his arms round his neck; 'blessed child! you, under God, have been the means of bringing your poor sinful father to his Saviour.'

"In this manner the winter passed away, and the spring arrived; at which time the Governor gave the Marquis permission, attended by a guard, to walk with his family every day upon the roof of the castle. There the Marquis enjoyed the fresh air and the beautiful prospect; and he said that all the pleasures of Paris were not to be compared to his happiness on such occasions.

"Four years did the Marquis and his family live in this confinement. All this time the Marquis and Henrie grew in grace, and ripened for eternity; insomuch, that the Marquis at length, like the martyrs of old, instead of fearing death, began to look forward with hope to the happy time when he should be present with the Lord, and absent from the body: and holy Henrie, seeing his earnest prayers granted, and both his parents' hearts turned to God, was ready to depart whenever it should please God to call him. At the end of the fourth year of the Marquis's confinement, the small-pox broke out in the village, and the infection was brought to the castle: the Marquis and Henrie were both seized

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by this dreadful disease, and both died in consequence. Thus God, in his great mercy, removed them from this world of sin and sorrow into glory. After their deaths the poor Marchioness, hearing that the Waldenses had been driven from their happy valleys by the King, removed into a small house in the village near, where the Governor supported and protected her till her dying day. She lived in the fear of God, and died in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ; rejoicing in the hope of being restored to her beloved husband and children.—I shall give you in this place a little prayer, which Hearie used for his father and mother, and which any child, who is so unfortunate as to have any relations who do not fear God, may make use of in their behalf.

"*A Prayer to be used by a Child for unbelieving and ungodly Friends and Relations.*

"O Lord God Almighty! hear the prayer of a poor child, who comes before thee, not in his own name, but in the name of that dear Saviour who died for him upon the cross. I come now, O Lord, in his dear name, to ask thee to have pity on my dear *(father, or mother, or brother, &c. &c.)* who is living without God, and who never thinks of his Saviour, and has no care about his soul. O Lord God Almighty! turn the heart of this my poor friend; turn his heart, and let him not die in sin. O Lord, how dreadful would it be if he should die and go to hell, there to live for ever in the lake of fire and brimstone! Oh! save him, save him from this dreadful place! Give him faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and wash him from his sins in the blood of the bleeding Lamb. He does not think of praying for himself: O, therefore, accept my prayers for him! And thou, O dear Saviour, plead

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for him, that he may not be lost! I will come unto thee, O Father, again and again: I will call upon thee day after day, for this my poor friend, who lives in wickedness. O Almighty God, hearken unto my prayer; I beseech thee, hearken to it, for the sake of Him in whose name I come, even my beloved Saviour, thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ: to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*"

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XXII.

ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

See human nature sunk in shame!
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name!
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abus'd, the soul undone!

See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow!

My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves:
Thine own all-saving Arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

A STORY ON BESETTING SINS.

ONE Sunday, soon after the death of poor Miss Augusta Noble, Mrs. Fairchild having a bad cold, could not go to church with the rest of the family.

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When the children were come home from church, Mrs. Fairchild asked Lucy what the sermon was about.

"Mamma," said Lucy, taking her Bible out of her little basket, "I will shew you the text: it is in Hebrews xii. 1: 'Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.'"

When Mrs. Fairchild had looked at the text she said, "And do you remember any thing more of the sermon, Lucy?"

"Indeed, Mamma," said Lucy, "I did not understand the sermon: it was all about besetting sins. What are they, Mamma?"

"You know, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "that our hearts are all by nature wicked."

"O yes, Mamma: I know that," answered Lucy.

"Do you recollect, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "what things our Lord says naturally proceed out of man's heart?"

Lucy. "Yes, Mamma: 'From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within, and defile the man.' (Mark vii. 21—23.)"

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "although our hearts are naturally inclined towards all kinds of sins which are named in these verses, yet every man is not inclined alike to every kind of sin."

"I don't quite understand you, Mamma," said Lucy.

"Why," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "what I mean is this; that one man's evil heart tempts him particularly to one kind of sin, and another man's to another. One man, perhaps, is inclined to covetousness: another, to be drunken; another, to swear and blaspheme; another, to lie and deceive;

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another, to be angry and cruel: and that sin which a man feels himself most inclined to is called his besetting sin."

"Oh! now I know what besetting sins mean," answered Lucy. "Has every body a besetting sin, Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild: "we all have, although we do not all know what they are; for Satan will, if possible, keep us from the knowledge of our own evil hearts."

"Have I a besetting sin, Mamma?" said Lucy.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"What is it, Mamma?" asked Lucy.

"Can you not tell what fault you fall into oftener than any other?" said Mrs. Fairchild.

Lucy considered a little, and then answered, She did not know.

"I think, my dear," said Mrs. Fairchild, "although it is hard to judge any other person's heart, that your besetting sin is envy. I think I have often observed this fault in you. You were envious about Emily's doll, and about poor Miss Augusta Noble's fine house and clothes and servants, and about the muslin and ribbon I gave to Emily one day, and the strawberry your papa gave to Henry: and I have often thought you shewed envy on other occasions."

Lucy looked grave when her mamma spoke, and the tears came into her eyes. "Mamma," she said, "I am a wicked girl: my heart is full of envy at times: but I pray that God would take this sin out of my heart; and I hate myself for it—you don't know how much, Mamma."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Fairchild, kissing Lucy, "if you really grieve for your sins, and call in faith upon the Lord Jesus Christ, you will surely in God's good time be set free from them. And, oh! how happy shall we be when we have no longer any sinful passions to trouble us; when our hearts

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are filled with 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance' (Gal. v. 22, 23.)—And now, my dear," added Mrs. Fairchild, "you know what is meant by the sin which doth so easily beset us, and you understand that every person has some one besetting sin."

"Yes, Mamma," said Lucy; "and you have told me what my own besetting sin is, and I feel that you have found out the right one. But, Mamma, you said, that many people do not know their own besetting sins."

"No persons know their sins, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "but those who have received the Spirit of God. It is the work of the Spirit to search our evil hearts, and convince us of our wickedness; but irreligious people do not know their hearts, and have no idea of their besetting sins: indeed, they would laugh if you were to speak of such things before them."

Whilst Mrs. Fairchild was speaking these last words, they heard the dinner-bell ring; so they broke off their discourse, and went down stairs. Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and all the family were sitting at dinner, they saw through the window a man on horseback, carrying a large basket, ride up to the door. Mr. Fairchild sent John out to see who this person was; and John presently returned with a letter, and a haunch of venison packed in a basket. "Sir," said John, "the man says that he is one Mr. Crosbie of London's servant; and that he has brought you a letter, with his master's compliments, and also a haunch of venison."

"Mr. Crosbie's servant!" said Mr. Fairchild, taking the letter and reading it aloud, as follows:—

'Dear Mr. Fairchild,

'I and my wife, and my sister Miss Crosbie, and 'my daughter Betty, have been taking a journey for

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'our health this summer. We left London three 'months ago, and have been down as far as York-'shire. We are now returning home, and have 'turned a little out of our way to see you, as it is 'as much as twelve years since we met; so you 'may look for us, no accident happening, to-morrow 'a little before two. We hope to dine with you, 'and to go on in the evening to the next town, for 'our time is short. I have sent a fine haunch of 'venison, which I bought yesterday from the inn-'keeper where we slept: it will be just fit for dress-'ing to-morrow; so I shall be obliged to Mrs. 'Fairchild to order her cook to roast it by two 'o'clock, which is my dinner hour. My man 'Thomas, who brings this letter, will tell the cook 'how I like to have my venison dressed: and he 'brings a pot of currant jelly, to make sauce, in 'case you should have none by you; though I 'dare say this precaution is not necessary, as Mrs. 'Fairchild, no doubt, has all these things by her. 'I am not particular about my eating; but I should 'be obliged to you if you would have the venison 'ready by two o'clock, and let Thomas direct your 'cook. My wife and sister, and daughter Betty, send 'best compliments to our old friend Mrs Fairchild; 'and, hoping we shall meet in health to-morrow,

'I remain, dear Mr. Fairchild, your old friend,

'OBADIAH CROSBIE.

'P.S. You will find the haunch excellent: we 'dined upon the neck yesterday, and it was the 'best I ever tasted.'

When Mr. Fairchild had finished the letter, he smiled, and said, "I shall be very glad to see our old friends; but I am sorry poor Mr. Crosbie still thinks so much about eating. It was always his besetting sin, and it seems to have grown stronger upon him as he has got older."

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"Who is Mr. Crosbie, Papa?" said Lucy.

"Mr. Crosbie, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild, "lives in London. He has a large fortune, which he got in trade. He has given up business some years, and now lives upon his fortune. When your mamma and I were in London, twelve years ago, we were at Mr. Crosbie's house, where we were very kindly treated: therefore we must do the best we can to receive Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie kindly, and to make them as comfortable as possible."

When John went to church that same evening, Mr. Fairchild desired him to tell Nurse to come the next day to help Betty, for Nurse was a very good cook: and the next morning Mrs. Fairchild prepared every thing to receive Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie, and Mr. Fairchild invited Mr. Somers to meet them at dinner. When the clock struck one, Mrs. Fairchild dressed herself and the children, and then went into a little tea-room, the window of which opened upon a small grass-plat, surrounded by rose bushes and other flowering shrubs. Mr. Somers came in a little before two, and sat with Mrs. Fairchild.

When the clock struck two, Mr. Crosbie's family were not come, and Mr. Fairchild sent Henry to the garden-gate to look if he could see the carriage at a distance. When Henry returned, he said that he could see the carriage, but it was still a good way off. "I am afraid the venison will be over-roasted," said Mrs. Fairchild smiling. Henry soon after went again to the gate, and got there just in time to open it wide for Mr. Crosbie's carriage. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild ran out to receive their friends.

"I am glad to see you once again," said Mr. Crosbie, as he stepped out of the coach, followed by Mrs. Crosbie, Miss Crosbie, Miss Betty, and Mrs. Crosbie's maid.

Mr. Crosbie was a very fat man, with a red

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face; but he looked good-humoured, and had in his younger days been handsome. Mrs. Crosbie was a little thin woman, and there was nothing in her appearance which pleased Emily and Lucy, though she spoke civilly to them. Miss Crosbie was as old as her brother, but she did not look so, for her face was painted red and white: and she and Miss Betty had sky-blue hats and tippets with white feathers, which Lucy and Emily thought very beautiful.

"Have you any company, Mrs. Fairchild?" said Miss Crosbie, as Mrs. Fairchild was leading them into the parlour.

"Only one gentleman, Mr. Somers, our Rector," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"Oh! then I must not appear in this gown! and my hair too is all rough!" said Miss Crosbie: "I must put on another gown: I am quite frightful to look at!"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Fairchild, "your dress is very nice: there is no need to trouble yourself to alter it."

"Oh, Sister!" said Mrs. Crosbie, "don't think of changing your dress: Mrs. Fairchild's dinner is ready, I dare say."

Miss Crosbie would not be persuaded, but, calling the maid to attend her, ran up stairs to change her dress; and Mrs. Fairchild sent Lucy after her. The rest of the company then went into the tea-room, where they sat round the window, and Mr. Crosbie said, "What a pretty place you have here, Mr. Fairchild! and a good wife, as I well know —and these pretty children! You ought to be a happy man."

"And so I am, thank God," said Mr. Fairchild; "as happy as any man in the world."

"I should have been with you an hour ago," said Mr. Crosbie, "that I might have walked

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over your garden before dinner, but for my wife, there."

"What of your wife, there?" said Mrs. Crosbie, turning sharply towards him. "Now mind, Mr. Crosbie, if the venison is over-roasted, don't say it is my fault."

Mr. Crosbie took out his watch: "It is now twenty-five minutes past two: the venison has been down at the fire twenty-five minutes longer than it should have been. And did you not keep us an hour waiting, this morning, at the inn where we slept, whilst you quarrelled with the innkeeper and his wife?"

Mrs. Crosbie answered; "You are always giving people to understand that I am ill-tempered, Mr. Crosbie; which I think is very unhandsome of you, Mr. Crosbie. There is not another person in the world who thinks me ill-tempered but you. Ask Thomas, or my maid, what they know of my temper; and ask your sister, who has lived with me long enough."

"Why don't you ask me what I think of it, Mamma?" said Miss Betty, pertly.

"Hold your tongue, Miss!" said Mrs. Crosbie.

"Must not I speak?" said Miss Betty, in a low voice, but loud enough for her mamma to hear her.

When Miss Betty first came in, Emily admired her very much: for, besides her sky-blue hat and feather, she had blue satin shoes, and a very large pair of gold ear-rings: but when she heard her speak so boldly to her mamma, she did not like her so much. By this time John came to tell the company that dinner was on the table; and Mr. Crosbie got up, saying, "The venison smells well —exceeding well!"

"But where is Miss Crosbie?" asked Mr. Fairchild.

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"Oh, my aunt thought herself not smart enough to shew herself before Mr. Somers," said Miss Betsey, pertly.

"Be silent, Miss," said Mrs. Crosbie.

"Don't wait for her, then," said Mr. Crosbie; "let us go in to dinner. My sister loves a little finery: she would rather lose her dinner than not be dressed smart: I never wait for her at any meal.—Come, come! Ladies, lead the way: I am very hungry."

So Mrs. Fairchild sent Emily to tell Miss Crosbie that dinner was ready; and the rest of the company sat down to table.

"Mrs. Crosbie," said Mr. Crosbie, looking at the venison, and then at his wife, "the venison is too much roasted: I told you it would be so."

"What! finding fault with me again, Mr. Crosbie!" said Mrs. Crosbie. "Do you hear Mr. Fairchild finding fault with his wife in this manner?"

"Perhaps the venison is better than you think, Mr. Crosbie," said Mr. Somers: "let me help you to some. Mr. Fairchild, I know, is not fond of carving."

Mr. Crosbie thanked Mr. Somers; and Mr. Somers had just begun to cut the venison, when Mr. Crosbie called out, as if in an agony, "Oh! Mr. Somers! you will spoil the venison! you must not cut it that way upon any account! Do put the haunch by me, and let me help myself."

"What confusion you are making in the table, Mr. Crosbie!" said Mrs. Crosbie; "you are putting every dish out of its place! Surely Mr. Somers knows how to carve as well as you do."

"But papa is afraid Mr. Somers won't give him all the nice bits," said Miss Betsey.

"Learn to be silent, Miss!" said Mr. Crosbie.

Miss Betsey was going to answer her papa, when Miss Crosbie came into the room, newly dressed,

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in a very elegant manner. She came smiling in, followed by Lucy and Emily, who went to sit at a small table with Henry.

"Sister," said Mrs. Crosbie, "where was the need of your dressing again? If we had waited for you, the dinner would have been spoiled."

"But we did not wait for Miss Crosbie: so there was no harm done," said Mr. Fairchild smiling.

"My aunt would not lose an opportunity of shewing her new-fashioned gown for the world!" said Miss Betsey.

"Indeed, Niece," answered Miss Crosbie, "I do not know why you should say that I am fond of shewing my clothes. I wish to be neat and clean; but no person cares less than I do about fashions and finery."

"La!" says Miss Betsey, whispering to Mrs. Fairchild, "hear my aunt: she says she does not care about finery! That's like mamma saying how good-natured she is!"

"Fie, fie, Miss Betsey!" said Mrs. Fairchild, speaking low: "you forget your respect to your elders."

Miss Betsey coloured, and stared at Mrs. Fairchild. She had not been used to be found fault with; for she was spoiled by both her parents; and she felt quite angry. "Indeed," she said, "I never was thought disrespectful to any one before. Can't I see people's faults? can't I see that mamma is cross, and my aunt fond of fine clothes, and that papa loves eating?"

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Fairchild, in a low voice: "your papa and mamma will hear you."

"And I don't care if they do," said Miss Betsey: "they know what I think."

"What's that you are saying there, Miss Betsey?" said Mr. Crosbie.

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"Oh, don't ask, Brother," said Miss Crosbie: "I know it is something saucy by my niece's looks."

"And why should you suppose I am saying any thing saucy, Aunt?" said Miss Betsey: "I am sure you are not accustomed to hear me say saucy things."

"Miss! Miss! be quiet!" said Mrs. Crosbie: for she was afraid Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild would think her daughter ill-behaved.

"What, Mamma!" answered Miss Betsey, "am I to sit quietly, and hear my aunt find fault with me before company—and for being impertinent too—to my elders; as if I were a mere child."

"Well, well—enough!" said Mr. Crosbie.—"What is that pie, Mrs. Fairchild, in the middle of the table? I must have some, if you please."

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were not sorry when dinner was over and Mrs. Crosbie proposed that Mrs. Fairchild should shew her the garden. Accordingly, the ladies and children got up, and left the gentlemen together; for Mr. Crosbie never stirred for some time after dinner. When Mrs. Crosbie had got into the garden, and had looked about her, she said, "Ah, Mrs. Fairchild! how happy you are! Such a pretty house and garden—such a kind husband—such good children!" Then she sighed, and gave Mrs. Fairchild to understand that she was not so happy herself. Mrs. Fairchild then took occasion to point out to Mrs. Crosbie that no family could be happy in which the fear of God is not the ruling principle. "All men and all women," said she, "have some particular humours and tempers. We have all some besetting sin naturally, which makes us uncomfortable to ourselves and disagreeable to those with whom we live: but when God is with us, we have power given us, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to overcome our selfish

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tempers in a great degree; and then we become happier in our own minds and more agreeable to our friends."

Mrs. Crosbie did not seem offended at what Mrs. Fairchild said: so Mrs. Fairchild ventured to talk a little more plainly to her about religion; and pointed out to her, that when we find ourselves unhappy, by reason of our own faults or those of our family, we must apply by prayer to the Lord Jesus Christ, who has promised to help all those who call upon him.

After tea Mr. Crosbie and his family took their leave, and went off to the next inn upon the London road, where they were to sleep; for Mr. Crosbie was in haste to be at home, and would not stay, although Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild begged that they would, at least till the next day. When they were gone, Mr. Fairchild and Henry took a walk towards the village with Mr. Somers, whilst the little girls remained at home with their mamma.

"Dear, Lucy," said Mrs. Fairchild, as soon as she was alone with her little girls, "do you remember what we were speaking about yesterday, before Mr. Crosbie's letter came?"

"Yes, Mamma," said Lucy: "we were speaking of besetting sins, and you said that every body has a besetting sin, and you told me what you believed mine to be."

"True, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild: "I told you, that, without the help of the Holy Spirit of God, very few people know what their own besetting sins are. You had an opportunity to-day of observing this: every individual of our friend Mr. Crosbie's family has a very strong besetting sin: Mr. Crosbie loves eating; Mrs. Crosbie is ill-tempered; Miss Crosbie is vain and fond of finery; and Miss Betsey is very pert and forward. We can see these faults in them, and they can see

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them in each other; but it is plain they do not see them in themselves. Mr. Crosbie said several times, that he was not at all particular about what he ate or drank; Mrs. Crosbie said that there was not a person in the world who thought her ill-tempered but her husband; Miss Crosbie said that nobody in the world cared less for finery than she did; and Miss Betsey was quite offended when she was told she was not respectful in her manners to her elders."

"Oh, yes!" said Emily: "she said, 'I am not saucy: of all faults, sauciness is not one of my faults, I am sure;' and I thought all the time she looked as saucy and impertinent as possible."

"And how Mr. Crosbie did eat!" said Lucy: "he ate half the haunch of venison! And then he was helped twice to pigeon-pie; and then he ate apple-tart and custard; and then——"

"Well! well! you have said enough, Lucy," said Mrs. Fairchild, interrupting her. "I do not speak of our poor friends' faults out of malice, or for the sake of making a mockery of them; but to shew you how people may live in the constant practice of one particular sin, without being at all conscious of it, and, perhaps, thinking themselves very good all the time. We are all quick enough, my dear Emily and Lucy, in finding out other people's faults: but, as I said before, without the Spirit of God, we none of us know our own faults. The Spirit of God is called the Searcher of hearts. By the Spirit of God we know that we are sinners, and we find that our hearts are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

"Mamma," said Lucy, "do you know any prayer about besetting sins?"

"Yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild: "I have one in my own book of prayers; and I will copy it out for you, with a hymn on the same subject, to-morrow morning."

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So Mrs. Fairchild broke off her discourse with her little girls, and bade them go and play a little before bed-time.

The prayer which Mrs. Fairchild gave to her little girls was called, "A Prayer that God would shew us our Besetting Sins, and give us Power, by the Help of his Spirit, to resist them;" and was as follows:—

The Prayer.

O Lord God Almighty! thou Glorious and Holy Trinity, Three Persons in One God! I, a poor sinful child, (trusting in the merits of my dear Saviour, for whose sake thou hast promised to answer prayer, am come to beg of thee to make me acquainted with the sins of my heart; to the end that, knowing myself, I may hate myself and love thee. Make me, O dear Lord, by thy Holy Spirit, to know what my besetting sin is. I know that every child of Adam has some one besetting sin: some are most strongly inclined to pride; some to cruelty; some to anger; some to vanity and conceit: some to pragmatical talkativeness; some to evil thoughts; some to stealing: every one has his besetment. O Lord, open my eyes by thy Holy Spirit, and make me to know what mine is; that I may be humble, and may know that I have need to call for help from God. O Father! holy Father! teach me to know myself: shew unto me all the dark corners of my wicked heart, for my dear Saviour's sake; for the sake of Him who bled and died for me. Hear my prayer, Almighty God; and grant me thy Holy Spirit, to save me from the power of my besetting sins.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

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HYMN XXIII.

O FOR a closer walk with God!
  A calm and heav'nly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
  That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
  When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
  Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
  How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
  The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove! return,
  Sweet Messenger of Rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
  And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
  Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
  And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God;
  Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
  That leads me to the Lamb.

STORY ON LOVE TO OUR PARENTS;

OR, A

VISIT TO MARY BUSH.

NOT very long after the death of poor Miss Augusta Noble, a note came from Sir Charles and Lady Noble, inviting Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild to dinner the next day; but not mentioning the children, as they used to do, when they sent their invitations.

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"Poor Lady Noble!" said Mr. Fairchild; "I wish we could give her any comfort! but, God being willing, we will certainly go."

The next day, when Sir Charles's carriage came for Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, they kissed the children, and told them, "when they had dined, they might, if they pleased, go with Betty to see old Mary Bush." Mary Bush was one of the old women who lived at the end of the coppice; and, being a pious woman, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were not afraid of trusting their children with her. The children were very much pleased, and made haste to get their dinner: after which Lucy packed up a little tea and sugar, which her mamma had given her, in a basket; and the little girls, having put on their bonnets and tippets, went into the kitchen to see if Betty was ready. Betty was tying up a small loaf and a pot of butter in a clean napkin; and she had put some nice cream into a small bottle, for which John was cutting a cork.

"Betty, are you ready?" said Henry: "Lucy has got the tea and sugar, and Emily has got miss dolly, and I have got my hat and stick. So come, Betty, come!"

"But who is to milk the cow?" said John, pretending to look grave: "Betty must stay to milk the cow at five o'clock."

"No, John!" said the children, all gathering round him: "good John, will you be so kind as to milk the cow, and let Betty go?"

"Well, I will see about it," said John, putting the cork into the cream-bottle.

"There's a good John!" said Emily.

"I love you, John!" said Henry. "And now, Betty, come! make haste away."

So the children set out; and they went out across the garden to a little wicket-gate, which Mr. Fairchild had opened towards the coppice, and came

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into Henry's favourite Sunday walk. The green trees arched over their heads; and on each side the pathway was a mossy bank, out of which sprang such kind of flowers as love shady places—such as the wood-anemony and wild vetch: thrushes and blackbirds were singing sweetly amongst the branches of the trees.

"This is my walk," said Henry; "and I say it is the prettiest in the country."

"No, Henry," said Emily; "it is not so pretty as the walk to the hut at the top of the hill; for there you can look all over the coppice, and see the birds flying over the tops of the trees."

"Sister," said Lucy, "now you shall carry my basket, and I will have the doll a little."

"With all my heart," said Emily.

"Why don't you give miss to me?" said Henry.

"Oh, yes!" said Emily: "did not I give her to you one day; and did not you hang her upon a tree in the garden with a bit of string round her neck, and say she was a thief?"

"Lucy," said Henry, "let us have a race to that tree which is fallen down over the path."

So away they ran; and when they got to the tree they sat down upon the trunk till Betty came up with Emily. On one side of the fallen tree was a place where the wood had been cut away and the woodmen had made themselves a little hut, which they had now left empty. Round this hut were scattered many dry sticks and chips.

"Master Henry," said Betty, "here are some nice sticks: let us gather a few together: they will do to make a fire to boil Mary Bush's kettle."

"Oh, yes! Betty," answered the children: and they set to work, and soon gathered a great many sticks; and Betty tied them together with a piece of packthread which Henry pulled out of his pocket: then Betty took off her bonnet, and placed the

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bundle upon her head. They went on to Mary Bush's. The children wanted to help to carry the sticks; but Betty would not let them, saying, they were too heavy for them.

"But we can carry the bread and butter," said Lucy: so Betty allowed them to do it.

When they had walked a little farther, they came in sight of Mary Bush's house, down in a kind of little valley, or dingle, deeply shaded by trees. In the very deepest part of the dingle was a stream of water falling from a rock. The light from above fell upon the water as it flowed, and made it glitter and shine very beautifully among the shady trees. This was the same stream which took its course through the Primrose Meadow, and on toward the village, and so to Brookside Cottage, where Nurse lived—a clear and beautiful stream as could be.

Mary Bush's cottage was so large, that, after the death of her husband, she had let half of it to one Goodman Grey; who lived in it, with his old wife Margery, and cultivated the garden, which was a very good one. John Trueman's wife was Mary Bush's eldest daughter; and Joan, Nurse's son's wife, her youngest; and it was said of them, that there were not two better wives and mothers in the parish: so Mary Bush was very happy in her children.

When the children and Betty came up to the cottage, they found Mary Bush spinning at the door.

"We are come to drink tea with you Mary," said Lucy.

"And we have brought bread and butter, and tea, and cream, with us," said Emily.

"And a bundle of sticks," added Henry, "to boil the kettle."

"Welcome, welcome, my little loves!" said old Mary, as she got up and set her spinning wheel on one side: "Come in, little dears!"

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Mary had but one room, and a little pantry, but it was a very neat room: there was a bed in one corner, covered with a clean linen quilt; there was also a nice oaken dresser, a clock, two arm-chairs, two three-legged stools, a small round table, a corner cupboard, and some shelves for plates and dishes. The fire-place and all about it was always very neat and clean, and in winter you would probably see a small bright fire on the hearth.

"How does the cat do?" said Henry, looking about for Mary Bush's cat.

"Oh! here she is, Henry!" said Emily, screaming with joy, "in this basket, under the dresser, with two such beautiful tortoiseshell kittens! Do look, Lucy! do look, Henry!"

"Miss Lucy," said old Mary, "would you like to have one of the kittens when it is big enough to leave its mother?"

"Oh, yes! yes! and thank you, Mary," answered Lucy, "if mamma pleases."

When the children had looked at the kittens and kissed them, they went to visit Margery Grey, and to talk to old Goodman Grey, who was working in the garden, whilst Betty, in the mean time, and old Mary Bush, set out the tea-cups, and set the kettle to boil for tea. When the tea was ready, Betty called the children, and they would make Margery Grey come and drink tea with them, Henry would have the old man come too.

"No, master," said the old man: "I know my place better."

"Well, then," said Lucy, "I will send you a nice dish of tea and some bread-and-butter into the garden."

I wish you could have seen them all drinking tea at the door of the cottage, round the little table; the two old women sitting in the arm-chairs, for Lucy would have them do so. She did

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not despise them because they were poor. Betty making tea, and the three children sitting on stools! —and how pleased and happy they were!

When they had almost satisfied their hunger, they fell into the following discourse:—

"My dear young ones," said Mary Bush, "you are blessed above many children in your parents! May God give you a heart to be dutiful to them, whilst they are spared to you; for the time will come, when these dear parents will be taken from you, and then you will remember, with bitter sorrow, every little act of undutifulness and want of respect which you may have been guilty of towards them."

"True, true," said Betty; "we do not know the value of our parents till we are parted from them. I am sure I have often thought so since my poor mother died; and since I have been at service and have left my father!—To be sure he wants for nothing I could do for him, having two of my sisters with him; but then I often think I might have behaved better to him whilst I was with him."

"Your words," said Margery Grey, "bring to my mind a verse from the Bible, which I worked on my sampler at school:—'My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth: and if his understanding fail, have patience with him and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength; for the relieving of thy father shall not be forgotten: and instead of sins, it shall be added to build thee up. In the day of thy affliction it shall be remembered. Thy sins also shall melt away as the ice, in the fair warm weather.' (Ecclus. iii. 12—15.)—I have often looked for the verse, and so has my good man; but we never could find it."

"If you did not happen to remember that that verse is in the Apocrypha, Margery," said Mary

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Bush, "you might look for it in vain. The Apocrypha is in my old Bible, and I will shew you the verse, God being willing, to-morrow. It is a pretty verse, and the words of it have often cut me to the heart, bringing to my mind my behaviour to my own poor mother!"

"Did not you behave well to your mother, Mary?" said Lucy.

"There was nothing in my behaviour particularly bad, Miss," answered Mary: "many and many children behave as bad, and many worse: but still my behaviour, such as it was, has often cut me to the heart to think of; aye, and still continues to do so to this day. Disobedience to parents, my dear Miss, is one of those sins to which man's vile heart is naturally inclined; just as it is inclined to murder, adultery, covetousness, and hatred to God."

"Do, Mary," said Lucy, "tell us about your mother, and how you behaved to her."

"I have nothing worth telling, Miss, in my life," said Mary; "but such as I have to state you shall hear."

MARY BUSH'S STORY.

"I was born," said Mary Bush, "in this very cottage, and have lived here all my life, saving only six years, when I lived servant at one Farmer Harris's, of Hill-top Farm, about ten miles from here. My father was a woodman, and lived by cutting wood in this coppice. This house and garden were his, and had been in the family time out of mind. My father and mother were pretty far in years when they were married, and I was their only child. I remember very little of my father: he died when I was only six years old, being killed in felling a large tree at the back of the coppice. After his death, my mother let that part of the house in which Margery and her hus-

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band now live, and the garden, to one John Stinton, who paid her fifty shillings a-year for the same. Stinton was a hard working man, and civil enough; but he had a large ill-managed family, and his wife, though industrious and clean, was an ungodly woman. John Stinton had two girls, Fanny and Dolly, about my age; but these girls were living with their grandmother when John first took the cottage, and did not come home till after their grandmother's death, which happened when I was about eleven years old.

"My mother kept for herself the little room in which I now live, and a little corner of the garden for pot herbs. She was allowed by the lord of the manor to pick sticks out of the coppice for her fire, and she made a little money by spinning lambs' wool and making it into stockings; so that with the fifty shillings she received yearly from John Stinton, she made a very comfortable livelihood. She was as good and quiet a woman as ever lived; a little thin body. I think I see her now, with her brown every-day gown and her blue apron and white mob-cap, and her spectacles at the top of her nose. She was one who always had lived in the fear of God and gloried in the Cross of Christ, and was withal of a very sweet and even temper; so that, perhaps, a better wife and mother had never lived. For a poor woman, she was an excellent reader; such a Bible-scholar there was not then in the parish, excepting Mr. Best our old rector, and he was a wonderful man at the Scriptures. God bless his memory!

"So my poor mother and I lived together in this little room: she taught me to read, to spin, to knit, and to sew; she made me help to weed her little garden of pot herbs, and to clean our room: and it was also my work to gather wood for the fire, and, as I got older, to fetch lambs' wool from

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the farmers and flour from the mill; so that my time was fully employed, and passed very happily, till John Stinton's two girls came home. As soon as my mother saw them, she feared that they were not fit company for me, and she forbade me ever to play with them; giving me as a reason, that she much doubted that they had not been brought up in a God-fearing manner; and so, 'Polly darling,' she said, 'mind you don't go near them when I am not with you.' Polly darling was what my poor dear mother always called me," added Mary Bush.

"I dare say she loved you very much," said Emily.

"Ah, poor body! better than I loved her then; for I was a sinful child!" answered Mary Bush. And now to go on with my story:

"I promised her very fair that I would make no acquaintance with the two girls, and I meant at that time to keep my word; but the next day when I was going to pick sticks in the coppice, they followed me and asked me to play with them. I might have said No; but I did not. I played with them a long time; and when I thought my mother would be expecting me, and I had gathered no sticks to take to her, I began to think what excuse I should make; and I said to Dolly Stinton, 'What must I do? My mother sent me to pick sticks, and the time is come when I must go home, and I have no sticks!'—'Oh!' said Dolly, 'if you will go down to the back of the coppice—its not a hundred yards from this place—you will find plenty of sticks, which the woodmen have cut, and put together ready to carry away; and the woodmen are not there to day.'—'Oh! but my mother,' said I, 'has forbidden me to take the sticks from the woodmen's heaps: she says it is stealing. I am only to pick up the sticks that are scattered here and there about the coppice.'—'Oh!' said Fanny Stinton,

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'what nonsense! Come, come; I'll run and fetch you a bundle of sticks in five minutes: you need not care where they come from, so as you have them to take home.'—So off she run to the woodman's heap of faggots and loose sticks, and soon brought me a large bundle, which I carried home. I knew I was doing wrong when I took the sticks; and I felt that my mother's fears were too true, and that these girls were not God-fearing girls: nevertheless I carried these sticks home, and hid what had passed from my good parent and best friend, to whom I ought to have told every thing.

"When I got home I found my mother kneading a little cake, which she was going to bake upon the hearth. 'Polly, my darling!' she said, 'you had but a poorish dinner to-day; so I am making you a little cake. And Parson Best's Nancy has called in with a drop of cream and pot of butter; so we will have a little tea to-night.' So my poor dear mother made some tea, and got the cake ready; and we sat down together to partake of it.

"And how do you think I felt, my dear young ones, when she spoke kindly to me; saying, in her way. 'Polly, my darling! how do you like the cake? Is it nice, my child?'"

"Not very happy, I should think," said Lucy.

"No, indeed, Miss," continued Mary Bush: "I did not feel happy; for I knew that I had done wrong: nevertheless, the next day, I played again with these bad girls, and the next day after; till at last I got so fond of their company, that I used to slip out even from my work to play with them. It was easy enough to hide ourselves when we were playing, from my mother; neither was there any body to tell her what I did—this being a very solitary place.

"My mother used often to miss me; and then she would go out into the garden, or towards the

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coppice, or towards the brook; calling, 'Polly, my darling! Polly, my darling! where are you?' But I would always find some excuse for having been away; and she, not suspecting me of any concealed wickedness, would believe all I said. She used to go, poor dear body! with her spectacles on her nose, looking for me; and when my wicked companions saw her coming, they used to say, 'Run, run, Mary! here comes the spectacles! Now it will be—Polly, my darling! where are you?'—Oh!" said Mary Bush, wiping away some tears from her eyes, "the remembrance of these things cuts me to the heart even to this day: I cannot think of it without bitter grief.

"In this wicked manner I went on for about two years, or more," continued Mary; "slipping out of my mother's sight on all occasions, and doing as little for her as I possibly could: for my heart was altogether given to my companions, and not to helping my poor mother. At the end of two years, my mother's health began to fail: she became thinner and weaker, and could not spin and knit so much as in times past. For some weeks she found great difficulty in going to church, and at last was forced to give it quite up. But I never noticed the change in my poor mother till Parson Best's Nancy called in one Sunday evening, and then told me that she feared my mother was not long for this world. I was startled and grieved when I heard what she said; but the very next day I ran out as usual to waste my time with John Stinton's daughters. That very week, I think it was on the Saturday evening (my mother having been poorly all day), she said to me, 'Polly, my darling! it is a warm afternoon: I think it would do me good to take a little fresh air; give me my stick, and your arm, my child: we will take a walk under the coppice.—Perhaps I may never walk with you again, my child,' she said,

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as we went out of the door: 'we have had many pleasant walks together.'—'Mother, don't talk so,' I said. 'Ah, my child,' she answered, 'God's will must be done!'

"There is a very lovely pathway," continued Mary Bush, "on the west of the coppice, just facing the setting sun. I don't suppose you ever were in it, for it is very solitary. There we walked; and my mother being feeble and weary, we sat some time to rest her on the bank under the coppice. There we could see the meadows and cornfields stretching far before us, as far as Hill-top village and farm. The sun, I remember, was just setting behind the trees at the top of the hill. My poor mother looked that way: then turning to me, 'My child,' she said (I shall remember her words to my dying day), 'that sun which is now going down will rise again to-morrow; but I shall soon go into the grave, and you will see me no more in this world! but the dear Saviour, in whom I have always trusted, will go down with this corrupt body into the grave, (as God went down with Israel into Egypt); and I know that he will raise me in the last day, all glorious and beautiful, and without spot or blemish of sin. "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." (Job xix. 25, 26.) I do not trust, my child,' added my dear mother, 'in any thing I have myself done; I know that I am a miserable sinner, and that there hath not been a thought of my heart, or deed of my hands, from my earliest youth till now, free from the stain of sin; but He that is all fair hath washed me from my corruptions, and purified me with his own blood, and I shall at the last day awake in his likeness: therefore, my child, I am willing, and even glad to depart; for I shall die very soon; and I

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have prayed to God to take charge of thee, my darling, my dear and only child; and I know that God has heard my prayer.'—She then gave me some advice concerning my behaviour when she was no more; the purport of which was, that I was to look to my Saviour for help and direction on all occasions, as I had been accustomed to look to her.

"In this manner my beloved mother talked to me till the sun was set, and then we walked slowly home. As we walked under the coppice, she pointed with her stick to some pretty wild flowers growing under the hedge. 'How lovely these flowers are, my darling child!' she said. 'If God adorns this sinful world with such beauties, what think you, my dear, will the flowers be like in that world to which I am going?'"

"Did you not cry when you heard her talk so?" said Lucy.

"Yes, indeed, I did," said Mary Bush; "for, added to the trouble I must have in parting with so dear a mother, all my ill behaviour towards her stared me in the face, and filled me full of grief. Every thing my dear mother did that evening I remember as if it was but yesterday. She caused me to make tea for her, and to read the Bible to her as she sat in her arm-chair, and seemed pleased with every thing I did, often smiling at me: yet once she had tears in her eyes, when she looked at me. She called, after tea, for a lamb's-wool stocking which she had been knitting, and tried to do a little; but she dropped several stitches, and then putting it down, 'I have done my last work,' she said: 'I shall do no more.' She then bade me read to her, from one of the Gospels (I forget which), the account of our Saviour's death. She looked hard at me several times whilst I was reading; after which we went to prayers: the words of her prayer I don't well remember; but I know that

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she wiped her eyes several times whilst she prayed; and yet seemed to be full of joy and thankfulness; calling upon her Saviour, and praising and thanking him for that blessed gift of his Holy Spirit, by which her vile heart had been prepared for heaven.

"Whilst the name of her dear Saviour was yet on her lips, she turned pale, and was near falling to the ground. I hastened to her, and lifted her up as well as I could. 'Help me to my bed, my dear one,' she said. I did, with some difficulty. I took off some of her clothes, and laid her head on the pillow. She was dying then, but I did not know it: she was so quiet, and seemed so easy, that I supposed she was going to sleep; and I put out the candle, and came to bed. I remember hearing her slow and solemn breathing, as I was falling asleep by her side; but I had never seen a dying person, and did not know this awful sign of death. In the morning, when I awoke, I found my mother a corpse: she was gone to the dear Saviour who died for her, and the time was past in which I could make up to this dear parent my undutiful and deceitful behaviour. As soon as I found that my dear mother was dead, I screamed so loud that John Stinton came running in with all his family.

"I will not make my tale too long by speaking much of my grief, and of the tears I shed over my dear mother. Oh! what would I now have given to call back one of those hours which I might have spent with this dear mother, and which I wasted in the company of those naughty girls! My mother was soon to be quite removed from my sight, and I was never to hear her kind words again. She was buried on the fourth evening after her death; and all her goods and clothes were locked up, by order of Parson Best, in the little room I now use for a pantry; and I was placed in the family of John

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Stinton, who promised Parson Best that I should be used well.

"And now my punishment came upon me; now I learnt, to my sore grief, that I had indeed lost a friend. As soon as I was well fixed under the charge of Mrs. Stinton, she made me know that there was to be a great difference made between me and her two girls. She made me fetch all the wood for the family, and Dolly and Fanny never offered to help me. She made me spin a certain quantity of woollen yarn every day, more than I could do without standing to it, late and early, at every moment which I could spare from scouring, and cooking, and cleaning the house. I was no longer thought a proper companion for Fanny and Dolly, who used to be so fond of my company. I had the coarsest bits given me at every meal, and never knew what it was to have a kind word said to me, excepting by John Stinton himself, who would sometimes take my part when he came in from work; but I only got the worse used for this when his back was turned. 'What! I suppose,' Mrs. Stinton would say, 'you expect to get on with me as you did with your old doting mother, do you, Miss? But I'll teach you another lesson; I can see without spectacles; you can't hide yourself from me. It is no longer Polly, my darling; I know your tricks, you sly hussey, how you served the old body, and I'll pay you for them.'—I once ventured to tell her, that I had no tricks till her daughters taught them to me; but this only got me a severe beating, and set Fanny and Dolly more against me. The only peaceful time I knew from week's end to week's end, was when the family were at church on Sunday, and I was left to keep the house; for Mrs. Stinton always found some excuse to the neighbours for my not going to church: then I used to indulge myself in crying, and going about to every place

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where I remembered to have seen my dear mother sit, or stand, or walk. Sometimes I would call to her as if she could hear me, crying, Oh! come back, come back, come back, beloved Mother! And this I have done till the echo, which is at the corner of the rock where the brook falls, has returned the sound, 'Oh! come back, come back, come back, beloved Mother!'

"In this manner I went on, grieving and seeming to be past comfort, till the Spirit of God (I am sure it was the Spirit of God) brought my mother's last advice into my mind, which was, that I was to look to my Saviour for help and direction on all occasions, as I had been accustomed to look to her. I was led by these words to seek my Saviour in prayer, and from that time I felt comfort. I was made sensible that I had deserved all the troubles I then endured, and ten thousand times greater, as the due punishment of my sins: thus my God humbled me, and brought me to endure with patience my unhappy situation.

"I had lived in John Stinton's family nearly three years, enduring all manner of hardship and ill usage," added Mary Bush; "but growing, I trust, through affliction, in the knowledge of God; when one Sunday afternoon, in the pleasant month of August, whilst the family were at church, I walked with my Bible in my hand, to the place where I had last walked with my mother, and sat down in the very place under the hedge where I had sat with her. There, whilst I sat thinking upon the days that were gone, I saw a young man coming over the fields from Hill-top way. When he came pretty near the place where I sat, I got up, and turned towards the house; but he walking briskly after me, asked me if I could tell him where one Mary Bush lived; for, said he, I am her father's brother's son, and am just come to live plough-boy

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at Farmer Harris's, of Hill-top. When I told him that I was the very Mary Bush he sought, he took me kindly by the hand, and our meeting was like that of Rachel and Jacob in ancient story. Neither did we love each other less; for he afterwards became my husband, and came to live with me in this cottage; nor was there ever a kinder husband, or one who died more blessed.

"I was glad to see my cousin, whom I had often heard of, but had never seen before. When I told him that I was not happy, he promised to do what he could for me; and soon got me a place at Farmer Harris's. I lived there six years: my business was to take care of the children. I had a good place, and a kind mistress; so that I blessed God every day for the happy change.

"When John Stinton's time was out in the cottage, I married my cousin, Thomas Bush, and we came to live here; and here have I lived ever since, and hope to do so, till it pleases God to remove me to a fairer habitation, 'where the Lamb will feed me, and will lead me unto living fountains of waters, and God will wipe away all tears from my eyes.' (Rev. vii. 17.)"

When Mary Bush had finished her story, Lucy and Emily wiped some tears from their eyes; and Henry said, "Take us, Mary, to the place where the echo is, that I may think how you stood and called for your mother. Oh! how lonely you must have felt, when you called, and called, and nothing answered but the echo!"

Mary Bush then led the children to the place where the echo was: it was caused by the windings of the hill, which returned the voice of any one that spoke, or any other sound. The children soon perceived the echo; for there was a woodman at work at some distance in the coppice, and the echo

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repeated the sound of the strokes of the hatchet almost as plainly as the first sound.

It was time now to return home; and the children took leave of Mary Bush, and Goodman and Margery Grey. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were not returned when they got home. John gave each of them a bunch of cherries, and they went up stairs to bed; but before Henry parted from his sisters they all knelt down to pray that God would give them hearts to behave well to their dear parents. Their prayer was a very pretty one, and I shall put it down here, with the hymn they sung.

A Prayer for a Child, that God would give him Grace to behave well to his Parents.

O Almighty God! thou who, for thy dear Son, the blessed Lord Jesus Christ's sake, hearest the prayers of all such as come to thee in his Name; hearken, I humbly pray thee, to the prayer of a sinful child, who is now come before thee, to beg of thee help that he may behave dutifully and kindly to his dear parents and teachers. Oh! to this end, dear Lord God, send thy Spirit into my heart, that I may be dutiful to them, obeying all their lawful commands, and striving in all things to please them; not shunning their company, as my sinful heart would have me to do, but taking delight in being with them, and attending upon them, and pleasing them, as they attended upon me when I was a little helpless baby. And if their health, or their strength, or their eyes, or their limbs, should fail them, O give me grace to help them in their age, and to be eyes and hands to them! In a little while this my dear father and mother, and those kind people who took care of me when I was young, will be taken from me, and I shall see them no more in this world. I shall then look to the places where they

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used to be, and shall not find them; and my eyes will desire to see them, and cannot see them. O Almighty God! grant that, when these my dear friends may be taken from me, I may not have the remembrance of any undutiful or negligent behaviour towards them to trouble my mind. And to this end, O Lord, send thy Spirit to search my heart, that I may know before it is too late, and whilst these dear friends are with me, whether I have been, or now am, an undutiful child; that I may repent before it is too late, and may amend my behaviour before these beloved ones are taken hence, and are no more seen. O dearest Saviour! give unto me, and unto them, new and holy hearts, that after death we may meet in thy presence, to enjoy an eternity of happiness at thy right hand for evermore.

Now to thee, O God, who gavest thy dear Son to die for us, and thee, O bleeding Lamb, and thee, O Holy Spirit, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father," &c.

HYMN XXIV.

THUS far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known:
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home:
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.

Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

My soul with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
And wonders when the scene will end.

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Is this, dear Lord, the thorny road
Which leads us to the Mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know
While in the wilderness below?

'Tis even so: thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove:
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

STORY ON THE ABSENCE OF GOD.

About this time Mr. Fairchild thought it proper to begin to teach Henry Latin. Latin is a very difficult language, and requires many hours of hard labour before any little boy can master it: but it is necessary for every boy to learn who is to become a clergyman, such knowledge being required of a young man before he is ordained. Mr. Fairchild wished to bring up Henry to be a clergyman, and it was Henry's own wish also. When Henry got his new grammar, and dictionary, and Latin exercise-book, he was much pleased, particularly as his papa at the same time gave him a nice deal box to keep his books in, with a lock and key; but he was not so well pleased when he found that he could not learn his Latin grammar and play with the hare too half the morning, as he used to do when he had only spelling and a verse from the Bible to learn every day.

When Mr. Fairchild set him his first grammar lesson, which was a very short and easy one, he said to him, "I shall endeavour, my dear boy, to help you as much with Latin as possible; but at the same time I must tell you plainly, that you must labour yourself to learn it, or all I can do for you will do you no good. First of all, read your lessons over to me," continued Mr. Fairchild, "till you

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are sure that you speak every word right, and then sit down and repeat them so many times looking at the book, and so many times without." Accordingly, Henry read his lessons over several times to his papa, and then went to his place at the corner of the study. Mr. Fairchild looked at him soon afterwards, and saw that he had laid his book down, and was holding something in his hand, making signs to the hare to come to him. Miss Puss stood with her head out at the door of her house, mumping her parsley, after the manner of hares, and looking at Henry. "Henry, what are you about?" said Mr. Fairchild, rather sharply: upon which Puss ran into her house, and Henry began to repeat his grammar lesson, half aloud and half in a whisper; but before he had repeated the lesson once over his voice ceased; and Mr. Fairchild looked at him again, and he was spinning a button on the lid of his new box. Mr. Fairchild spoke again, and Henry looked at his book. Mr. Fairchild then went on writing for some time, for he was writing to his brother in London: then, looking at Henry, he saw that he was twisting a piece of packthread round his finger, and the new grammar lay at his feet. Mr. Fairchild then spoke angrily; "This won't do, Henry. You shall say that lesson before dinner-time, or have only bread and water for your dinner." Henry made no answer, neither did he offer to pick up his grammar. Mr. Fairchild finished his letter, and, looking at his watch, "It is now walking-time, Henry," he said: "I shall go out and leave you here. If I find that you can say your lesson before I return, you shall have your dinner; if not, you shall have only bread and water." So saying, Mr. Fairchild took his hat and stick, and, going out of the study, locked Henry in.

When Mr. Fairchild came in, he called Henry

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to say his lesson, but Henry could not repeat half a line of it; and Mr. Fairchild thought that he looked as if he were determined not to learn it. However, to try him, he made John give him some bread and water, and sent him back to the study till tea-time. At tea-time he called him again, but he could not repeat one word more than he had before. Mr. Fairchild then took a small horse-whip, and, making John hold him, he flogged him well, and sent him to bed, telling him he must say the lesson before breakfast. Accordingly, before breakfast, he called him again, but not one word more than the half line would Henry say. Mr. Fairchild, fearing that he might be faint with hunger, ordered John to take some dry bread and milk-and-water to him, in the study, and to tell him that his papa expected the lesson to be ready by the time breakfast and family prayers were over. John delivered his message, and then said,

"Master Henry, why won't you learn your lesson? Is it so hard that you cannot?"

"Oh no! John," answered Henry; "I could learn this first lesson, if that were all, because papa has taught me how to pronounce the words; but if I learn this, I shall be made to try to learn the next, and so on through the book; and I am sure I cannot learn all the hard words in this book, and so I won't begin."

"Oh fie! Master Henry," said John; "you would not have been able to learn this first lesson without your papa's help, you say; and with his help you could do it, if you would. Have you no trust in your papa? Don't you think that he who has brought you so far could help you on farther in your learning?"

"I don't want any body's help," said Henry, sulkily.

John made no answer, but shook his head, and

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came back into the parlour to tell Mr. Fairchild that he had delivered his message.

"And what did Henry say?" asked Mr. Fairchild.

John then told Mr. Fairchild all that Henry had said. John did not do it out of ill will to Henry, but because he thought it proper that his papa should know how naughty he was, that he might correct him properly.

As soon as breakfast and prayers were over, Mr. Fairchild went into the study, and, calling Henry to him, asked him to repeat his lesson; but Henry would not say even one word. Mr. Fairchild shut the grammar, and, laying it down, said, "Henry, I know that you could have learned this lesson with ease yesterday morning before eleven o'clok. Tell me now wherefore you would not?"

"I don't want to learn Latin," said Henry.

"But it is my pleasure that you should," said Mr. Fairchild, "and I expect to be obeyed. Tell me now at once, will you learn this lesson or not?"

Henry made no answer.

Mr. Fairchild got up, and walked up and down the room in great trouble; then, turning to Henry, he said, "Henry, listen to me: When wicked men obstinately defy and oppose the power of God, he gives them up to their own hard hearts: he suffers them to live, perhaps, and partake of the light of the sun and of the fruits of the earth, but he shews them no marks of his fatherly love or favour; they have no sweet thoughts, no cheerful hours, no delightful hopes. I stand in the place of God to you, whilst you are a child; and as long as I do not ask you to do any thing wrong, you must obey me: therefore, if you cast aside my authority, and will not obey my commands, I shall not treat you as I do my other children. From this time forward, Henry, I have nothing to do with you: I shall

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speak to you no more, neither will your mamma, or sisters, or John, or Betty. Betty will be allowed to give you bread to eat, and water to drink; and I shall not hinder you from going to your own bed to sleep at night; but I will have nothing more to do with you: so go out of my study immediately."

Henry looked surprised and frightened: but he had no time to answer, for Mr. Fairchild walked away with a terrible look, and went out of the house. Henry stood at the study door, to which he had followed his father, for some minutes, not knowing what to do, and wishing he had not been obstinate. Whilst he was thinking what he should do, Lucy came out of the parlour, and passed to go up stairs. "Lucy, Lucy," said Henry; but, instead of answering him, she ran away as fast as possible. In a few minutes Emily came out of the garden with the hare's parsley, and was bringing it into the study; but, seeing Henry, she turned back in haste. He caught hold of her frock, and said, "Emily! dear Emily! will you too run away from me!" She pulled her frock out of his hands and made him no answer, because her father had forbidden her to speak to him; but he saw the tears running down her cheeks, although her curling hair, as she stooped down, almost hid her face.

Henry was grieved to the heart when he saw that Emily was crying for him. He let go her frock; and, going to his place in the study, he learnt the lesson; and found it so easy, that in less than half an hour he could say it quite perfectly. He then took it to his mamma, who was sitting in the parlour: she was reading, and did not see him come in. He walked softly up to her, and in a humble voice said, "Mamma, I can say my lesson; please to hear me."—"No, Henry," she answered, in a grave and sorrowful voice, "you have rebelled

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against your father, and I can have nothing to say to you till you have obtained his pardon: go away!" Henry was going to speak again, but his mamma got up and went into a closet, where she kept her books and work, shutting the door after her. Henry looked after her till she shut the door: then, throwing his grammar on the table, he ran out into the garden; and, running into an arbour, out of sight of the house, he broke out into a violent burst of tears, crying, "What shall I do? what shall I do? Oh, Papa! Oh, Mamma! Oh, Lucy! Oh, Emily!" Though he cried so loud, nobody came to comfort him; and though John passed not far distant, he took no notice of his cries.

Henry staid in this arbour, sobbing and crying, about half an hour: then, going out at a back gate, he went out into the lane, and turned to go up the little round hill, because from the top of that hill he could see every one who came in and went out of his papa's house. There he sat down on the bench under the trees, with his eyes fixed on his dear home. All about him was quite silent: there was no sound, excepting the buzzing of flies and the distant lowing of cattle. As he sat, he began to think of his behaviour to his papa; and the more he thought of it, the more he became sensible of his ill behaviour. "And suppose," said he, "my papa should never take me into favour again, and should never let me play with Lucy and Emily any more, or my dear mamma should never love me again!" and then he broke out afresh in crying, and cried a long time. At last his attention was drawn by seeing some one walking among the trees in his papa's garden: it was his papa himself, who had been walking in the coppice, and was now returned. Mr. Fairchild went into the house, and soon returned again with Mrs. Fairchild, and Lucy and Emily, all prepared for walking. Henry watched

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to see which way they would go: they turned towards the coppice, and he lost sight of them. Henry again began to think, and he tried to consider what he first remembered of himself, and of his papa and mamma, and sisters. The first thing he remembered of his mamma, was being fed by her with bread and milk, and afterwards being laid in a little bed by her, and kissed; and the first thing he remembered of his papa, was riding upon his foot, in turns with Lucy and Emily: he remembered also his mamma singing him to sleep with a hymn, and his papa reading him a little prayer, all which seemed to him very long ago. "And have I offended this dear papa and mamma?" cried Henry, bursting afresh into tears: "have I offended them by my wicked obstinacy? Oh! I will go and kneel before my papa, and beg him to forgive me. —And yet I dare not go! he is so very angry, and I have been so very wicked!"

Whilst Henry thought of these things, he saw his papa and mamma and sisters going up the hill where the hut stood, and where he had read to them the Story in Lucy's Book. The distance made them appear very small. Lucy and Emily did not run gaily before their papa and mamma, as they used to do when he was with them, but walked slowly after them. Henry thought of the many happy times when he had gone out a walking with his papa and mamma and dear sisters; "and perhaps," said he, "I shall never walk with them again! Oh, I have been very wicked!" He sat still, till he saw them go up to the hut and come down again; and when he had lost sight of them again, he got up from the bench to come down the hill, but by some accident he fell, and cut his knee and his lip against some loose stones. He got up: and his first thought was, that he would go to his mamma for some nice plaster, which she always

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used on these occasions; but he immediately recollected that his mamma would do nothing for him now, and he sat down again and cried very pitifully.

Whilst Henry was crying, he saw John coming that way. John passed under the hill, and looked at Henry. Henry called out, "Oh, John! oh, John! I have fallen down and hurt myself." John turned, and stood at the bottom of the hill till Henry came down to him. "I have hurt my knee, John, and my lip."

"And do you not deserve all that has happened to you, you naughty boy?" said John. "Go home, go home, and beg your papa's pardon on your knees; perhaps he may forgive you."

Henry intended to do as John desired him—he went home: but when he got to the house, he found that Mr. Somers was come, and was with his papa, and he felt ashamed to beg pardon before Mr. Somers; so he went up stairs to his little room, and there sat down at the foot of his bed, crying. Several times he heard somebody running up stairs, and hoped that they were coming to him. At last Betty came with a piece of bread and a cup of water. Henry spoke to her, but she made him no answer, and went down stairs. He then got up, and stood at the window, watching to see Mr. Somers go, and thinking he would go and beg his papa's pardon as soon as Mr. Somers was gone; but Mr. Somers walked out with Mr. Fairchild after dinner, and came in to tea with him.

Whilst Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Somers were walking in the garden, somebody came up softly to the door of Henry's room and pushed a paper under the door, and then Henry heard the person run away. It was Lucy. Henry took up the paper: it was folded up like a letter, and Lucy had written these words upon it:—

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'Dear Brother,

'Emily and I must not speak to you; but we 'have been praying for you. I hope you are sorry 'for being naughty, and that you have prayed to 'God, and told all your wickedness to him. You 'know that He will forgive you, if you ask Him 'in our Saviour's name! and that He will send his 'Holy Spirit into your heart. I have not time to 'say more.

'Your dear Sister,

'LUCY FAIRCHILD.'

When Henry had read this letter he looked for his little hymn-book, which he always kept, with his Bible, on a shelf just over his bed's head; and when he had sung a hymn, he prayed. As he prayed, all that remained of his proud and obstinate spirit seemed to leave him, and he felt nothing but shame and sorrow for his sins. He prayed and sung till it grew dark, and then he laid himself on his bed and fell asleep.

I shall put down Henry's hymn and prayer in this place, for the use of children when they are in disgrace with their papas and mammas, or their masters and teachers.

A Prayer for a humble Spirit under Correction, that we may be the better for Correction given us.

O Lord God Almighty, I am a very wicked child! I have made my dear parents angry, by disobeying their commandments; and when they punished me, instead of being humble, I was angry and proud. O Lord God, take this pride and obstinacy out of my heart, that I may feel that I have deserved this punishment, and indeed a much greater, had it pleased them to give it to me. Did not my dear Saviour bleed and die for my sins? and do I not know that there is not one per-

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son who is good; and that there is not a just man on earth, that doeth good and sinneth not? and yet, when any punishment comes upon me I am ready to rebel, and think myself very ill used! O holy Father, send thy Holy Spirit to humble my proud heart, to set all my sins before me, and particularly this fault that I have done to-day; that I may be truly sorry for it, and that I may bear my punishment with patience; and that I may remember this punishment, and be the better for it, all the days of my life.

HYMN XXV.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
  My God, to thee I pray:
Oh! make me learn whilst I am young
  How I may cleanse my way.

Now, in my early days,
  Teach me thy will to know:
O God, thy sanctifying grace
  Betimes on me bestow.

Make an unguarded youth
  The object of thy care:
Help me to choose the way of truth,
  And fly from every snare.

My heart, to folly prone,
  Renew by Pow'r Divine;
Unite it to Thyself alone,
  And make me wholly thine.

Oh! let the word of grace
  My warmest thoughts employ:
Be this, through all my following day,
  My treasure and my joy.

To what thy laws impart
  Be my whole soul inclin'd:
Oh! let them dwell within my heart,
  And sanctify my mind.

May thy young servant learn
  By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
  That leads to endless day.

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SECOND STORY

ON

THE MISERY OF THOSE WHO ARE UNDER THE ANGER OF GOD,

EXEMPLIFIED BY THE UNHAPPINESS OF A CHILD UNDER THE ANGER OF HIS FATHER.

HENRY slept till midnight, about which time he awoke. It was dark, and the wind whistled, as it often does in an autumn or winter's night in England. Henry had often heard the wind whistle before, but it had never sounded so dismally in his ears as he thought it now did. At one time it sounded as at a distance, sweeping over the fields; then it came nearer and nearer, and rustled among the trees, the leaves of which were beginning to fall; and then it came close, and shook the window. Henry was frightened, and covered his head over with the bed-clothes. What was it that made Henry afraid of this wind? It was because he knew that he had been a very bad boy: he was in disgrace with his papa, and he knew that he deserved God's anger.

After a while Henry fell asleep again, and did not wake till morning Henry got up, and looked out of the window: it had rained very hard during the night, and the wind had scattered the damp leaves over the garden. Henry went down stairs, with a sorrowful heart: the study door was half open: Henry, peeping in, saw his papa reading his Bible at his desk. Mr. Fairchild looked very grave: suddenly he turned his head, and looked towards the door. Now was Henry's time: he should have run up to his papa, and knelt down before him; but, instead of doing so, he ran away into the garden. There he saw Betty feeding the

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fowls in a little yard which ran along the back of the garden, and he asked for a bit of bread. She brought what he asked for, without speaking a word, and gave it him, with a cup of milk, over the pales. When he gave the cup back to her he spoke to her again, but she turned away without answering him. Then Henry began to cry again, and walked sorrowfully to his favourite walk in the coppice; but even this his favourite walk now appeared to him dismal: there were no flowers to be seen, by reason of the fallen leaves, which nearly covered all the pathway: and the trees waved their heads backwards and forwards in the wind. Poor Henry had never felt himself so unhappy before: his papa's displeasure was the cause of his sorrow, and made him think that even the woods and the fields were changed.

I know not how long Henrie had sauntered about the coppice, but it seemed to him a long while, when suddenly he heard a very sweet sound of one singing in the wood, and, standing still to listen, he heard a child's voice singing these words:—

JERUSALEM, thou blessed place!
How full of glory, full of grace!
Far, far above the starry skies,
Thy golden battlements arise.

Jerusalem! thy colours glow
Fairer than the heavenly bow:
Emerald, orange, purple, bright
In glistering glory all unite.

Jerusalem! where parents stand,
And blessed children, hand in hand,
And see their mighty Saviour's face,
And land and magnify his grace.

Jerusalem! all pains are past;
Thy blessedness shall ever last.
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
How blissful in thy courts to dwell!

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Jerusalem, thou seat of love!
Thou city of great God above!
May I behold thy glory rise,
Thy golden lustre fill the skies.

Jerusalem! I long to see
And live a happy child in thee:
There I shall never sin again,
But with my Saviour ever reign!

Jerusalem, thou blest abode!
Which Jesus purchas'd with his blood!
Died for a little child like me,
That so I may thy glory see!

The voice ceased, and Henry then walked on towards the part of the wood from which the sound came, and, coming to a turning of the pathway, he saw a little boy sitting on a trunk of a tree which had been felled, and leaning his back against one of the great branches. It was a part of the wood facing the mid-day sun, and sheltered from the wind. The little boy was dressed in coarse clothes, and those well patched and darned. He had ceased singing, and was now reading, and that so busily, that Henry came up close to him before he perceived him. When the little boy looked up from his book, Henry saw that he was Charles Trueman, John Trueman's second son; one of the most pious little boys in all that country, and a great favourite of Mr. Fairchild, and of Mr. Somers, who had himself taken great pains in his education.

"Good morning, Master Henry," said Charles, getting down from his seat and putting his book into his pocket. "But, what is the matter? you look very white—and you have been crying! I hope nothing amiss has happened?"

"Ah! Charles," said Henry, "I am very unhappy, very unhappy indeed!" He then told Charles all that had happened: how obstinate he had been, and in what way his father had punished him; and that he was still shut out from his father's

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company, and from his mamma's and sisters'. "And oh! Charles," he said, "you cannot think how miserable I am! Nobody looks at me, nobody speaks to me! The very trees and hills and fields seem to be changed! This pretty coppice, in which I used to delight so much, looks pleasant no longer! And last night I was so frightened by the wind!—I thought there was something on it coming for me—I can't tell what I thought, I shook so!"

"Ah! Master Henry," said Charles, "it is because you are under your father's displeasure, and have deserved to be so, that you feel all these fears, and are so miserable. Whilst we are little, our parents, if they are holy people, stand in the place of God to us: when they smile and are pleased with us, we are happy: all the good things, victuals and clothes and house and teaching, come through them to us: and when they cast us off, we feel a little like those miserable wretches who are cast aside by God."

"What do you mean by being cast aside by God?" said Henry.

"Why," answered Charles, "when people have for a long time been very hardened in their sins, and set their faces against God and our dear Saviour, refusing, and perhaps mocking at, the Holy Spirit, then God forsakes them: he takes away all comfort and happiness from their hearts; and then all the riches and grandeur and pleasures of the world are unable to give them ease; no, nor can they draw comfort from their friends, be they ever so kind, or from any other earthly good."

Henry said nothing, and Charles went on:—"My father," said he, "tells of one 'Squire Collins, who lived many years ago not very far from Hill Top: he was the most desperate wicked man of all the country, a great cock-fighter, and one who spoke more oaths than other words. Well,

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this man had every thing which heart could wish for of earthly goods—lands and house, wife and children, health and strength—but he was so very miserable, that at last, in a fit of despair, he shot himself dead! My father knew him very well. Oh, Master Henry! it is a dreadful thing for a child to be under the anger of a good parent; and still worse to be under the displeasure of the blessed Lord God; for who can dwell with everlasting burning?"

Whilst the little boys were conversing together, they climbed upon the tree, and sat down together in the place where Charles was when Henry came up. "My father," said Charles, "has often talked to us children about hell, as we have been sitting round the fire on a Sunday evening, till we have been in a quake. The Bible speaks of it as a lake burning with fire and brimstone, as it is written: 'The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.' (Matt. xiii. 41, 42.) But the chief misery of the damned," my father has often told us, "will be the absence of God. I dare say you would not much mind having only bread and water, and not having your papa's comfortable parlour to go into, Master Henry," continued Charles, "if you thought that your papa was pleased with you?"

"No, indeed," answered Henry; "if my papa would but forgive me, and love me again, I would go without my dinner for a month to come with all my heart."

"Then if a father's anger is so hard to bear," said Charles, "what must the anger of God be, and the hidings of his face for ever, and ever, and ever?—O Lord Jesus Christ," added the little boy,

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joining his hands and looking up, "thou bleeding Lamb! save us miserable sinners from hell."

Little Charles spoke this prayer with so much earnestness, that Henry looked at him; and now he saw, what he had not found out before, that Charles, who used to be a fat, rosy-cheeked little fellow, was very pale, and much thinner than he used to be. "Charles," said Henry, "are you well? You look very white, I think, and thin too."

"Master Henry," answered Charles, "I have never been right well since about the time when poor Miss Augusta Noble was buried. I was well enough before that time, and since that I have been falling away; and yet nobody can say what ails me. My mother sent me, about a week back, to my grandmother Bush's, to try if it would do me any good to be here; but I am none the better: yet I like to be here, because I am quieter here than I can be at home, and my grandmother is very kind; and then this wood is so very sweet to walk in, and to read in, and to sing and pray in, all by myself, excepting only God. I have no mind to go home, and my mother says I shall please myself; and I think, God being willing, I will stay and die here."

"Die!" cried Henry.

"Yes, Master Henry," answered Charles, "I shall die soon: I know it very well. I felt that I should die when I was first taken ill; and I then told my brother so, but he did not believe me."

"But why did you think that you should die?" said Henry.

"I will tell you, Master Henry: I was quite well when I went with my mother and all the rest to church, to see Miss Augusta buried. All the way we went my mother cried very much, to think what a pretty blooming miss she was, but a few days before, and how she was cut off, no time given her for turning to God: and then she put the matter home

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to us children, asking us, If we should be called away in a week's time, whether we were fit to go—that is, whether we trusted in our Saviour, and loved him, and felt ourselves to be miserable sinners, worthy of hell fire. My mother's words sunk like lead into my heart, and, as I went along, I began questioning myself in this manner: 'Charles Trueman,' said I to myself, 'how should you like to die? Do you love your Saviour? Do you trust in him? Do you hate your own sinful nature? And do you wish for a clean heart through the help of the Holy Spirit?' These questions were running in my mind when I came to the church; and I felt very oddly all the time Mr. Somers was reading, and more especially when the coffin was let down into the vault. When the funeral was over, and the people were gone, John Barnes, the bricklayer, and Samuel Hill, our old parish-clerk, begged my father to stop and help to brick up the vault; for it was Sir Charles Noble's orders that it should be done that night, though it was to be done by candle-light: so my father staid, and my brother and I staid with him. When every thing was ready for bricking up the vault, old Samuel said, 'Let us go down and look into the vault before it is bricked up: mayhap we may never have such a chance again.' So Samuel took the lantern, and they went down, my brother and I following."

"And what kind of place is that vault?" said Henry: "I should like to have seen it, if my papa had been with me."

"It is like a very large room under ground, quite dark, only from the lantern which the clerk held. In the sides of the walls were holes in which the coffins were placed."

"Were there many coffins?" said Henry.

"Yes," said Charles, "a great many, and some of them so old that they were tumbling to pieces.

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Old Samuel shewed us the coffin of Sir Charles Noble's grandfather, and said, he was at his funeral when he was a very little boy, and that he died from hard drinking. He shewed us the coffins of Sir Charles's father and mother, and of Sir Charles's sister, who was, he said, the finest young lady in all the country round. He took us to one part of the vault where the parsons and their wives lay, and shewed us old Parson Best's coffin, and several of the coffins belonging to parsons whose names I forget. So we came out of the vault; and I was very glad, for it was the most dismal place I ever was in; and when the place was bricked up we came home. 'Ah! father,' said my brother, as we walked home, 'death, after all, is a very horrible thing.' My father answered, that death was sent as a punishment for sin, and was, and always would be, frightful to flesh and blood; 'but,' says he, 'our dear Saviour has taken away all that is really to be feared in death, to a believing soul. Do we not read,' said he, 'of Lazarus being carried to Abraham's bosom by angels? so, no doubt, the souls of those who die in Christ are no sooner out of the body but they are received into happiness: thus the faithful never know the bitterness of death, as the Lord hath promised in Hosea xiii. 14: 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave: I will redeem them from death: O death! I will be thy plague.'—Then our dear father," continued Charles, "put it home to us, as our mother had done before, that it behoved us to look well to our ways, that we might come to a better knowledge of our own sinful natures, and being humbled, through the power of the Spirit, we might be more anxious to seek after the dear Saviour who died for us. He then talked about our Saviour, and of all he had done for us, and of the holy life that he had led in this world, and of his humility, and of his gentleness,

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and of his love to little children, and of his glorious death, until I felt my heart within me all burning with love for the dear Saviour. I never felt any thing like it before; and I had so eager a desire upon me to be gone from this world, and to be with him, as I cannot describe. So we went home, and went to bed; and when I got up in the morning, I felt the same,—only not, perhaps, quite in so lively a manner. And it was well I had this love for my dear Saviour, and trust in him also, for about this time it pleased God, by the Holy Spirit, to show me, even more than before, the evil nature of my own vile heart, so that I saw many things in myself which I had never dreamed of before. Oh, Master Henry! we talk of our own wicked hearts, and our sinful natures; but God must touch us before we feel these things as we should do: our hearts are desperately and horribly wicked; and I thank God, who has caused me to feel this before he takes me out of this world. Now if I had not known who to fly to when I felt myself to be such a miserable fellow, I should have been very unhappy," continued little Charles; "but I had a dear Saviour to fly to, who could save me, I knew, and who would save me, for he never turns his back on any poor sinner who comes to him; as it is written, Whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out. At the same time," said Charles, "that I became so full of these thoughts, I became sick, and have been wasting ever since, and yet no one knows what is the matter with me; but I know that it is the will of God that I 'should depart hence, and be no more seen.'"

Henry looked hard at Charles, and said, "I don't like to hear you talk of dying; and yet I know it is wrong, because I know that you will be happier in heaven than you are here."

"Oh, Master Henry!" said Charles, "I never

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was so happy before in all my life, as since I have been ill, and have thought of going to my Saviour."

"But did you never think of these things," said Henry, "before you were at poor Miss Augusta's funeral?"

"O yes, sometimes," said Charles. "My father and mother love God very much, and as soon as we can speak, or understand any thing, they try to lead us to God; and I also received much instruction from Mr. Somers. I had often, when I was a little child, some very sweet thoughts about our Saviour. I remember once, a long time ago, I went to take care of some sheep for Farmer Harris, on Breezy Down—you know the place, Master Henry: the Down faces the west, and is covered with thyme. It was at harvest time, for I remember seeing the people at harvest work in the fields below. There, as I sat watching the sheep, I had some of the sweetest thoughts I ever had in my life: they were about our Lord Jesus Christ being the Good Shepherd: and then I thought of the care which a good shepherd takes of his flock; and then this sweet verse came into my head, 'And the Lamb shall take them, and lead them by living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

Whilst the little boys were talking together in this manner, they saw Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and Lucy and Emily, walking towards them, for they were taking their noon-day walk. As soon as Henry saw his papa, he started from his seat, and looked this way and that way, as if he was frightened, saying "Oh Charles! what shall I do?"

"Go to your papa, to be sure, Master Henry," answered Charles, "and fall down on your knees before him, and beg his pardon."

"But I am afraid," said Henry.

"I will go with you," Master Henry, said

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Charles. So he took hold of his hand and pulled him forwards.

It was no hard matter to get Mr. Fairchild to forgive Henry, now that he saw he was humble. "I freely forgive you, my dear boy," said Mr. Fairchild; "and I hope, that what you have suffered these two days will be a warning to you never to rebel against your father."

"Oh! Papa, Papa!" said Henry, "I have been very unhappy!" So Henry kissed his papa and mamma, and dear sisters, and they were all happy again.

And now Mrs. Fairchild turned to little Charles, and asked if he was well; and was very sorry when she found he was not so, and that he was come to his Grandmother Bush's to be nursed. She would have had him go home to dinner with Henry, for Mrs. Fairchild would sooner have had little Charles for a companion for Henry than any other little boy in the village, knowing from Mr. Somers what an excellent child he was; but Charles said that his grandmother's dinner was ready, and she would wait for him.

"Then come to-morrow, which is Sunday," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and bring your grandmother with you, my dear boy."

Little Charles bowed and thanked Mrs. Fairchild; and as he turned to walk home to his grandmother's, Mrs. Fairchild looked after him, and said, "Poor little boy! he looks very ill; and his coat and stockings are very thread-bare. I will get a warm great-coat made for him, and we will knit him some woollen stockings immediately."

Henry spent the rest of the day joyfully with his papa, and mamma, and sisters; and when he went to his bed at night he sung a hymn, and prayed. You will see by his hymn and prayer that he had not forgotten his discourse with Charles Trueman.

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A Prayer that God would Remove his Anger.

O Lord God Almighty, I have sinned, and am very wicked! Oh, who can tell the evil of my heart! I am more to be blamed than other sinners, because I once knew what it was to be at peace with God. Oh, how happy was I when I felt that God loved me! but I have made my God very angry by my sinful behaviour; I have grieved Him who bled for me upon the cross; I have driven the Holy Spirit from my heart; and now I am very unhappy! O blessed Redeemer, plead for me before the Father's throne. I am all sinful, but Thou who diedst for me, art all fair: plead, therefore, thy blood shed for me, and entreat thy holy Father to forgive me. And, O Holy Spirit, return into my evil heart: Oh, return! return! and cleanse my heart, and rule and guide me; so that I may be able to behave well to my dear parents and teachers, and to be modest and humble and obedient; for of myself, O Lord God, I can do no one good thing.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

" Our Father, &c.

HYMN XXVI.

MY Saviour! let me hear thy voice
  But gently whisper peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
  To celebrate the grace.

Dispel my fears, call me thy child,
  And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear,
  Sweet as the harps of heaven.

Then, wheresoe'er thy hand shall lead,
  The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
  And mingle with the dead.

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When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That Hand which scatters pardon down
Will all things else bestow.

A HAPPY DEATH.

MRS. FAIRCHILD had invited little Charles and his grandmother, Mary Bush, to dine with her the next day, which was Sunday; but the next day it rained so hard that Mrs. Bush could not come out: and it continued to be very rainy all the week, so that Henry did not see Charles Trueman till the Sunday afterwards, when he and his grandmother came in just before dinner. In the mean time, Mrs. Fairchild had prepared a warm great-coat, of coarse but soft grey cloth, for little Charles, and two pairs of woollen stockings; and Mrs. Barker, who had seen Mrs. Fairchild and Lucy knitting the stockings, had added to the present a pair of comfortable thick shoes. All these things were ready when Mrs. Bush and Charles came into Mrs. Fairchild's kitchen, just as Betty and John were dishing the dinner to take into the parlour.

As soon as Mrs. Fairchild and the children and Mrs. Barker (for Mrs. Barker was at Mrs. Fairchild's that day) heard that Mary Bush was come, they came into the kitchen to welcome her, and to inquire into Charles's health, and to give him the present they had got ready for him. When Charles received his coat and shoes and stockings, he first thanked God, and then his friends, and then, looking at his grandmother, he said, "'I shall be warm now, Grandmother." "God is good, my child!" said Mary Bush: "I have always found him so. These were the very things my little lad wanted. Kind Ladies," (she added, looking at Mrs. Fair-

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child and Mrs. Barker,) "I and his father had begun to put a little money together to buy these things for him; but the goodness of God, through your means, hath provided us with them already, making out Saint Peter's words; 'Cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you.' (1 Peter v. 7.)"

After dinner, as there was no evening service in the church, Mr. Fairchild read the Evening Service, in his kitchen, to all the family. After which, Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Fairchild sat talking awhile to Mary Bush, and Henry took Charles up into his little room to talk with him.

"Charles," said Henry, "since I met you that day in the coppice, I have thought a great deal about you. I am sorry you are so ill, and I don't like to think of your dying. I hope you won't die."

"Master Henry," answered Charles, "to be sure God only knows what is to be; but I certainly think that I am not long for this world. Since I saw you, I have at times become very full of pain just about my heart; and the pain is sometimes so bad that I cannot help crying out; and my grandmother told my father, that she thought I never should get quit of that pain till death."

"Is the pain very bad?" said Henry.

"Oh, very bad, Master Henry! very bad indeed! it pulls me, as it were, quite double," said Charles. "God give me grace to bear it with patience, and to cry 'Thy will be done,' till the happy time comes, when, through my blessed Saviour's death, I hope to be set free from all pain."

"Then you really wish to die?" said Henry.

"Yes, Master Henry, I do," answered Charles; "and for this reason, because I know myself to be a grievous sinner, and one that cannot live a day without doing that which is evil: therefore why should I grieve because God is pleased to take me so soon from this state of sin and sorrow?"

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"But still," said Henry, "it is sad to feel so much pain as you say you do."

"Pain is hard to bear, Master Henry, to be sure," answered Charles; "but, then, my father tells me that whatever is God's will it is our duty to bear; and, more than that, He will help us to bear it: for he will not tempt us above what we are able to bear."

"I do not quite understand you," said Henry.

"What I mean is this," answered Charles: "God made you and me, and therefore he has a right to do what he will with us. If it is his will that I should die very soon, and you live a long time, we ought to be content with what he orders. Our business is to look which way God leads, and follow on as closely and quietly as we can, being sure that 'our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work for us an eternal and exceeding weight of glory.' (2 Cor. iv. 17.)"

"Charles," said Henry, "I should like to see you very often; and, if my papa will give me leave, I will meet you in the coppice every day, after I have done my lesson. I like to hear you talk."

"It is not much good that I can say, Master Henry," answered Charles; "for I am a poor sinful child: yet I shall always be glad to meet you in the coppice, for you have always been kind to me, and so has good Madam and Master."

In the evening little Charles and his grandmother went home; and from that time Henry used to go every day, when he had learnt his lessons, and the weather would allow him, to see little Charles. Sometimes, when it was not very cold, they met and walked in the coppice; but as the winter came on, and little Charles grew weaker, they oftener met and sat by Mrs. Bush's fire. As the time of Charles's death drew nearer, and the pains of his body became greater, his faith and trust

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in his Redeemer grew more lively; his thoughts of himself, in like manner, became more lowly and humble. One morning, not long before he died, Mrs. Bush was cutting some apples to make a pie; and one of the apples was quite rotten all through, although the outside was quite smooth and looked well. "That apple," said Charles, speaking to Henry, "is like my heart by nature—all bad to the very core—not one bit good in it; and yet I remember the time when I thought myself a good boy."

"Why, even now," said Henry, "I don't like to be thought a sinner, although I know that I am one; but you are not ashamed to be thought a sinner, Charles: you do not seem to wish to hide your faults from any body."

"Why, Master Henry," answered Charles, "it is no time for me to be playing the hypocrite when I am going to die. I feel that I have not many days to live: this world is departing fast from me, and the next coming nearer my view: the grave is before me, and heaven and hell beyond, as it were but a step: and though I might deceive my father and mother and other people, and pretend to be better than I am, yet I cannot deceive God. No! I am a miserable sinner, Master Henry; one in whose heart sin has lived and ruled, abiding continually, growing and flourishing, and that from the time of my birth till God humbled me and opposed it by his Holy Spirit."

"What do you mean by sin abiding and flourishing in your heart always?" said Henry.

"Why, Master Henry," answered Charles, "I don't know how to make you understand what I mean; but I will try to explain myself. When I was a little child, the first thoughts I had about good and bad people were, that some men were good and would go to heaven, and that some were

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bad. I thought my father was good, and my mother, and my grandmother, and Mrs. Fairchild, and Mr. Somers, and Mrs. Barker, and such; and I thought that Farmer Freeman, and 'Squire Collins, and he that was hanged on the gibbet at Blackwood, and such folks, were bad men. As to myself, I thought that I was a very good little boy; and my brothers and sisters not quite so good to be sure—but I had no idea of their sinful natures, or of my own. As I got older, I became sensible that I had some faults: and then my father taught me about Adam eating the forbidden fruit, and I got some kind of notion that there was evil in my heart; but I thought there was good in my heart too, as well as evil, and a great deal of good too: but since God has been pleased to touch my heart, particularly since my sickness, I have become sensible that by nature there is no manner of good at all in any man's heart: nay, that sin is so strong in us that we can no more stop from sinning than we can from breathing?"

"Charles," said Henry, "I know that you understand these things better than I do, yet I do not quite understand what you mean when you say we cannot stop from sinning. Now, here have I been sitting this half hour talking to you—I don't think I have said any bad—how then have I been sinning?"

"Master Henry," answered Charles, "I trust and hope that your heart is not altogether in its natural state, but that the Spirit of God has already begun to work a change in it; so that you are not altogether under the power and dominion of sin: yet I know that sin is not dead in you, nor ever will be, until that blessed time, when, in the morning of the resurrection, your sinful body will awake in the likeness of your Redeemer."

"But," said Henry, "how have I sinned since I came here? Explain it to me, Charles."

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"Why," answered Charles, "there is one way in which we all sin continually; and that is, in loving and pleasing ourselves more than God. In all our thoughts we ourselves come foremost, and God (if he comes at all) afterwards, and this with the best of people. The love of ourselves is always present with us, always mixing itself with every thought; so that we may be said to worship ourselves in the place of God: and from this sin, Master Henry, we never cease."

"When you are dead, Charles," said Henry, "I shall often think of you, and go to see your grave. You have taught me many things which I never knew before."

"God bless you! my dear little boys," said Mary Bush: "living or dying, God bless you both!"

A few days before Christmas the weather became very cold, and a great change at the same time took place in little Charles. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and Mr. Somers, notwithstanding the hard frost, often went to see him as he drew nearer his end, and were much pleased with the happy state of mind in which he was, for he seemed to have no desire but to be with Him who died for him, even that Lamb of God which was slain for the sins of the world. Early one Wednesday morning, in the beginning of the month of December, Margery Grey came over in haste to Mr. Fairchild's to call Henry: "Little Charley is dying," she said, "and asks for young Master." As soon as Mr. Fairchild and the family heard the news, they all set off in haste to Mary Bush's. Emily and Lucy were crying all the way as they went; but Henry tried not to cry, which made him only feel the more, for his cheeks were quite pale, and he could scarcely speak, for Henry loved little Charles very much. When they came to the cottage, they found Nurse and Joan, with all John

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Trueman's little children, in Margery Grey's room. Poor little Charley was lying on a bed in his grandmother's room. His head was lying on a pillow, supported by his mother, who sat upon the bed looking at her dying child, whilst her tears ran down her cheeks. John Trueman was kneeling on one side of the bed, holding one of Charles's hands. Mr. Somers stood looking silently on, sometimes lifting up his eyes and repeating something to himself, as if in prayer: and Mary Bush, and poor Charles's elder brother and sister, were crying in different parts of the room.

When Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild with the children came in, Charles's eyes were shut, and he lay as if sleeping. He was much changed since the day before: his eyes were sunk, his face became deadly pale, and his mouth drawn close. When Henry looked at him, he could keep his tears back no longer; they overflowed his eyes, and ran fast down his cheeks. After a few minutes Charles opened his eyes, and looked round him at every one. At length, perceiving Henry, he smiled, and put his hand towards him.

"Dear, dear Charles!" said Henry, sobbing.

"Do not cry, Master Henry," said Charles, speaking in a low voice; "I am happy."

"And what makes you happy now, my dear boy?" said Mr. Somers; "speak and tell us, that we may all here present lay fast hold of the same hope, which is able to make a dying bed so easy."

Charles turned his dying eyes towards Mr. Somers, and answered: "I know that my Redeemer liveth; and though after my skin worms shall destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God." (Job xix. 25, 26.)

The little boy spoke these words with difficulty; and indeed the latter part was rather guessed at than heard distinctly: then, as if quite worn out,

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he shut his eyes, and lay as much as an hour as if asleep, though his frequent startings and convulsions, with his slow and solemn breathings, shewed that death was coming on apace. At length he awoke, and his mother and Mr. Somers spoke to him, but he took no notice of them. The manner of his breathing changed: he looked round the room eagerly; then, suddenly looking upwards, and fixing his eyes on one corner of the room, the appearance of his countenance changed to a kind of heavenly and glorious expression, the like of which no one present ever before had seen; and every one looked towards the place on which his eyes were fixed, but they could see nothing extraordinary. After a while his eyes half shut, and he fell into the agonies of death.

Death, even the death of those whose souls are redeemed, is a dreadful sight; for the sinful body struggles hard with it. Satan then does his worst: but it is written, "He that is with us is stronger than he that is against us;" and he will surely deliver those, whom he hath purchased with his precious blood, even from the power of death and hell.

After several convulsive pangs, little Charles stretched himself; he breathed slower, and slower, and slower; then, fetching a deep sigh, his features became fixed in death. Nurse, who had come into the room some time before, perceiving that the soul of the dear child was departed, came up to the bed-side, and gently closed the eyes, and bound up with a handkerchief the mouth of the corpse; and having laid the arms and feet straight upon the bed, she stepped back to wipe away the tears that were running fast down her cheeks. All this while no one spoke, but all stood silently looking on the features of the dear child as they settled in death. After a few moments, Mr. Somers gave notice that he was going to pray, and every one knelt down

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around the bed. Mr. Somers's prayer was short, but it was very solemn: he first gave God thanks for the happy departure of the dear child, now with Christ his Redeemer; and, secondly, he earnestly prayed that God would, in his appointed time, grant unto all then present an equally happy death. His prayer finished with these words: "May we die the death of the righteous, and may our latter end be like his!"

Before Mr. Somers left the house, he took John Trueman apart, and asked him if it would be convenient for him that the child should be buried on the next Sunday morning at the hour of Morning Service? John Trueman answered, that he hoped to have every thing ready for the burial by that time. "Then," said Mr. Somers, "I will, with God's help, preach a sermon on the occasion." John Trueman bowed, but his heart was so full he could not speak; and Mr. Somers, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and the children, left the cottage.

The next morning Mr. Somers sent his clerk from house to house, through all the parish, to give notice that he meant to preach a sermon on the occasion of the death of Charles Trueman the next Sunday, and to request that all parents and masters would be kind enough to see that the younger part of their families came to church. Accordingly, the next Sunday, at Morning Service, the church was crowded: for not only all the young folks in the parish, but from all the country round—from Hill-top way, and Brookside way, and Blackwood way, and from Underhill village, (that is the place where Mrs. Goodriche lived)—as many as were able, came to see the funeral and to hear Mr. Somers's sermon. Mrs. Goodriche herself, too, was present; for she borrowed a horse which carried double, and came to Mr. Fairchild's on the Saturday evening, riding behind young Roberts the gardener, the son of John

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Roberts whom I spoke of before, and so was ready to go with Mrs. Fairchild to church on the Sunday morning.

The day proved fine, dry, and frosty: the sun just broke through the white clouds, with which the heavens had been overcast, when the bell began to ring for church; and at the same time Henry set out to attend little Charles's funeral from Mary Bush's house to the church.——I will tell you the order of the funeral. The coffin was borne by six stout men, day-labourers in the parish; it was quite a plain coffin, marked with the name and age of the corpse. After the coffin walked the father, John Trueman, and old Goodman Grey; and then Henry, and Thomas Trueman; and then came Mary Trueman and Mary Bush, Nurse and Joan, and Trueman's little children, with some other persons, friends and neighbours. It was but a plain funeral: but there were none there who had not loved the departed child; and most persons present, both men and women, were such as lived in the fear of God: for since Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and Mr. Somers, had lived in that parish, by God's grace godliness had mightily grown and prospered thereabouts—by God's grace, I say; for Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase.

When the funeral came up to the church, the church and church-yard were quite full. Mr. Somers directed that the corpse should be brought into the church and set in the middle aisle, and he himself walked in before it, saying the words appointed in the Burial Service: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." (John xi. 25, 26). "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my

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skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." (Job xix. 25—27). "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (1 Tim. vi. 7; Job i. 21). Mr. Somers then went through the Burial Service in a slow and distinct manner: after which he preached a sermon, the substance of which I shall endeavour to lay before you.

Mr. Somers's text was from Matt. xiii. 41—43; "The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."——From this text Mr. Somers went on to point out to the young people gathered about him (for, as I said before, the young people from all the villages round about were gathered together that day), that after death there are two places, and only two, appointed; the one for the redeemed, and the other for the damned; namely, heaven and hell. "All who are here present," added he, looking round him, "every one of you, must after death go to one of these places, there to remain for ever and ever: so that it may be asked, 'Who amongst us shall dwell with a devouring fire? who amongst us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?' (Isa. xxxiii. 14)." He then went on to describe the happy state of the blessed, and the misery of the damned, from the Bible. I shall put down some of the most remarkable texts that he quoted: "'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life;

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and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand.' (John x. 27, 28). 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' (2 Tim. iv. 8). 'Ear hath not heard, nor eye seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love him.' (1 Cor. ii. 9.) 'For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' (Rev. vii. 17.)"—Mr. Somers then went on to describe the place of torment. "'The fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.' (Mark ix. 45, 46). 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.' (Psalm ix. 17). 'Upon the wicked he shall rain fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest.' (Psalm xi. 6). 'But....the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.' (Rev. xxi. 8)."——When Mr. Somers had finished repeating these promises and threatenings from Scripture, he went on to point out to all present, that, through the sin of Adam, every one of his children had become unfit for heaven, and were by nature children of wrath and heirs of death and hell; having inherited from their father hearts so wholly and entirely filthy and corrupt, that they could not of themselves turn unto any good, or so much as wish to do well. He then spoke of the goodness of God, who, when miserable man had lost heaven by his transgression, sent his only Son to die for us upon the cross; thus was God "mani-

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fest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."——Mr. Somers then eagerly begged the young people to note his words: "I have shewn you," he said, "that you have lost heaven by nature, being through sin altogether unfit for it; and now, my dear children, I proceed to point out to you how you may recover it, and escape hell. There is One Name, and but One Name under heaven, by which men can be saved: and this Name, this blessed Name, is JESUS: on this Foundation if any man buildeth, he shall be saved. Oh, therefore, my beloved children, as you love your immortal souls, as you dread eternal fire and everlasting darkness and despair, hold fast to the cross of Christ, and count all things as nothing when compared with him."——Mr. Somers then explained unto the young people, that our Saviour by his death obtained three benefits for the redeemed: First, justification, which includes forgiveness of their sins through his death; Secondly, sanctification, which is the changing and cleansing their vile natures by the Holy Spirit; and, Finally, glorification, which no man will receive till after death: as it is written in the 17th Psalm, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I will be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."——Mr. Somers then spoke of Charles Trueman; of his state before death, and of his exceedingly happy death. He pointed out that there were two things which had been most remarkable in him, and which gave assurance of his now being blessed: the first was, his great humility and low thoughts of himself; so that, for many months before his death, he was never heard to speak of himself but as a sinner; and that not vainly and lightly, as some will do, but with deep sorrow and shame: and, secondly, his firm trust and joyful confidence in his Redeemer; so that his

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love seemed to have cast off all fear of death. "Oh, happy state! Oh, blessed death!" said Mr. Somers: "May all here present be found in faith at the hour of death, as this dear child was."——Mr. Somers finished his sermon by a few words to such parents as were present, recommending them, from the example then before them, to give a religious education to their children, and went over, one by one, all the means appointed by God for parents to use towards their children; to wit, bringing them in infancy to receive the sacrament of Baptism, and, in their due course and order, making them to attend and observe all Divine ordinances, such as public and private prayer, hearing of sermons, reading the Bible; setting before them the example of simple and holy living——Mr. Somers, I say, set all these things in order before the parents, and then concluded by urging them to seek from God, by diligent and earnest prayer presented in the name of the Redeemer, a Divine blessing upon their endeavours; "for, without God's grace and blessing, I may preach unto my dying day, and you may labour to instruct your children, rising up early and late taking rest, but all will be to no purpose: the work must be of God: therefore in all things let us give God the glory; ascribing to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, all glory and honour for ever and ever. Amen."

After the sermon, every one went to his own home. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and their children, with Mrs. Goodriche, thought and talked much of little Charles and his happy death, all day. In the evening, after tea, Mr. Fairchild prayed with his family, and they all sang a hymn together. You will, perhaps, like to hear Mr. Fairchild's prayer: I shall therefore put it down here, with the hymn.

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A Prayer to be used by the Father or Master of a Family for his Children or Servants.

O Lord God, Thou by whom we hope to be justified, to be sanctified, and glorified; hear the prayer of a father, who, in the name of our blessed Saviour, intercedes for his children and his servants. O Lord, how dreadful would it be to me, at the last day, to see any one of these my dear children, or poor servants, condemned to everlasting fire! Oh! the thought is horrible! O Almighty God, give me grace, then, faithfully, humbly, and in simplicity, to use the means appointed to me for the good of my children. And, O holy Father, for thy dear Son's sake, for the sake of him who died for us, grant thy grace, grant thy blessing, to this my dear family, from the greatest to the least. Pour thy Holy Spirit upon them. And, O enable me always, and at all times, to give unto thee the glory if my family do well. Unto thee, O Lord, be the glory; unto thee, O Father, unto thee, O Son, unto thee, O Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

"Our Father, which art in heaven," &c, &c.

HYMN XXVII.

GREAT GOD! now condescend
To bless our rising race:
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

Oh, what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

Dear Lord! thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed:
Oh, bring the long'd-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed!

FINIS.

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